SIDELIGHTS

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BY

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Authorized Translation

by

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THE SIEGE OF PARIS, 1590

Two hundred and eighty-one years before the siege of Paris in 1870, an army under the command of "the Béarnais," as Henry IV. was contemptuously called by the League, appeared at its gates. Shortly before that he had been victorious at Arques[1] and at Ivry,[2] where his white-crested helmet was seen ever in the forefront of battle. His small army of 12,000 foot and 3000 horse was confronted at Paris, whither he had gone, as he laughingly said, to win his mistress, by 50,000 troops of the League. The last holiday in Paris had been in celebration of the death of Henry III. who fell by the hand of a monk, on the anniversary of the same day and hour, and in the same hall in which, eighteen years before, the Act had been signed for the "Massacre of St. Bartholomew."

Jacques Clément was there and then stabbed to death by the King's escort, but his followers summoned the people to a pilgrimage to St. Cloud, where his body was

[1] Battle of Arques, 1589.

[2] Battle of Ivry, 1590.

"And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest. . . .
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme, to-day, the helmet of Navarre."
"Battle of Ivry."—MACAULAY.—TR.

burnt. The Duchess de Nemours, accompanied by her daughter, the Duchess de Montpensier, drove in an open carriage through Paris, congratulating the Parisians on the death of the tyrant. She even went so far as to address the crowd from the altar steps of the church of the Cordeliers, and thanked Heaven for her good fortune in the death of the Valois.[1] The League placed his bloody crown upon the head of the nominal king, the old Cardinal de Bourbon, to whom they gave the title of Charles x., a name already fraught with disaster in the annals of France. The Duke de Mayence commanded the so-called Catholic army, but many dignitaries of the Church and leaders of the Catholic royalists remained true to their allegiance to his cousin. The League fell under the influence of foreigners. The Duke de Nemours was but the nominal commander in Paris, the actual chief was Don Gaëtani, the Cardinal Legate, afterwards Pope Sixtus v., who belonged to the family of which the Duke di Sermoneta was head. He was assisted with money, troops, and counsel, by the Spanish Ambassador, Don Bernardo Mendoza, and it was to him that the League pledged itself to exterminate the heretics, and to prevent Henry IV. from ascending the throne, even in the event of his conversion to Catholicism. In his zeal, Gaëtani went further than the Pope intended, and was merciless in the means he employed to attain his ends. Henry's first attack on the suburbs, St. Antoine and Montmartre, had been successful, for both fell after two hours' fighting, and had he been efficiently supported, Paris would have been obliged to surrender.

[1] Charles IX., 1550-74.—TR.

On 7th May it was badly provisioned for its 200,000 inhabitants, and was cut off from obtaining supplies; but the fanaticism which was waging war against the King of Navarre determined his opponents to fight for the city to the uttermost. An army of priests was enrolled, who, in their endeavour to counteract the ill effects of the enemy's victory, were liberal in their promises of bliss in the next world, in compensation for the sufferings in this. The Legate blessed the troops of armed monks and called them true Maccabees. Church ornaments and sacred vessels were melted down to buy arms and to pay the soldiers, and whoever ventured to hint at peace was thrown into the Seine or hung at the street corners as a warning. The names of many who met this fate have been preserved.

Pierre de Lestoile, a member of an old parliamentary family, and a King's Councillor, though not more than sixty-five years old, had lived in the reigns of seven sovereigns. Neither the thunder of cannon nor the pangs of hunger stayed his busy pen from placing on record his varied experiences. In politics he was of those who endeavoured to steer a middle course, and to avoid proscription he followed the processions of the League, and had his son join their ranks, because "the misfortunes of the times are so great," he wrote, "that a man of honour who takes no part in war, nor in rebellion against his king, cannot enjoy safety."

In the quietude of his chamber he confides to his diary, and there only, his devotion to Henry IV. as King by Divine grace. It is, therefore, not surprising

that in Paris Lestoile was looked upon as a Huguenot, and in Henry's camp as a member of the League. We need not sit in judgment on him for this; it is sufficient to know that the authenticity of his chronicles has been proved, and that they have withstood the test of historical criticism.[1]

Who can take it amiss if, after all his experiences, he comes to this conclusion: "Truth and mercy no longer exist, and the knowledge of God has vanished from the world"?

We can only hope that in the present day, his successors in office arrive at more comforting conclusions in the pursuance of their official duties.

On June 15th the entry in his diary gives the first sign of the approaching calamity in its account of a meeting, presided over by the Cardinal Legate, which had been convened to consider the means wherewith the increasing demands of the starving people could be met. Bread made of oats had been tried, but even this was unobtainable by the poor, and the Cardinal suggested that the bones of the dead should be ground to powder and mixed with water and made into bread. Though Paris had been in a state of siege for only five weeks no one ventured to veto this horrible suggestion.

Nemours was successful this month in several skirmishes, and drove the King back from Vincennes to Charenton. The Legate inspected his army of priests and monks, who, with crucifixes in one hand and swords in the other, presented, according to Lestoile, the most ridiculous sight he had ever witnessed.

[1] "Discours véritable et notable du siége de la ville de Paris."

But the horrors of famine grew apace during all these events. By the end of June hot meals, even in the wealthiest families, were unknown. Armed men scattered the crowds that gathered clamouring for bread and peace, and cast the leaders into prison. The Parliament of Paris decreed that any one daring to suggest a treaty with Henry should be condemned to death. And when the Spanish Ambassador threw money to the mob they let it lie, calling only the louder for bread. Government then resorted to an expedient which was followed in 1870 ; they searched the houses of the rich, of priests and of religious orders, and found in some of them provisions enough to last six months. Lestoile relates a characteristic incident. The Rector of the Jesuit College accompanied by the celebrated Bellarmine went to the Legate and begged that the Society of Jesus might be exempt from this visitation. "Your request is neither Christian nor patriotic. Are your lives more valuable than ours?" shouted the President of the commercial corporation, who happened to be present. In the house of the poor fathers, stores of grain and biscuits sufficient for a year, were found, and, added to this, salt meat, vegetables, hay and other stores in larger quantities than in some of the richest houses in Paris, as our chronicler notes with satisfaction. In another part there is a description of the pitiful sights of the poor, and of the dying being carried off to the hospitals, most of them suffering from the effects of hunger, their bodies swollen as if from dropsy. If a dog ran through the streets it was chased, killed, and eaten, and cats and dogs were handed over to the parish

priests to be distributed among the poor. The priests were never tired of repeating that the people ought rather to kill their own children than acknowledge a heretic as King. They were in constant expectation of the arrival of the Spanish auxiliary troops, just as in 1870-71 Aurelles de Paladines, Chanzy, and Faidherbe were expected; and "the stupid people," writes Lestoile, "were buoyed up with hope for another month, so anxious were they to gain Paradise, which, according to the priests, could only be won by enduring the pangs of hunger."

When passing the Franciscan Monastery on July 28th, Lestoile saw a poor man eating some tallow, and on being spoken to, he said it was the only food he and his wife and family had had for a fortnight. Meantime the crops had ripened, and the poor made onslaughts on the fields about Paris, often paying for their temerity with their lives or the loss of a limb. To escape death from hunger, many sprang into the trenches and begged for food at the King's feet. "Henry," as Sully tells us,[1] "was naturally inclined to be indulgent, and could not endure the thought that the city which God had destined for him should be turned into a graveyard." He, therefore, permitted three thousand people to escape from Paris, where Gaëtani's horrible receipt was already in course of preparation.

Lestoile writes on July 25th: "The first case of cannibalism occurred in the parish of St. Eustache. A rich lady had the bodies of her children salted as food for herself and servant. The mother was released from

[1] *Mémoires de Maximilien de Béthune, Duc de Sully*, principal Ministre de Henry le Grand. Edition de Londres, 1745, iii. p. 177.

her sufferings by a speedy death, but the facts of the awful meal were made known by the servant."

Nemours' sister, the Duchess de Montpensier, was more fiercely opposed to Henry than all the priests of the League, and refused to give up her lapdog for a dying man, as foreign aid might be still longer delayed and she might need the dog herself. The supply of domestic animals had long since been exhausted, and rats were beginning to fail: slates and bones ground to powder and mixed with water to make into bread had proved deadly. This bread was named after the Duchess de Montpensier, as she too had advocated its use.

On August 11th, Lestoile writes: "I saw a poor woman to-day gnawing at the skin of a dog." An attempted rising of the citizens was quelled by arms, and many of the leaders were handed over to the executioner. Mortality had so greatly increased a fortnight later, that dead bodies lay in heaps in the streets and at the doors. The height of misery was reached two or three days before the siege was raised: several farm labourers driven frantic by hunger chased some poor children like dogs through the streets, murdered and devoured them. Lestoile, horrified at this awful deed, gives minute particulars concerning it, and of the place and time in which it took place, concluding with these words: "This horror, which at first I thought must be a fable, turns out to be true, and was acknowledged by the labourers themselves. One of the most distinguished Catholics in Paris, a member of the Council of Nine, said that notwithstanding these horrors, he considered it better

to lose one's life in this fashion, than to acknowledge the heretical Béarnais as King, and that the entire clerical party shared his views."

We refer those who may desire to learn more of these details to the memoirs of the period, but with Sully we "crave permission to turn away from these things, for truly I find no pleasure in recounting such horrors." Matters had reached such a pass in poor, fanatical Paris, that the heads of the League were compelled to send a deputation to the King at Saint Denis, ostensibly to quiet the enraged people with a prospect of immediate surrender, but in reality to gain time for the arrival of Alexander Farnese, Duke of Parma. Although not furnished with the necessary credentials, the ambassadors were kindly received by the King, and the troops were refused permission to storm the city, for he wished to avoid the horrible butchery, and also because he could not forget that he was neither a foreigner, nor a tyrant, like the Spaniard and the League, but King and father. His generosity was dearly bought, and failed to appeal to the Parisians.

Henry's implacable foes spread abroad the story that no mercy could be expected from him. The Spanish arrived at the end of August, and contrary to the advice of his most faithful and experienced friends, Henry, expecting to disperse the Farnese troops at the gates of Paris, raised the siege. When Farnese saw that the city was relieved, he, by a clever manœuvre, avoided the fight which Henry greatly desired, and upon which he had counted with such certainty that he wrote to his mistress, Gabrielle d'Estrées : " I am sending you

these lines on the eve of a battle; its issue is in the Hand of God, who knows what is best for the honour and welfare of my people. If I am defeated you will never see me again. I am not one of those who retreat or flee. If I fall, believe me that my last thought will be of God, to whom I commend myself and you. Written by him who kisses your hand, and is your servant."

On the following day, September 1st, Henry was obliged to retire. He entered Paris after three years of fighting, at the head of his victorious army. Thirty thousand lives were lost during the four months' siege, and a year later a malignant disease raged amongst the exhausted people.

It was in the last decade of the sixteenth century that Henri Quatre conquered Paris. Just two hundred years later, October, 1789 (so Bailly puts it) Paris conquered his descendant Louis XVI.

TAINE'S STUDY OF NAPOLEON

We are indebted to two French students of the nineteenth century for successfully pioneering a way through the chaos of documents connected with the revolutionary period, and for furnishing us with a synopsis on broad lines which is alike historically authentic and philosophically sound. The first of these writers, Alexis de Tocqueville, published his famous work, *L'Ancien Régime et la Révolution*, in 1856, and a book richer in thought, more just and unbiassed, has hardly ever been written. The classic simplicity of style and composition, the power of rising superior to every prejudice, the measured and striking massing of facts which in no way spoil the artistic design of the book, had won for the author's earlier work, *De la démocratie en Amérique*, the honour of comparison with Montesquieu. He even then, without having any personal preference for democratic institutions, pointed to the coming struggle against the traditional order of society by a democracy, as the solution of the problem of the future. Twenty years later, he effectually challenged the hitherto unquestioned theory of the French Revolution. He proved that the centralization of the internal administration of the country and

the partition of the land between a large number of small holders, was not so much the result as the preliminary condition necessary to the success of the Revolution. The old system was responsible for both, and it had lost the power to reform itself. The privileged classes had become altogether indifferent to political questions, which thus pressed in double measure upon the lower orders, whilst the sense of equality in the middle classes, with a larger amount of prosperity and better education, above all, the quality of this education, made a revolution unavoidable. At the very first it was not waged against religion, but was entirely political and social. As de Tocqueville says: "If people only tried to imagine the terrible state of things at that time, and to do so from a personal point of view, the conviction would be borne in upon them that the Revolution was not to be avoided."

When these words were read, the public career of the author had come to an end, for he had fallen a victim to the *coup d'État* of the Second Empire. All the diverse elements of opposition recognized in de Tocqueville the champion of Freedom against Absolutism, and his great work of historical philosophy obtained a political popularity. All parties realized the bitter truths he had to tell, and forgave the pessimism to which he gave undisguised expression in his posthumous works.

As he weighed the changes in French character which had been brought about by the destruction of the social fabric, and the complete repudiation of national traditions, de Tocqueville's conclusions were

the same that Burke had foreshadowed. One of many similar utterances is: "The French of to-day are inferior to those of the eighteenth century. Seventy years of revolution have destroyed our courage, our confidence, our self-respect, indeed, even our passions, with the exception of vanity and greed."

Ten years after de Tocqueville's death the catastrophe broke over France. The note of pessimism runs through the writings of all thoughtful patriots. The most brilliant publicist of the last years of the Second Empire, Prévost-Paradol, put a bullet through his head in his despair of the future of France. And Renan's sceptical smile died on his lips when he spoke of men who had died for their convictions, and he grew sad and disheartened when none were left.

"What will become of our country?" he laments. Flaubert, the writer he most honoured, blamed the detested middle classes. Taine, scholar, philosopher and historian of the Fine Arts, forsook this work for political history and began his monumental work, *The Origins of Contemporary France*, with the intention of solving the riddle of the Present by researches into the Past. The further the work advanced the more did it prove to be a commentary on de Tocqueville, but with this limitation, that even if de Tocqueville had never written, Taine would have arrived at the same results.

For the same truth impressed itself on both thinkers, though they reach it by different paths. De Tocqueville wrote the history of Growth, and the development and decline of institutions, keeping his eyes fixed on the

transformation of economic conditions; and the parts played by individuals in the drama were only incidental to it, while the educational bases of their actions were merely hinted at, not discussed.

Taine's method was quite different. He brought to the work a fixed and settled theory. Every great figure in history is, according to him, the outcome of race, climate, surroundings and the events of his time. The famous theory of the "Milieu" is thus drawn from simple premises—too simple, it has been thought; it explains men according to natural laws, as if they had been a purely physical phenomenon.

De Tocqueville sought for and found the materials for his conception of history in the national archives. With a disciplined restraint characteristic alike of the man and of his style, he gave to the world the essential part, and nothing more, of all his enormous mass of notes.

The researches of Taine embrace a much wider and richer field of documentary material, nothing less than the whole of the literature, the correspondence and memoirs of the period. His notes are poured out in six volumes. In them he constructs the theory he originated: that the Revolution sprang from the scientific knowledge acquired in the eighteenth century, and the spirit of the classical period of French literature. Literary men moulded the public opinion of 1789, and must be held responsible for the Revolution.

If this be so, the history of ideas makes those men the prophets of those ideas. The probe of the experi-

mental investigator must descend on their souls, and that which he finds he must expose, indifferent whether it be the brainsick apparitions of the persecuting mania and murder-lust, the idealist's visions of Utopias, or the conquering dream of Genius.

Taine follows his method wheresoever it leads him. To him, a master of prose and a trained psychologist, it offered incomparable material for glittering rhetoric; and even as Treitschke wrote for Germany, so Taine wrote for France, a history of classic form and intellectual genius.

When the first volume appeared in 1875 the Republican form of Government was still fighting for its existence. Taine was no politician. It was his belief that it is the underlying characteristics of a people and not their franchise which determines their Constitution. And if the Constitution is to be permanent, it must conform to the national spirit. His task was to deduce from a psychological analysis of the French national character in the past, their mentality in the present. He had nothing in common with mere Reaction. But his curt rejection of the Revolution legend and its ideal of Equality was turned to an attack on the Third Republic, which knew itself to be inseparably bound up with the doctrine of its predecessors. It increased the anger of his opponents that this attack came neither from religious nor political convictions. And though his method was open to attack, it was difficult to refute him. "Exclusive and excessive" was Monod's judgment, otherwise a favourable and moderate one. The whole of that school of research which is perhaps

best represented by Aulard,[1] is either openly or tacitly directed against Taine. Only kings evoke such opposition. But "if you strike a king you must kill him," as Ralph Waldo Emerson once said to a youthful opponent of Plato. This intellectual death-sentence on Taine has been as impossible to execute as it would have been if pronounced against de Tocqueville. The six volumes of the *Origines* are, like other human works, not free from errors and exaggerations, but in all essentials their author has proved himself right, and his singular merit remains.

That part of the book which treats of the original conception of honour, and others treating of the emancipation of Individuality which has been brought about in the Christian world by conscience, contains some of the finest prose in the French language, and belongs to the highest that Ethics has offered to mankind.

Taine's art triumphs nowhere more completely than in biographical analysis. In *The Psychology of the Jacobins*, J. J. Rousseau's characteristics, Marat, Danton, Robespierre, to mention these only, defy criticism, for according to a well-known aphorism, it is only permissible to destroy that which we can replace.

In the third volume of the *Origines*, the *Régime Moderne*, the author's study of Napoleon is the severest test of his skill. When one considers that F. Kircheisen's *Bibliographie Napoleons*, which appeared in 1902,

[1] Aulard's *Histoire politique de la Révolution française* is the standard work.

and was modestly called by its author a preliminary study, deals with the contents of 30,000 works, and further that 30,000 printed letters of Napoleon only make up about half of his correspondence, one can form some idea of what it must mean to treat such a subject in one volume. Taine had to choose; he preferred not to portray the planner of battles and the conqueror, but the organizer of modern France. True to his method of interpreting Man by his origin and surroundings, the conditions of his life, and the effect of outside influences, he reconstructs the figure of Napoleon on psychological and physiological lines. Thus his Corsican Emperor appears chiselled, as it were, from marble, like a creation of Michael Angelo, produced by the power of thought; he had neither the time, the desire, nor the patience to clothe the colossal skeleton, with its tendons, muscles, and sinews, with a symmetrical cloak of swelling form and flowing line; content only to hew a superhuman giant from the block, his limbs taut with the might of tremendous resolution.

Such a method, in the service of such a highly developed and perfected art, despises transition stages, declines distinctions, rejects excuses, and spurns the supposition that the force of genius has even here unconsciously stood in the service of ideal purposes.

A comparison is here suggested. Shortly before Taine's *Napoleon* appeared, A. Fournier published a *Biography of Napoleon.*[1] For painstaking research, untiring energy in collecting and sifting such a pro-

[1] Dr. A. Fournier's *Napoléon I.: A Biography.*

digious amount of material, and careful criticism of the sources, the German is not inferior to the Frenchman; and though their ways often cross, they never unite. Fournier wrote a history of Facts, Taine a history of Ideas. The work of the one does not make that of the other unnecessary; the results are different. The Austrian-German had to write of monstrous oppression, humiliating defeats, grievous and dearly bought victories, but his judgment of the oppressor is temperate, sometimes strikingly mild, as though under the ban, if not of Goethe's verses to Marie Louise, at least of his philosophical conception of History, which unhesitatingly sacrifices the ideal of the Fatherland, and entrusts the realization of its future ideals to the hand of a foreign despot. The Frenchman does not dispute the genius, but he denies the greatness, of a work which could not endure. He passes over the trophies, counts not the victories but the hecatombs; searches among the legal paragraphs for the intentions of the law-giver; amongst the blue ribbons and stars for the character; under the purple of the Emperor for the value of the Man, and is inclined to retort with Beugnot to the adoring acclamations of the Düsseldorf officials: "C'est plus qu'un homme," "Oui, c'est un diable." The contrary can be proved by trifles. For example, when Fournier simply mentions that Napoleon had read Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, Taine, who makes the same assertion, on Stendhal's authority, immediately adds, that Napoleon never read either Adam Smith or Montesquieu as he should have done, with critical discrimination, choosing what to accept and

what to reject. "Car," he writes, "il a peu lu et précipitamment . . . en toutes choses, c'est par la pratique, non par la spéculation, qu'il s'est instruit."[1] Or, when he pronounces his final judgment on the relations between Josephine and Barras dependent on the *Mémoires* of the latter, which had meanwhile been published, Taine, without taking into consideration Barras's testimony, "le plus effronté des pourris," contents himself with Napoleon's remark, as quoted by Jung, and with the passage in Lucien's *Mémoires*: "Barras se charge de la dot de Joséphine, qui est le commandement en chef de l'armée d'Italie."[2] Fournier tells us what the Duc d'Enghien stated concerning the event of March 30th, to the effect, "that he had endeavoured to enter the English service ever since the recommencement of the war, and had hoped to play an important part on the Rhine, and that he had fought against France, was also well known." This declaration was sufficient for the judges to pronounce their verdict, which would, they knew, be approved by their master. Not altogether without an appearance of justice, for the Revolution throughout its course threatened with death all Frenchmen who were known to have fought against their country, and this law was still in force. Reasons for a more lenient judgment did not concern Taine. He mentions Savary once, as "Minister of Police and Executioner, the first instigator of the

[1] A. Fournier, *Napoléon I.*, i. 14. H. Taine, *Origines*, etc., *Le Régime moderne*, i. 30.

[2] A. Fournier, *Napoléon I.*, i. 65. Taine, *Origines*, etc., *Le Régime moderne*, i. 15.

murder of the Duc d'Enghien, and of the Bayonne trap."[1]

Writing of the dullness of Napoleon's Court at Fontainebleau in the autumn of 1807, both Fournier and Taine mention Talleyrand's remark to M. de Rémusat: "I sympathize with you; you have to amuse those whom it is impossible to amuse." But Taine goes on to tell how Talleyrand replied to the Emperor when he remarked: "Ah, good taste, that is one of those classical expressions in which I have no belief," "Good taste is your personal enemy; if you could have rid yourself of it by artillery-fire, it would have ceased long ago." "Avec de tels gestes," the French historian ends his study of Napoleon, "avec de tels gestes, aucune société n'est possible."

When we pass from characteristic anecdotes and interesting details to the great task of historical criticism, and to a final judgment, the comparison between Napoleon's two biographers points to such differences between them as almost to amount to contradiction. In his account of the last acts of homage to Napoleon by the Princes of Central Europe, Fournier says that the cult was at its height throughout Europe in 1812. Wherever the French Emperor had been victorious, the beginning of a higher state of social order could be seen: on the Manzanares and the Tiber, on the Rhine as well as on the Elbe, in Naples and in Poland, in Russia and in Austria, directly and indirectly, opposition to the conqueror only seemed possible when waged

[1] Taine, *Origines*, etc., *Le Régime moderne*, i. 34. A. Fournier, *Napoléon I.*, ii. 32.

with his own weapons. According to Fournier, Napoleon is the intellectual originator of the work *du nommé Stein*, and in this opinion he is in entire agreement with another German historian, who writes that "it is remarkable that of all the many men who had held prominent posts under the old *régime*, and who later distinguished themselves in legislative reform, not one had been known to do anything in this direction until the great impetus had been given."[1]

The Napoleon of the German historian is the great parvenu who wiped out the boundaries between the Roman and German elements in Europe, and united their forces for the decisive battle over the fate of this world's empire. The Napoleon of the French historian is conceived as in rough antagonism to this element, the result of a despotic instinct and a classical Latin training. His view of human society is not the one held in the modern Christian Germanic sense, a universal upward struggle of will, but rather the pagan Roman conception of a hierarchy working down from above. In the Middle Ages mankind struggled constantly, albeit unsuccessfully, to withdraw from this power—sometimes appealing to the temporal powers, sometimes to the spiritual, either by means of the absolute universal monarchy, to which the mediæval German Empire aspired, or by means of the universal Church, as understood by the Papacy. At the end of the fifteenth century the Emperor still bore the orb, the golden throne, the sceptre of Charlemagne and

[1] C. Meier, *Reform in Administrative Organisation under Stein and Hardenberg.*

Otto, though since the death of Friedrich II. it had been a mere show. The Pope still had the tiara, and held the keys of Gregory VII. and the Third Innocent, but since the death of Boniface VIII. there remained to him only the spiritual majesty of the Church. The two shipwrecked Restorations had but heaped ruin upon ruin, and only the phantom of the old Empire remained.

In its magnificent outlines and golden adornment, it appeared splendid still, dazzling and glorious, a monument to Art and Intellect, the ideal form of human society. For a thousand years the ghostly vision had continued through the Middle Ages, and nowhere stronger than in mediæval Italy. It appeared for the last time in 1800, and it gains substance and shape in the sumptuous but belated fancy of the great Italian who had the opportunity to realize the mediæval dream of a world-wide Italian Empire. It was in the retrospective vision that the Diocletian of Ajaccio, the Constantine of the Concordat, the Justinian of the Code, the Theodosius of the Tuileries and St. Cloud, reconstructed France. But this does not mean that he was a copyist; he found what was lost. His creation is no plagiarism, it is an example of atavism. The explanation is to be found in the peculiar character of his highly gifted nature and in the traditions of his race.

The man in Napoleon explains his work. This French Cæsar is no Frenchman. "A little Italian, pale, slightly built, delicate, peculiarly noticeable for the courage of his opinions and the energy of his resolute speech," is Boissy d'Anglas' description of him

in a conversation with Pontécoulant in June 1795. "His whole being and his gifts are only comprehensible when the absolutely Italian nature of his mother is understood." This is Stendhal's characterization of him, and he knew Italy as well as he knew his own country. "Français par contrainte," as Taine calls him in the days of Napoleon's worship of Paoli, and although he was a pupil of a French military academy, he openly declared he could never forgive his father for aiding in the union between Corsica and France, instead of standing or falling by the national hero. "I will do harm to your Frenchman whenever I can," said the growing youth to Bourrienne. To Paoli he writes: "I will paint all those who betrayed our common cause black with the brush of infamy." He never learnt French orthography nor mastered the elegance of the language, nor did he understand the real spirit of its mode of expression. In a manuscript speech of 1790 he speaks of "quelques hommes hardis, impulsés par le génie"; of a play given by Lacedämonier he says, "du fort de la vertu," and of mourning garments, "qui a remplacé la tapisserie de la gaîté." "Whatever language he chose it always seemed foreign to him," remarked Madame de Rémusat; "he seemed to be obliged to wrest his thoughts out of it by force." Count Chapsal, Minister of the Interior under the Consulate (from whose highly interesting notes Taine often draws much information), says that Napoleon made no secret of his lack of knowledge concerning details of administration in the early years of his rule. To make up for these deficiencies it was his habit to ask questions as to

the reason and meaning of the most commonplace expressions. As it often happened that he misunderstood words spoken for the first time in his presence, he repeated them afterwards as he understood them first, and, amongst other mistakes, he always said "section" for "session," "armistice" for "amnistie," "îles Philippiques" instead of "Philippines," "point fulminant" instead of "culminant," "rentes voyagères" for "viagères." But the bizarre eccentricity of his expressions had in them something of grandeur, something, as one of his tutors said, "like granite melted in a volcanic flame." He did not share the current prejudices, traditions, convictions, hopes and illusions. Poor, unknown, a martyr to ambition, the commonplaces of his time were not unknown to him; but one theory had become part and parcel of his flesh and blood, the dominating one without which neither Napoleon nor the Revolution could have been possible. A heathen one, certainly, because its object was the uniform levelling of the individual point of view to the omnipotent Force, with a changed name, although the Despotism remained; the despotism of the State for which the old monarchy had prepared the way, and which the Contrat-Social withdrew from the sphere of experiment and materialized into a well-considered system impossible to escape. For in the place of the old barriers, never quite destroyed, behind which single individuals had sought and found protection; in place of the ecclesiastical organization, of the judicial powers and prerogatives, of special class laws and municipal liberty; in place of orders, guilds and corporations, of privileges and

immunities, appeared Rousseau's principle of absolute equality between individual interests, all alike renouncing their claims to power in favour of the omnipotence of the State.

The first germs of the idea of absorbing this omnipotence in himself, of developing the State of Louis XIV. into the First Empire, "of transferring the despotic tradition of kingship of the time of Richelieu into the Cæsarism of Bonaparte," Taine traces to the days of the Crown's utmost humiliation, when the anointed brow covered with the cap of the Jacobin was exposed to the ridicule of the mob. And the unknown lieutenant of artillery jeered "Che Coglione! That we should receive such scum, it were better to mow down a hundred or two with cannon shot, the rest would run quickly enough." The young officer remained so calm in the midst of the excitement as to arouse suspicion. He is stigmatized as a Jacobin in Corsica: in Paris the mob provokes his scarcely suppressed rage. But before Thermidor he is an intimate of the younger Robespierre and his sister Charlotte. He plays the Corsican card until the early summer of 1793. The last stroke is the attempt to conquer Ajaccio, which coup is directed against Paoli, the adored hero of his youth, and it was only when this attempt failed that the Corsican reluctantly became a Frenchman. The little country of which Rousseau with prophetic insight declared that it was capable of legislation which would amaze Europe, had set its seal upon its great son. He fulfilled the philosopher's prophecy, if not in the sense meant by him, and he made Rousseau's principle a

law, not for Corsica only, but for France and, above all, for himself. The patronage of Barras made the way easy for him. He made use of it as unscrupulously as he had acted in the time of his friendship with Robespierre, and, in later years, with Savary and Fouché, "like a good condottiere, who never gives, but lends himself rather to the one who offers most, and, as soon as the chance comes, withdraws and looks elsewhere for more." Thus was Vendémiaire made, the day on which Bonaparte stepped on to the page of History. "Attendez-vous que le peuple vous donne la permission de tirer sur lui?" he asked the hesitating leaders on the 5th October, before the fire which delivered the trembling Convention, was turned on the Paris Section. He had, however, said to Junot the evening before when leaving the Théâtre Feydeau, on observing the preparations of the Sectionists: "If the Sectionists would put me at their head, I would undertake to lead them within ten hours to the Tuileries, and expel the miserable Con.ention."

The Sections did not call upon him, and the guns were turned on them.

Taine lays particular stress upon the utter want of principle, the origin of which lay, not in himself only, but in the blood of those little Italian tyrants, the Castruccio-Castracani, the Braccio, the Pincinino, the Malatesta, the Sforza, whom Madame de Staël and Stendhal had already noted; but Taine never brightens the picture of Napoleon's youth by any example of softer human feeling. He makes no mention of the

fact that for years the little officer, although not even the eldest son of the family, constituted himself a father to his brothers and sisters; allowed himself but one meal a day, often satisfying his hunger with dry bread; brushed his own clothes so that they might last longer, and all in order to educate his brother Louis by the money he had thus saved, not even indulging himself in the purchase of a few books. We read in Jung and in the memoirs of Lucien, that the little lieutenant of artillery undertook the responsibility of his sister Pauline, the future Princess Borghese, when she was about to become the wife of Fréron. In his treatise *On Happiness*, *Dialogues on Love*, and *Reflections on Nature*, the young author, Bonaparte, thought of the poor household at Ajaccio, and one is obliged to own that Madame Letitia was the mother of a good son before she became the mother of the Emperor.

It would impede the onward rush of Taine's history if he had dwelt on these features, but it narrows his psychology to have excluded them. An unprejudiced observer cannot refuse to admit better motives in the chain of cause and effect which leads from Cæsar Borgia, Julius II. or Machiavelli, to Bonaparte, whose Tuscan blood caused Italian Cardinals to make the soothing remark to the Pope when hesitating to crown Napoleon: "After all, it is an Italian family we are foisting on the barbarians as rulers, and it will avenge us on the Gauls."

How it came to pass, that the melancholy dreamer of Brienne, Valence, and Auxonne, the fiery patriot and

admirer of Paoli, who longed to make Corsica free and happy, was forced to the conclusion that his place was not among the prize competitors of a provincial academy, nor at the head of the pretorians of Ajaccio, Taine has made clearer than any other writer. Far more exactly and exhaustively than any other historian before him has he sought the solution of the problem of the France made first by Richelieu and Louis XIV. and afterwards by the Revolution. An inquiry into the constitution of the State and the essentials of sovereignty this wonderful historical analysis might be called, an analysis in which a whole people has been cross-examined as to how and in what manner it had been ruled.

Taine describes in his first volume the steady though gradual absorption by the central power of all separate authority. The suppression of provincial classes, whereby nothing remained of the old province but the name; the reorganization of the former democratic municipal Constitution because of the restriction of the franchise and the sale of offices, so that an oligarchy arose of the privileged middle-class families, and flourished at the expense of the taxpayer. In the same way the responsibility of the landowner in rural districts as patron of livings was destroyed, and he was forced to play the rôle of creditor; and, where he belonged to the Court nobility, that of absentee creditor. In the Church, the head was separated from the limbs, and a general staff of luxurious, pleasure-loving, lazy, and sceptical aristocratic Prelates were put over a body of simple, over-burdened and pious clergy. On the other hand, the protection of the State became as harmful

in its effect as its tyranny. It gave to some bodies privileges and rights which made them unbearable, or petrified them into fossil forms, their activity paralysed, as in cases of certain monopolies which, granted because of the money paid for them, bore so heavily upon consumers that free commerce was checked. The same thing happened to the Roman Catholic Church, to which the State granted every five years in exchange for the *don gratuit* prerogatives of offence or cruel privileges, persecution of Protestants, censure of free speech and inquiry, and the sole right of control over education and schools.

And the same fate befell the Universities, frozen to a dead and stiff routine; the provincial Assemblies, which in 1789 had not been altered since their foundation in 1489, and the old nobility sunk beneath the burden of substitutions and entails.

The institutions which at the time of their foundation had for their object the transference of political power and the strengthening of local influences, now proved not merely useless but dangerous, and were only calculated to further injurious privileges, low schemes, and domestic tyranny.

Thus corporations had been estranged and robbed of their original purposes, and had become unrecognizable beneath the overgrowth of destructive abuses. With the exception of Montesquieu, no one understood the continued object of their existence. When the Revolution came, they no longer seemed to be organizations but deformities, decrepit monstrosities, without root, useless vegetation on the surface of national life.

The Revolution, having to choose between reform and destruction, broke away from the historical conception that the process of the evolution of nations was of slow development, and were no more to be separated from the past than were plants from the native soil which nourished them. It took to radical amputation, to confiscation, and when this did not suffice, to systematic, merciless extermination. It seized upon everything, the money and property of corporations, of provinces, of towns, communities, educational establishments, churches, hospitals, and endowments. It did not even spare the last bulwark, the family, but laid hands on children, regardless of the protesting minority. It then undertook to build up a Church whose orthodoxy it determined, and a community whose requirements it would supply. Theories usurped the place of experience, and the despotic order of an omnipotent State that of development. Opposition was not to be thought of, for the State recognized only isolated individuals whose wishes it formed into a pliant majority, and in whose name the opposition of the minority was punished as a mortal crime. The unavoidable levelling process was so evident that Mirabeau was able to state on July 3, 1790, that "several successive reigns could not have done so much towards strengthening the royal power as one year of the Revolution." Is it nothing, adds this far-seeing man, to be "without Parliament, without a Provincial Diet, without privileged classes, to be clergy and nobility at one and the same time"? It was the realization of the idea of the despot who wished to lop the heads off all poppies

which rose above the others. Louis XIV. also shared these views. "The King wishes no corporate body in the State; a body without a head is always dangerous. . . . The King likes nothing noisy, des pelotons contre l'État." Richelieu and he began what Robespierre finished, but when the machinery was put in motion, and pressed to its utmost powers of resistance, it broke down. Its artificially multiplied mechanism suddenly stopped, and the pieces broke in the hands of the machinists who tried to put them together again. The State, which had appropriated all the fortresses and endowments, fell from usurpation to bankruptcy. Public worship and education and the relief of the poor turned into Governments became so irretrievably shattered in a few years' time, that the official clergy and the official school-teachers found themselves lecturing to empty benches and preaching in empty churches. The towns were not lighted and not cleaned, the hospitals were without linen and without food and without medicines, and the foundling hospitals had no milk; the poor were without bread, and the peasants had to be beaten to force them to bring the corn to market which they no longer cared to sell for the benefit of the mortgagees. It was almost as dangerous to travel in France as in a province of Turkey, for the bodies entrusted with the safety of the public had no faith in an authority which was constantly changing, and which demanded of them, not the keeping of order, but the ratification of Decrees of Proscription; and the populace experienced in ten years the comedy of five or six consecutive Jacqueries and rebellions, which, if not

ordered, were at any rate tacitly sanctioned by the Government, and which laid stress upon the teachings of the Contrat-Social. A populace of officials, of irresponsible delegates accustomed to receive orders from superiors and to execute them, utterly incapable of helping themselves, waited for the despotic commands of a ruler who could not be produced from the thriftless nonentities of the Directory epoch. But for this ruler the whole social body was organized, for there was no free expression of public opinion, the initiative of individuals had no support, and without this their voices would cease or be lost, or could be suppressed with protest. The strength of the nation had only one outlet left, and this was in military service. This offered not only the prospect of a career and pay, honours and power, but also of protection against internal tyranny, against the guillotine of the Terrorists, the decrees of banishment and the expropriations of the Directory.

Such was the state of affairs before Brumaire.

On that day the reins were grasped by the hands of a man who was prepared, as none other, to turn the position to his own advantage. To some he gave security and peace at home, after ten years of anarchy. To others he held out the bâton of the field-marshal, and, as was soon to be seen, crowns in compensation for long disappointment, extending from the Monarchy to the Republic, and on through four worn-out Constitutions from Turgot to Barras. "Freedom!" he said to the Tribune Gaulois, "that is a good civil code; modern nations concern themselves only with possession." "Now every military rank is a reward offered

for good service," he said to Röderer; "that is the advantage of equality, which made 20,000 lieutenants' commissions the goal of lawful ambition and the merited reward of 400,000 soldiers." The few who were neither fitted for barracks nor for places in offices, quiet citizens interested neither in acquiring riches nor in cultivating their fields, were also not forgotten. Science and Art were encouraged and rewarded with distinctions, "which should prevent intelligent minds from thinking of graver matters."[1] These "graver matters" were affairs of State and political interests. How as First Consul and later as Emperor he accomplished what he did, what a tremendous, what an unparalleled power of work and what gigantic energy he devoted to affairs, may be proved by the fact that the sittings of his Councillors of State often lasted from nine in the morning until five in the afternoon, with a break of a short quarter of an hour only, or from ten at night until five in the morning. One day he spent seven hours inspecting dockyards and ships, and then went for a three hours' ride, "to get rid of his fatigue." In every single nook and cranny of the Administration he appeared to know more than the Minister of each department.

Ségur tells us how he himself was sent by the First Consul on a tour of inspection to the north coast of France, and on his return was received by the Consul, who said: "Your notes are good, but you have forgotten two four-pounders at Ostend; they stand on the high

[1] 'Napoleon in Councils of State.' From the *Memoirs of Thibaudeau*, cited by Lanfrey, *Histoire de Napoléon*, v. 312.

road just outside the town." This was a fact; and Napoleon, who had a bad memory for names and words, never forgot a fact or a locality. He knew the position of every ship, and where every single battalion was stationed. "You will find your battalion in such and such a place," he said to a troop of soldiers who had lost their way returning from Boulogne. The army at that time was 200,000 strong. He pointed out to his old college friend, Bourrienne, on March 17, 1800, with pins on a map, the exact spot where he intended to defeat Mélas. At Marengo, on June 14, the same Bourrienne wrote an account of the victory. Taine refers to a conversation Napoleon had with Röderer on the condition of Naples. This spreading of a net of questions covering every subject left no point untouched. The Postmaster-General, la Valette, owned that the Emperor was better informed on every detail of his administration than he was himself. He addressed the army on great occasions like the hero of a classical tragedy: towards his officials he kept to technical points, was temperate, cold, and impartial. To the lawmakers he often gave fiery demonstrations of the necessity of considering individuals as living units, not as automatons, or abstract things: "One's power over men is only held by the force of imagination. A man does not risk death for five sous a day; he is electrified when you speak to his soul." The enthusiasm he inspired for the Imperial Chimera between 1804 and 1815 cost France, according to an estimate which Taine finds not too high, 1,700,000 lives. He rarely praised. He drove his men to breaking point. One day he asked

Ségur, "What will be said of me when I am dead?" Ségur indulged in all kinds of mournful suppositions. "Not at all," interrupted the Emperor, "people will simply say, 'Ouf.'"

Nevertheless the advantages of his administration and the merits of the system were of incalculable value. For ten years the Government had failed to carry out its task, or, rather, had done the opposite, and permitted a threefold tyranny—that against people, property, and conscience. "La Révolution n'a été que cela, et il est temps que cela finisse," was the judgment of the French historian. The first thing which could not have been reconstructed in France without ultra-vigorous measures on the part of the military authorities was public safety. Among other matters mentioned in a report of 1800 was the shooting of 200 brigands who had committed innumerable crimes in several Departments in the south of France. At the beginning of the Consulate the emigration list contained the names of 146,000 persons, chiefly officers, members of Parliament, nobles and priests, who risked their heads the moment they crossed the frontier; and a further list of their relatives, 200,000 to 300,000, who having lost all their political rights, and their fortunes confiscated, were condemned to a miserable existence. Napoleon did not interfere with the decrees of banishment, but a series of Senatus-consults and dispensations made it possible for many to return to their country after the peace of Amiens. The State returned about one hundred million to the smaller owners, in liquidation of their losses of some two milliards, the people for whom the Senatus

Consult in the year X meant nothing but permission "to die of hunger in France." Napoleon was fully aware of the crying injustice of this measure, but it was almost impossible to obtain more; while he, on the other hand, had no intention of placing large fortunes at the disposal of the Royalists.[1] He thus was able to get their service, and was able to enter the first names of the monarchy in the Imperial almanac. Moreover, as soon as the Royalist families refused to serve him, the system of treating them amiably came to an abrupt end. Napoleon ordered Fouché, in 1808, to send certain young men of old and wealthy families to St. Cyr, and later on to the army; and in 1813 this method gained for the army an increase of 10,000, including married men and fathers free from conscription.

Enormous difficulties arose in the reorganization of the charitable institutions. The numbers of the necessitous of all classes had increased threefold since 1789; war, hunger, imprisonment, and distress of all kinds had crippled many and clouded the minds of others. Owing to the indiscriminate banishment of the Religious Orders, there were no nurses for the sick, while the fortunes of the Orders had been confiscated by the Convention. What remained of these, three years later, was to have been paid back; but all that had not been squandered, was returned in *assignats*, or in Government stock, which in most cases was swallowed up in bankruptcy in 1800.

[1] Roederer, *Souvenirs*. Conference, December 30, 1802. Pelet de la Lozère, *Opinions de Napoléon au Conseil d'État*, March 15, and July 1, 1806.

The labours of the Abbé Allain, A. Duruy, Maggiolo, Buisson, Sylvy, Compayré, and many others, have thrown new light upon the educational question under the old order in France. Statistics hitherto have nearly all been shown to be too low. The elementary schools previous to 1789 were mostly conducted by priests and nuns, and it is assumed that forty-seven in every hundred men, and twenty-six in every hundred women, had learned to read and write in the 20,000 to 25,000 schools existing in the 38,000 parishes of France. The teachers' salaries were often paid out of special endowment funds, and in poorer places the schools were only open in the winter. The teacher worked in the fields or at other occupations in summer, and when his income did not suffice he received a monthly grant of four or five sous for each child. Occasionally the parish priest, or his assistant priest, was obliged to conduct the schools.

The higher educational establishments were considerably better off. According to Silvy's investigations, there were about nine hundred of these. Many were so richly endowed that 40,000 of their 70,000 pupils were educated altogether free of charge, or partially free. And at the present time 5000 of the 79,000 students at the Lycée are thus educated. The charitable intentions of former generations do not altogether deserve all the credit for this satisfactory state of affairs; for the conditions were such that expenses were small and the revenues large. Most of the teachers, monks or priests, were bound to a communal life, and even when they had grown lazy and luxurious

it cost less for the individual than the expense of a family. The income of a college professor varied between four hundred and fifty to twelve hundred livres, and the colleges were so numerous that most of the students could live at home or with relations. Thus the cost of education was reduced to about three hundred francs a year, and two or three livres a month covered the boarding expenses of the boys. At the Revolution all this fell to pieces like a stranded ship, and from this shipwreck the educational system rescued even less than the charitable institutions. The State restored nothing, and the history of education during the ten years of 1789-1799 is one of complete dissolution, and the number of young men educated in the State schools fell from 12,000 to 7000 or 8000. The elementary schools were entirely neglected and only existed on paper.[1] One obvious objection arises. It is that here there is a miscalculation ; the clergy drew their riches from the tithes, and consequently the whole country, whether believers or unbelievers, had to contribute to the support of the clergy in the 38,000 parishes, and that of the 4000 convents and 40,000 churches, which existed in the time of the Revolution.

Taine's reply is that, however plausible this sounds, it requires correction, or at least limitation. "The tithe," he says, "was a tax which did not fall on the actual owner or occupier of the land, for he bought or rented his land after the deduction of the tithes,

[1] S. F. Rocquain, *État de la France au Brumaire*, 18. H. Taine, *La Révolution*, iii. 108, etc. ; *Le Régime moderne*, i. 213, etc., 229. A. Duruy, *L'Instruction publique*, etc., 480, 496.

which consequently were not paid by the person who actually profited out of the land. In any case, the Church property was legally inviolable, and interfered with no other interests, as it was derived from the wills and bequests of millions of dead benefactors." But a few pages further on we find this contradictory statement: that the small peasant-holder with net income of one hundred livres was obliged to give fourteen to the owner of the estate, fourteen to the clergy, fifty-three to the State, which left only some eighteen or nineteen livres for himself.[1] Under the Empire this was altered in such a way that the State received twenty-one livres from every hundred, while the remaining seventy-nine were retained by the peasant.

Had the new Government desired to restore the property of the Church, it could not have done so without committing a second and equally flagrant robbery. With few exceptions, the property of the Church and of the schools had changed hands, and the legal title of the new owners was, in the eye of the law, unassailable, while the legal title of the Revolutionary Government also was the same, but the money which it had received for the confiscated lands had been swallowed up in bankruptcy.

Napoleon did not, therefore, hesitate for a moment in publicly declaring the rights of the new landowners to be inviolable, and thus one million nine hundred thousand purchasers of the national estates were indebted to him. The payment of the stipends of the

[1] H. Taine, *Origines*, etc.; *Le Régime moderne*, i. 229.

clergy by the State was the price paid for the subsequent consent of Rome, and not only did all persecution cease, but almost every restriction was removed. Though the State gave as little as possible, it permitted private benefactions to the Church, on condition that these should be in Government stock and not in real estate. After ten years of persecution the French clergy had again become popular, and the First Consul did not intend to lose the fruits of this popularity for the sake of Jacobin theories.

Another system was followed with regard to education, and towns and communities were made responsible for college buildings and school-houses in which education was no longer free. Private institutions were permitted, but were required to pay high taxes to support the new Universities founded by the Emperor. In consequence of their monopoly, and the financial resources provided for them by their Imperial founder at the expense of the taxpayer, the Budget of these Universities soon showed a good surplus.

Charitable institutions were the only ones whose losses were partially compensated by the State.

Thus the Government closed accounts with its three great creditors, which had been mercilessly plundered by it in such a way that for a capital of five milliards and a yearly revenue of two hundred and seventy millions it gave back seventy-one millions. Greater than the material were the moral advantages gained. Napoleon was the Bishop of his Church, Headmaster of his educational system, Guardian of the Poor Law, Commander of an obedient army of priests, teachers,

and Samaritans. Rebellion only arose when he reverted to revolutionary methods and attacked conscience.

Napoleon's reforms were thorough and abiding, and their value was proved where first the old Monarchy and then the revolutionary systèms so entirely failed. Their financial mismanagement had brought the whole social order to ruin ; the masses bore the entire weight of taxation, twice under the Monarchy in favour of the privileged classes, and again under the Republic in favour of the Jacobins, that a few might be saved from it altogether. The expenses of the Court at Versailles amounted to forty-five millions a year before 1789. The cost of the provisions for the mob which streamed into Paris from all directions in 1795 and 1796 was twelve hundred million a year! The journey of the Court to Fontainebleau, in the reign of Louis XVI., usually swallowed up about two millions. The cost under Napoleon was reduced to one hundred and fifty thousand francs, and his household expenses were covered by less than three million francs. Everything was carefully calculated, and no one received so much as a glass of sugar-and-water without producing a voucher signed by Marshal Duroc.

The ideal of which the philosophers and reformers of the eighteenth century dreamed, of an equal division of taxes, passed from theory to practice for the first time when a body of four to five thousand officials without local influence, and strictly controlled by the Central Government, brought the taxes direct to the State treasury, which represented but twenty-one centimes out of every hundred, against the eighty-one

which the humble citizen had previously been forced to pay.

The development of the fiscal system under Napoleon is described by Taine with fairly full details, and is taken from the best authorities. The indirect taxation on the most popular and necessary articles, on tobacco and liquor, salt and sugar, and also the death duties, were economically equally open to criticism, but undoubtedly were more lucrative to the State than the hated indirect taxes of the *ancien régime*, and they fulfilled the three conditions which make burdens bearable to the taxpayer: they left him free to purchase the taxed articles or not as he pleased, they raised the prices comparatively little, and lastly, the interference of the Treasurer was scarcely noticed. The tradesman, the landlord, and the merchant were responsible for producing the money instead of the former agents, the general leaseholders and speculators, whose very appearance had been sufficient to put the people into a panic, and which, at the time of the National Assembly, led to a violent rebound, to a refusal to pay the taxes, and open rebellion, so that they were abolished by a series of decrees.

The financial policy of the Empire which had found an empty Exchequer, raised the revenue from the four hundred and seventy-five millions in 1789 to seven hundred and fifty thousand eight hundred millions, and this without pillaging from private funds or incurring debts. Not the war, but the Continental System, gave it its mortal wounds.

The reorganization of the army was carried out in a

diametrically different manner. The finances of the country were passing through a stage of reform, but the army was undergoing despotic pressure. At the time of the Monarchy there were twenty-five foreign regiments and one hundred and forty-five French regiments. The first were recruited from volunteers from Switzerland, Germany, Ireland, and the diocese of Liége. The French recruit received a bounty of one hundred livres, and no one was forced into military service, so that the soldiers were recruited from the lowest classes of the population—in fact, from the "anti-social classes," and military service thus became a bulwark against the too rapid growth of the worst elements of the populace. But the moment the people obtained the franchise, and consequently were called to the barracks, all this underwent a change. The new dignity brought new responsibility, and with it the duty of military service. In December 1790 the Jacobin, Dubois-Crancé, declared that "every citizen must be a soldier and every soldier a citizen." The recruiting in 1793 only seemed to be voluntary, but in reality the people were recruited or obliged by circumstances to enlist. Taine in the following sentence says emphatically: "Le volontaire de la République est un personnage de convention, qui ne peut être admis par l'histoire."[1]

Napoleon was on principle entirely in favour of compulsory service; in practice he permitted many exceptions. A substitute cost in 1806 between 1800 and 4000 francs, and of every ten liable to serve at least

[1] A. Leroy-Beaulieu, *La République et les Conservateurs.*

one bought himself off, until the ever-increasing demand of the Imperial Commander-in-Chief consumed the entire blood tribute which France was able to give.

In this new State, built up by the mighty genius of a born commander, there was absolute equality. Neither position nor origin, neither religion nor possessions, nor yet birth, allowed exceptions to be made or barriers to be erected. Everything was divided equally, except ambition and talent, the eternal thirst for honours, mean envy, insatiable vanity, and true merit. He who satisfied all these instincts appeased all the necessities, which had for such a time languished; he who discovered and picked out from the masses capable heads and real abilities, he it was who obtained the greatest power that ever protected a throne in the modern world. About Napoleon's throne were gathered Girondists and Jacobins, Royalists and Thermidorians, Plebeians and the one-time Knights of the Holy Ghost, Roman Catholics and Voltaireans. Kitchen lads became Marshals; Drouet, the post-master of Varennes, became Under Secretary of State; Fouché, the torturer and wholsale murderer, a Duke; the Suabian candidate for the Lutheran ministry, Reinhard, was appointed an Imperial Ambassador; Murat, son of an innkeeper, a King. Fairy tales seemed no longer to have their origin in the East. These wonders had become tangible, and for a short time one might believe that they were lasting, because the racecourse of fortune was, in the Emperor's words, "open to all talent." In his reign there were years when no candidates came forward for the most lucrative posts, and in some regiments there were colonels

who were only twenty-five years of age. The sergeant dreamed of the field-marshal's bâton, the marshal of crowns, and Napoleon no longer desired to compete with Charlemagne and Louis XIV., but with Cæsar and Alexander.

Of the work of the Conqueror not one stone remains upon another. The internal reconstruction of France, the great institutions of the Consulate and of the Empire, "the machinery of the year VIII.," to quote Taine for the last time, still remain. The legislation of 1830 or 1848 and of 1870 have scarcely altered that of the consulate, except that the Commune, the General Councillors, and the Mayors were elected by a restricted franchise, and since 1848 by general election, instead of being appointed by the Prefects. These changes have made much less difference than is usually thought. The Government used to name the candidates, now it has to submit to the choice of the majority, and is affected by their threats or promises on polling-day. Under these conditions is the Prefect chosen by the petty despot, the broker who barters his votes at the cost of the communal money-bags, and the representatives of the local government are no longer, as they were under the Empire and the Restoration, prominent men in the community, in the districts or the Department, but political intriguers who wish to rise; office-seekers who can be bought, and lastly, by an unprincipled crowd of the lower class, whose political opinions are immature and unreasonable, who unscrupulously vote for legal phrases which they do not understand, and grant sums of money which come out of the pockets of

their richer neighbours, as they think, and not out of their own. With the exception of Paris, the French parochial debts have risen steadily; and from five hundred and twenty-four millions in 1868, they mounted to nineteen hundred and eighty-eight in 1878. Since the time of the Revolution no one has ventured to attempt a restoration of local society in the provinces. The authorities of Languedoc called the attention of the Duc d'Angoulême in 1815 to the beautiful buildings, to the streets and canals of the province where self-government had so long been enjoyed, and the heir to the old throne replied with real revolutionary want of comprehension: "We place the Department before the province." The despotism of the democratic revolutionary centralization has outlasted the Despot.

COUNT REINHARD, A GERMAN IN THE SERVICE OF THE FRENCH

G. E. GUHRAUER published a short life of Count Reinhard[1] in 1847, partly from his own reminiscences and partly derived from material supplied to him by Reinhard's family. The correspondence with Goethe had not then been published. Many of Count Reinhard's posthumous papers and official documents have, since then, either been printed, or been made accessible in libraries or in private hands. The testimony of his contemporaries appears to justify a more comprehensive biography, and the *Allgemeine Deutsche* biography by Wilhelm Lang induced the author to undertake a work of greater scope, notwithstanding the refusal of Reinhard's relations to place the private papers in their possession at his disposal. The work he set himself to do was completed in some six hundred pages, and he neglected no source of information within his reach. He exaggerated Reinhard's political importance, an importance not claimed by the subject of his memoir, and he thus deprived him of the lenient judgment he might otherwise have received. He was a type of

[1] G. E. Guhrauer, *Count Reinhard, Historisches Taschenbuch*, 1847. Dr. Wilhelm Lang, *A Franco-German Biography*, 1761-1837. Reinhard, *Correspondence with Goethe*, 1850.

subordinate official who is more distinguished for his acquirements than for his native talent, and a statesman he was not. The interest in his life is enhanced by the fact, that of all the Germans attracted to France by love of freedom and admiration of the ideals of 1789, Karl Friedrich Reinhard, son of a Swabian Protestant pastor, was the most successful, if not the most intellectual. Anacharsis Clootz, Luckner, Eulogius, Schneider, Adam Lux, Georg Forster, Grüwel, Rhül, C. C. Prince of Hesse-Rheinfels, Seyffert, are names enough to recall men of an altogether different stamp who suffered the saddest sort of shipwreck, while most of them met with violent ends. To all these optimists the Revolution brought moral humiliation and disappointment, with participation in the most revolting crimes, followed by the inevitable result, death on the scaffold. But this retiring lad who had been educated in the Kloster schools at Denkendorf and Maulbronn, who never entirely overcame the melancholy temperament inherited from his mother, obtained, in a foreign land, the highest honours, while no less a man than Talleyrand commended him, in a speech to his memory, as the "Representative of the Religion of Duty."

He was born on October 2, 1761, in the little, old-world town, Schorndorf in Würtemberg, and died in Paris on December 25, 1837. Between these two dates falls the life of the man whom Napoleon at St. Helena spoke of as "un honnête homme, d'une capacité ordinaire," whom Goethe called friend, and who took the risk of "becoming a Frenchman, and yet remained a German in heart for ever."

Of Reinhard's youth in Germany a few words must suffice. He retained the most tender recollection of the thirteen years in his father's house, the eldest of fourteen brothers and sisters, but he recalled with distaste the years passed at school, although he always did well in his work. He went to Tübingen in October 1778 with a scholarship, and read with Schnurrer, the Oriental scholar, till he took his degree; his essay on the occasion was on Arabic poetry. He took little interest in theological controversies, although he was destined for the Church. "Theologie, heu quantum distat ab illo!" "Religion I will gladly learn, and will be religious, but Theology, never," he declared when he became a candidate. He had, in fact, come under the influence of Voltaire, and was also reading Rousseau, translating Arabic poetry, and writing elegies after the manner of Klopstock, but in the spirit of Werther. He met Schiller at Stuttgart in 1781, and it left a lasting impression on him. His poem, *To Lavater*, describes a journey to Zürich in the spring of 1783, but with a truly barbaric disregard to form.

At the close of his theological course in the autumn of 1783 Reinhard left Tübingen, where he had found the rigid discipline and pedantry intolerable. He was appointed assistant-pastor and joined his parents at Balingen, with a translation of Tibullus in his travelling-bag. The next two years and a half do not appear to have been satisfactorily employed, either by a short love affair, his reading, or his attempts at writing poetry, and the young man's life was threatened with disaster on the shoals of wearisome monotony.

An attack of his on the state of things at the Tübingen Seminary, and published in Armbruster's *Swabian Museum*, gave grave offence to the professors and Church authorities of that town, and led to the dismissal of the self-appointed censor. With his father's consent and that of the reigning Duke, he accepted the offer of a tutorship in the Blonay family, and from this time on he never ascended the pulpit, and only saw his home on occasional short visits. He filled his new post with zealous conscientiousness, but felt himself as little suited for the life of a tutor as for that of a pastor. The death of his mother at the birth of her fourteenth child occurred about this time.

Anxious to earn money for the benefit of his family, and again with the consent of the reigning Duke, he accepted another post as tutor in a family at Bordeaux in the spring of 1787. Since his college days he had taken up the language and literature of the country. From Rousseau he had learnt to regard France as under a despotism, and now fate led him to the volcanic land of the Gironde, the centre of that movement which, with clear sight, he had recognized, and held up to the admiration of his countrymen, though not for their imitation. On the drawing up of the Constitution of 1789, he writes: "There are certainly a greater number of good and enlightened princes, and those chiefly in the German states, than there are bad ones; and this is the case even where they are uncontrolled by a Constitutional Assembly; and in those countries there are fewer taxes, purer morals, and the people are happier than they ever will be in mighty

France." And the very cautious writer of this letter goes on to say, while he almost repeats Montesquieu: "After ten years of study, Mounier declared the English Constitution to be the best. The National Assembly has gone on its own untried way." The man who thought thus might well write hymns to freedom, but he was unfit to be a revolutionist. But for a time Reinhard paid homage to the political ideals of the Girondists. He was president of the club in which they poured forth their eloquence, and formed friendships with some of the leaders, which resulted in 1791, after the king's flight, in his becoming a French citizen. He saw Paris for the first time that summer, in company with Vergniaud, R. Ducos, and Guadet. In a long letter to Schiller, written from Paris, he tried to kindle afresh the poet's fading enthusiasm for the Revolution. Articles from his pen, written with the same object, were published in German journals, such as *Thalia*, and the *Minerva* of Archenholz. And he even defended the policy of the Jacobins against A. Chénier. He began for Sieyès a series of *Letters on the Philosophy of Kant*, but he only reached the entrance to the temple which it had been his ambition to enter. His many-sided learning and his knowledge of modern languages led his patrons to make use of him for more practical purposes. The Girondists were in power, and in April 1792 Reinhard was sent to London as secretary to the newly appointed Envoy, Chauvelin. But Chauvelin was a nonentity, and the mission hopeless, while the man who had the confidence of the French Ministry was Charles Maurice de Talleyrand, one-time

Bishop of Autun, who accompanied the Marquis de Chauvelin, and thus officially began his apprenticeship to diplomacy. Talleyrand found in Reinhard the ideal future chief of a chancellery, the acting hand, the reliable and faithful helper whom he needed. His first attempt to bring about better relations between France and England was frustrated because of the foreign policy of the chief person on the other side. Pitt forgave neither the attack on Belgium, nor the King's murder. But the alliance between the secularized bishop and the Tübingen theologian outlasted their diplomatic defeats, and developed into a friendly patronage on the part of Talleyrand towards his younger colleague. "I did not raise myself, I was raised," Reinhard owned afterwards to Goethe. But for the time being their ways parted; Talleyrand's were into exile, and Reinhard became secretary to the French Envoy at Naples. On the journey thither he wrote a German ode, *Shades of Basserville*, in which, with execration and with some poetic ardour, he accused, unrestrained by his official position, the Romish people, "the priests and tyrants," of the murder of the Parisian Jacobins. After this we hear nothing more of political poetry from Reinhard's pen, and Schiller, who twelve years earlier thought he saw in him a coming poet, was fortunately never again troubled by the wayward muse of the amateur. Nor was Reinhard's entrance into diplomacy a success at first. After a few months the French Legation was obliged to leave Naples in a manner that was not altogether unlike a flight, when the Government of that kingdom entered into alliance with

England. Reinhard, left stranded after the fall of his friends, the Girondists, deemed himself fortunate in receiving orders from Deforgues, the new minister, to join the Foreign Office in Paris, and it was a proof of considerable adaptability of character that he should be able to hold his own under the Government of Robespierre. That he was thus capable saved his own life. Up to the 9th Thermidor there was nothing to do politically. The northern kingdoms, including Poland, belonged to his department of the Foreign Office, but it was in vain that he tried to persuade his ignorant and fanatical chief to aid Kosciuszko. He replied that "the rising had been engineered by the aristocracy," and Poland was sacrificed so that an understanding might be arrived at with Prussia. The instructions which Barthélemy, the best, if not the only French diplomatist in office, took with him to Basle, were drawn up by Reinhard. They declared the Rhine to be the natural frontier of France.

But Reinhard regarded himself as representing "German feeling," and was on excellent terms with Count Schlabrendorf, Oelsner, and others of his countrymen living in Paris. However, when it became known that Sieyès was considering whether he would send him to Vienna, Schlabrendorf felt obliged to warn him against the choice of a man whom the Emperor had proscribed in 1793, so Reinhard was sent to Hamburg instead. That was the literary headquarters of the emigrants, and there he could keep an eye on English politics better than elsewhere. The National Institute, recently founded, nominated him member of the sciences "morales et politiques" division, where he had Talley-

rand for a colleague. In the autumn of 1797 he became Director of the Foreign Department, and his close friend and countryman, the elder brother of Justin Kerner, he took as his private secretary; thus were the dealings with the Hansa towns in the hands of two South Germans. It is characteristic of the time and of the man that his first work was the translation of Kant's essay on peace, *Vom ewigen Frieden*, which, mainly on account of the Peace of Basle, was exercising the minds of leading men. Reinhard thought then, as he had thought previously, of Sieyès as the man specially fitted to introduce the German philosopher into France, but the time was not propitious. The French diplomatist could scarcely be unaware of the real object of Sieyès' return to the policy of 1795. He had considered the Confederation of the Rhine ten years before Napoleon, as well as the secularization of Church property and the camp at Boulogne; and he had offered Hanover to Prussia, Lombardy to Piedmont, Portugal to Spain, and had bartered peoples with a cynicism that the Empire of Napoleon never exceeded. The Treaty between Hamburg and the French Republic was not signed until September 1796, and then Reinhard was sent as the Envoy from France. He had, meanwhile, been staying partly at Bremen and partly at Altona, whence he conferred concerning Hanover with Hardenberg, who declined the French proposals. Reinhard, on his side, was in favour of the absolute neutrality of the Hansa towns during any future hostilities. The French Republic the protector of Free Trade! Reinhard's ideal theory was destined

to be followed by the Continental blockade, and he was engaged for several years in carrying out his official duties in regard to it. Such a change of front argues a certain weakness of character, and was more evident in Reinhard than his biographers admit. To Wilhelm von Humboldt, who made Reinhard's acquaintance there in 1796, this was sufficiently clear, and he writes: "I had a general conversation on politics with him, and I found him somewhat shallow in fundamental principles, and vague; nor was he happy in his manner of expressing them." He called him cold and reserved, and clever in the most limited sense; but of great intelligence, or of liberal opinion and penetration, he saw nothing. Reinhard was on the eve of marriage with Christine Reimarus, and he was thus brought into intimate relation with the most influential political and literary society in Hamburg. He met Klopstock at the house of his wife's parents, and letters are, unfortunately, missing which could give us any idea of his impressions of the great man. Lafayette, released from his imprisonment at Olmütz, had arrived at Witmold, near Plön, and Christine's uncle, Henning, the Danish novelist, became his warm friend. Reinhard, on the other hand, was repelled by the man's tremendous vanity, and even felt, so he writes, indifferent to his sufferings, in a land where every one suffered so much. He endeavoured to convince his friends at Hamburg, who were quite disillusioned, that the victory of the Republic tended towards ultimate freedom, and that the government of the Directory was one worthy of imitation. But

the stratagem which brought the Jacobins again to power on 18th Fructidor made this difficult. And he was obliged to acknowledge that the Peace of Campo Formio, which made the young conqueror, Napoleon, independent of the Government, and set up "Freedom on geographical lines," had nothing in common with the promises of emancipation for the people. His rôle in Hamburg was played out. Peace was concluded in December 1797, and two months later, Talleyrand, Minister of the Interior, appointed him Envoy to Florence. A farewell letter to Henning states that the majority of the Directory were honest men, but it is sufficient to recall the names of Roger-Ducos, Rewbell, Barras, to prove the simplicity of Reinhard's self-deception. If, however, he added, his hopes of justice for the people, and for a universal peace, should be disappointed, he would retire to "an Iroquois' grove," or to "the shores of Lake Ontario."

These were the last ripples on the stream of false sentimentality and revolutionary delusions let loose by Rousseau. A few days later he was dining with Napoleon in Paris. And in a letter to her family his wife says, that he had "returned altogether fascinated by the all-compelling power of genius," and there was no further talk of life in an Indian hut. After a short visit to his old father, who died two years later (tradition says of anger at the plunderings of the French General Vandamme), Reinhard went with his family to Florence. Hamburg had become a second home to him, and he always disliked Tuscany, for though he met with personal appreciation there, he showed no under-

standing of the changing conditions of life, and he talked about "the struggle between the old order and the new, and of prejudice against reason." In fact, the situation was not a simple one by any means. The French were hated, and the people loved the dynasty to which they owed the benefit of independent development under Leopoldini's Code. Pius VI. was at a Carthusian monastery in exile, near Florence, and at Pisa the French emigrants were assembling, and only a spark was necessary to set alight the flame of resistance among the people against the French oppressor, in the neighbouring Republics of Italy. At the end of November England and Naples took possession of the port of Leghorn, and the people of Viterbo threatened the French fugitives from Rome with death, and only with the help of the bishop and the Franciscan monks was Reinhard able to rescue his fellow-citizens.

The nominal independence of Tuscany in the midst of the Franco-Italian Republics became an intolerable hindrance to the victorious advance of the French army, so the Grand Ducal government was doomed, and the end came on March 27, 1799 (shortly after the declaration of war which began the struggle between the two coalitions), when Reinhard was appointed Civil Commissioner, or, in other words, Governor of Tuscany.

In the opinion of Vittorio Alfieri, Reinhard's well-meant intentions and his complete failure were due to the fact that the new government was a tyranny of soldiers and lawyers. "It was of all political mixtures the most ridiculous and the most intolerable, and it

appeared to me like a tiger being led by a rabbit." Reinhard's biographer warns us in vain against the exaggerated severity of this condemnation, and quotes the testimony of Mallet du Pan, that Reinhard had saved Tuscany from being plundered. That excellent Tuscan historian, Gino Capponi, speaks of "the French barbarians" who devastated his native land. The promises and fine phrases of Reinhard's proclamation were accompanied by plunder and blackmail which he was powerless to prevent, while he limited himself to taking the Vergilius of Laurenziana for the National Library at Paris. It was a mercy for the country when the French government collapsed in the July rising, as the result of the Austrian victories. Reinhard fled with his family to Leghorn, and from there on an American ship to France, and his little son died on the voyage. Nevertheless, he declared to his friend Goethe, on looking back at this period of his life, that Tuscany had been for him the supreme point of free and independent action. "The events of 1799, and still more the causes that led to those events, paralysed my courage, and made an end of my happiness." His receipt for happiness, made out according to genuine revolutionary theory, was firmly rejected, and what Reinhard stigmatized as "incapacity for freedom" was in reality the reaction of national sentiment and common sense against the incapable and corrupt fanatics of the Directory.

He was met in the harbour at Toulon, while on his homeward journey, with news for which he was little prepared. Talleyrand thought the auspicious moment

had come for deserting the sinking ship of the Directory, and before the final break-up. Sieyès, chosen by the Council of Elders, had been a Director since May, and, like Talleyrand, was groping for the strong hand which could save the State. Meanwhile, the Foreign Office was in need of a stop-gap who would not be inconvenient, and according to Talleyrand's openly expressed opinion in the autumn of 1799,[1] there was scarcely any more harm to be done. At this juncture Reinhard appeared as the right man for the Foreign Office, and while in quarantine at Toulon Talleyrand's successor passed the time of waiting by writing a poem on Italy.

In September he entered upon his duties, and his first message was an appeal for help to Napoleon, then in Egypt, but from whom there was no definite news, though the fortune of war had again turned in favour of the French. The victory of Aboukir and Napoleon's return took the Government completely by surprise, and from that moment the Foreign Minister had no further authority. The 18th Brumaire brought his short term of office to an end. He had no share in the conspiracy that saved France. "How is it," Napoleon once brutally asked Reinhard, "that the first Minister of the French speaks German to those foreign Ministers who can themselves speak French?" Reinhard called the time he was in office "the unhappiest time of his life." On Sieyès' suggestion he was appointed Minister to Switzerland, where fresh intrigues

[1] In an article, *Éclaircissements donnés par le citoyen Talleyrand à ses concitoyens*, 1799.

awaited him. His instructions after the *coup d'État* of January 1800, which succeeded by means of the help of France, were to support the moderate party and the Federation. The detested Radical Government had fallen, but the recognition of the neutrality of Switzerland, which all patriots desired, was indefinitely postponed until after the signing of a general peace. Reinhard did not succeed in forming a middle party, and thus bridging over the party differences, and no sooner had the Peace of Lunéville confirmed the independence of Switzerland, and her right to draw up her own Constitution, than Reinhard came into conflict with the Legislative Council. The opponent of the Constitution for the unification of Switzerland was accused by Stapfer, the Swiss Minister in Paris and the representative of the party for the union, of being connected with the aristocrats, the deadly enemies of the French Republic. The accusation could not be proved, but it prejudiced the First Consul against his agent, although his own plan of a Constitution for Switzerland, as shown in the Malmaison draft, was practically the same conciliatory policy, and it was certainly the best that could have been carried into effect. Thus it happened that whilst Reinhard's ideas succeeded, he himself was sacrificed, and that at the very time of his renouncing the revolutionary opinions of his youth and adopting more conservative ones.

On the ninth anniversary of the storming of the Bastille he toasted the event, so it was told, at Berne in these words: "May the ills of the 14th July 1789 be healed to-day!" In any case, it was another and a

soberer man who was a second time appointed Minister to Hamburg, whither he returned in 1802.

The one-time Girondist had long since become a Bonapartist. The seaport of the Elbe was punished, during Reinhard's term of office, for her refusal to surrender the Irish fugitive Napper Tandy, and Hamburg ships were seized in French ports, and the prosperity of the town was further sacrificed by the attack on English trade in the Hansa towns. No one believed that peace would last, and deep despondency troubled Reinhard's home life, leading to reproaches against him who "felt outraged and miserable." He was too taciturn and stiff to conquer the trying circumstances by easy good-nature in his personal intercourse, but a friendship with Charles de Villers, founded on mutual esteem, did much for him. Charles de Villers, a friend of Poel and of Jacobi, had settled at Lübeck, and frequently visited Hamburg. The French fugitive had become a German, and lived at Senator Rodde's, and they became warm friends. He devoted himself to the study of German philosophy, especially of Kant. With Villers' assistance Reinhard made a thorough investigation into the conditions and requirements of Lübeck and of the other North German Hansa towns, for he represented France at the Imperial Congress. They obtained the neutrality they sought, but how were they to be protected against France should she play the rôle forbidden to others? And the question became urgent on the renewal of hostilities with England. The French were in occupation of Hanover as well as the port of Hamburg, Cuxhaven

with the Ritzbüttel department, for the purpose of closing the mouth of the Elbe against England. Talleyrand quoted Reinhard as saying that Cuxhaven was really a British port. Before the end of 1803, General Berthier requisitioned three millions from the city which had already suffered so heavily. The demand was made to assume another form by command of the First Consul, and Reinhard was obliged to effect similar arrangements with Bremen without exposing the Government. But all the time he was reproached for not enforcing greater severity towards the intrigues with the English. Oppressed with all these difficulties it is scarcely surprising that his friends found him greatly worried in mind. His finest qualities, incorruptible honesty and strict conscientiousness in money affairs, were made use of to plunder his German countrymen. There is no evidence of the current rumour that he was contemplating retiring from the French service.

With great tact he declined to be a party to the arrest of the English Consul, Sir G. Rumbold, saying that it would hardly be desirable on neutral territory. But his imprudent remark in a report to Talleyrand, that "I have unfortunately been taken into M. Maison's[1] confidence in this matter," sufficed to bring down the Emperor's anger on the dilatory policy of his representative. Five months after this breach of international law, on March 22, 1805, Reinhard was succeeded by one of the Emperor's most notorious servants, Bourrienne. But Reinhard's appointment

[1] Adjutant to Bernadotte.

as Consul-General at Jaffa was not announced until March 1806, and was in the nature of a sentence of banishment. His wife writes of her distress at his state of mind, owing to his enforced inactivity during that year, and she tried to enlighten her friends as to the geographical position of a place of which they had hardly heard the name. But on the Napoleonic chess-board it was not unimportant. General Sebastiani was urging an alliance upon the Sultan Selim at Constantinople, and in the attack on Russia, which Napoleon was contemplating, the Danubian principalities would be of the greatest strategic and political importance. The Sultan hesitated; he dismissed the Governors, Ypsilanti and Murussi, who were friendly to Russia, then recalled them, alarmed by the threats from England and Russia. Meanwhile, the Russian, General Michelsen, took Jaffa, in November 1806, and the French Consul-General was to have received his passports from him, but it so happened that Prince Dolgorouki, whom Napoleon had mentioned in despatches from Austerlitz, as ignorant and haughty, was in the General's suite, and he had vowed to revenge himself on the first Frenchman who fell into his hands. It was Reinhard's fate to be the man; so he was arrested and sent with his family to Russia, nor was it until he reached Pultawa that the Governor, Prince Kurakin, made an end of the outrageous trick, and sent him under escort to Lemberg. This was the third time since 1795 that Reinhard had been obliged to quit his diplomatic post. He had been induced by his Austrian colleague Hammer-Purgstall, at Jaffa, to take up his

Arabic studies again, and now during the few months of his detention in Russia he took up the study of Russian. His shattered health, after his release, required a cure at Karlsbad, and there he enjoyed the greatest privilege of his life, the friendship of Goethe, who writes of him in his journal as the "estimable countryman of Schiller and of Cuvier, an excellent, sincere, and German-minded man." And he further notes that the quality of his Burgundy was worth remembering. He listened with patience to the recital by Reinhard's wife of his and of her mother's poems. Lang tells of Reinhard's enthusiastic acceptance of Goethe's theory of colours, and he rightly insists that Reinhard's real nature only opened out to others after Goethe's friendship brought him moral healing and light, and restored his sorely shaken self-confidence. After the Peace of Tilsit he saw the Emperor at Dresden, but he was not then given an appointment. He met Goethe again during a visit to Weimar. He obtained the position of Provost of St. Apollinaris and Falkenlust, near Bonn, and wrote to Goethe that henceforth appointments must find him and not he the appointments, though, as a matter of fact, he had no idea of retiring into private life. His distrust of Talleyrand, of which much is said just then, was unfounded. The estrangement between the latter and the Emperor began at Erfurt. Just before that, the Emperor had settled that he was to retire from the Ministry, and thenceforth the interest upon which Reinhard had hitherto counted was lost to him, and Talleyrand was not to blame if the other's official career took a down-

ward course, so that the Governor of Tuscany and the Minister at Paris subsided into a Consul-General at Jaffa. That the political tide again bore him to the surface was due to his good qualities. The appointment of the German-born diplomatist as French Envoy to Jerome Bonaparte at Cassel was determined by the Emperor himself. Reinhard wrote to Goethe, that by this act Napoleon had entirely won his heart. "I must and will follow him wherever he calls," he said, "even if it is to my ruin." And Goethe answered: "Under such a leader who would not fight, even at the cost of self and some disagreeables." Comment on such avowals is superfluous. Doubts as to the personal qualities of the King of Westphalia could not lessen Reinhard's gratitude to Napoleon. Of his career at Cassel his biographer writes: It was there that his fate seemed most tragic. Favoured by the Emperor, Jerome could not withhold respect, and friends to Germany recognized his sympathetic attitude towards them and were satisfied. Reinhard was shipwrecked on the fiction that personal honesty and sense of duty can save a situation at the cost of justice. His first despatch on the state of the new kingdom closes with these words: "One must take into consideration German slowness, their self-love, their language and literature. When the Westphalians see that they are held in esteem as Germans, we shall have won their hearts." More strange are his comments on the campaign of 1809, "Our Emperor surpassed himself," and so is his gratitude to Providence that "such a crisis is in the guidance of a man of power and a genius." Napoleon

sent him on a special mission to Hamburg where his personal influence was necessary to convince the Hansa towns of their inevitable union with the Rhine Federation, although it was he who exerted himself to preserve their neutrality. In reply to the murmurs of the Hamburg people, he said: "The fate of the town now and henceforth will be in the hands of the Emperor." It was at that time that the Emperor created him a Baron of the Empire, and conferred a grant of money. His observations to Goethe, later on, about the second line of custom houses running directly through Westphalia, which had made even the frivolous Jerome talk of abdicating, and had convicted him of an understanding with Napoleon, is not borne out by his attitude at the time. Reinhard's intentions remained good, even if facts were too strong for him. He submitted to the inevitable, defended the Continental System without giving satisfaction to the Emperor, and sought in vain to persuade him to make concessions for the good of the kingdom that he had set up and then so deeply injured and so heavily burdened. There is little that is new in his biography concerning these events, though Reinhard's own reports show that he fulfilled the duties of his thorny office with conscientious loyalty. At the beginning of 1812 he gave up all hope of bringing influence to bear on Jerome. "The King," he writes to Paris, "only sees spies in us, unfortunately. It would have been wiser, perhaps, to recognize us as well-informed and impartial observers whose duty it is to correct the reports of the spies."

When Jerome left to join the army, in April 1812,

there was a deficit of twenty millions. "The Ministers are all agreed," wrote the Queen to her Consort, on July 1, "that the Kingdom will collapse if the war continues, as it seems is likely, into next year." Jerome left the army in August, having incurred the Emperor's displeasure by his incapacity, and received from him the following laconic message at the end of the year: "The Westphalian branch of the Grand Army no longer exists." Reinhard had his last audience of the Emperor at Dresden on July 23, in the presence of the Duke of Bassano. Cassel was then threatened by the enemy, and he was worn out with the anxieties and exertions of the last few months, and felt utterly exhausted; like a man overcome with sleep, he "said things which were not of this world." He found the Emperor, however, in splendid health, quiet and self-controlled. "His countenance was expressive of calm in every line, perfectly under his control were his smiles or looks of annoyance, to the finest gradation of feeling." He was graciously dismissed and his strange behaviour attributed to reverential awe.

A month later, Tschernitscheff and his Cossacks were welcomed in Cassel as deliverers, and Jerome, accompanied by Reinhard, fled from the capital. Reinhard, on the anniversary of his wedding, October 12, was at his country house at Falkenlust, and wrote a pretty poem to his wife. The fortune of war recalled him to Cassel in the King's suite. There he was fortunately able to prevent the French General Allix from perpetrating a massacre of "the betrayers." He accompanied the King in his second flight after the defeat at

Leipzig, but the prudent adviser could not prevent him from acting in direct opposition to the commands of the Emperor, and going to France instead of remaining on the Rhine. Thus ended Reinhard's Mission with the ephemeral kingdom where he had hoped to combine French institutions with German manners and customs in a model state.

Goethe had said you may "shake at your chains as much as you please, the man is too powerful for you," and so it proved, for Reinhard remained under the spell of Napoleon's overwhelming will as long as his power lasted, and the resistance, so much insisted upon by his biographer, played, in fact, a quite unimportant part. It may safely be asserted that Reinhard would never have thought of leaving the Emperor's service after the latter's fall in 1814, had not his straitened means obliged him to look for other employment, and, with his cosmopolitan notions, it seemed quite correct to take steps, by "feeling his way," towards entering the service of Prussia, while he declared that he was ready to accept another public post in the new Government in France should there be anything for him to do. He failed to obtain a call to Germany, and his services were again secured to France by Talleyrand, the King-maker of the Restoration. Louis XVIII.'s Minister for Foreign Affairs needed a trustworthy official to whom he could leave the non-political duties of his office, and the man of affairs, accustomed to the strong guiding hand, "thought it honourable and unusual thus to emerge from the storms of a quarter of a century." Without the slightest feeling of responsibility, he says

in the same letter, just as if he had been a mere spectator for the last ten years—"by leniency, justice and moderation, our Government continues to offer a marked contrast to that of the former Government." Genuine sorrow at the renewed separation from Germany was felt by his wife, but not by him. Her letters, while not giving any evidence of marked intelligence, show a warm attachment to German modes of life, and are an echo of the feeling of 1813. And she is not altogether silent as to the difficulty she finds in comforting and wisely influencing her husband. The confidential friend of the family, J. G. Rist, used to compare his towering figure, in his many hours of depression, "to that of King Saul when possessed by the evil spirit." After Talleyrand's departure for the Congress, such periods of depression frequently occurred, and he would complain of his humble post and unimportant occupations. He received the heaviest blow of his life on February 19, 1815. His wife had recited Schiller's *Cassandra* to some German friends, and had with deep feeling repeated the words: "Shall I then meet my fate by falling in a foreign land?" And on her birthday, Reinhard buried his sorely tried, faithful German wife in a foreign grave. Four weeks later he fled with the seals of office before the returning Emperor. The most important papers, in his haste, he left behind, and "thereby hangs a tale"! He confesses, in a letter of March 18, to his chief, Talleyrand, how deeply he regretted not to have at least taken with him the Treaties of January 3, that is, the secret treaties of defence between England, Austria and France, con-

cluded by Talleyrand. And this regret was justified. Elsewhere it is stated that Talleyrand by this diplomatic victory had re-established the alliance between the Bourbon and Austrian Courts, and that of the one with England proposed in 1792.[1] He wrote to Louis XVIII. from Vienna, assured of victory, that the Coalition was destroyed and a Federal system established, such as could hardly have been achieved by negotiations fifty years before. And now the Minister of Louis XVIII. had to pay for this triumph by renouncing his political existence. It was Reinhard's forgetfulness, and not Jaucourt's, as has hitherto been thought, that gave Talleyrand's enemies the opportunity of setting him aside. When the Russian Ambassador, who had remained in Paris after March 20, asked for his passport, Napoleon's Minister for Foreign Affairs, Caulaincourt, gave him at the same time a copy of the Treaty of January 3, for communication to the Tsar. At first Alexander questioned its authenticity, and he never forgot the policy of Louis XVIII. at the expense of Russia. Alexander had his revenge on Talleyrand in September 1815, when he promised more favourable terms to Louis XVIII., who owed his crown to him, on condition that the Duke of Richelieu should take Talleyrand's place at the Foreign Office. The King, who already hated his Minister, consented.

Reinhard, as a Liberal, was obliged to keep away from the Court at Ghent in the spring of 1815. He was arrested by the Prussian military police on the

[1] *Talleyrand: a Study*, by Lady Blennerhassett, pp. 467-469, 483, 484, 505.

Belgian frontier, owing to suspicions about compromising papers, and he had to wait at Frankfort for the order of his release. He was called to Ghent in June, and accompanied the Court to Mons. There, early in the morning, the famous meeting between Louis XVIII. and Talleyrand took place, at which the inventor of the doctrine of the Legitimists gave the King a choice between sacrificing the monarchy to reactionary fanaticism, or to save it by means of the Charter for constitutional development. The King, as is well known, dismissed the too liberal-minded designer of the first Restoration, and took his departure for Cambrai, and at this juncture the Duke of Wellington intervened. He thought that Talleyrand was indispensable, and induced the King on June 25 to recall him. If Reinhard really hesitated to remain behind with Talleyrand, it is only another proof of his inability to recognize the political situation. The Reaction could have offered no position to a man with his record. But Talleyrand's last short term of office, however, gave him a seat in the Cabinet, and conferred upon him the rank of Count. He took a long holiday after Talleyrand's fall, but bewailed the step when once on his Rhenish property lest he should be overlooked. He obtained, at the end of November 1815, at his own desire, the post of Minister to the Diet at Frankfort, and this he held for fourteen years. After his only daughter's marriage in 1825, he formed a late but happy marriage himself, with her friend, Virginie von Wimpffen. She cheered the evening of his life, notwithstanding the lugubrious terms in which he

announced the forthcoming marriage: "This marriage is not entered into for the sake of society, but for private life and for the sick-room," while, at the same time, he was convinced that "his clever little wife was truly happy to belong to him." A happier turn of fate than this appointment to Frankfort could not have been imagined for Reinhard. It bound him permanently to the land of his choice, secured to him good circumstances, flattered his ambition and granted him uninterrupted intercourse with the intellectual society of the country of his birth. Not the circumstances but the character of Reinhard was to blame that even at Frankfort he believed himself to be surrounded by enemies and intrigues, and his hypochondriacal moods were notorious. French tradition marked out his political course; he supported the interests of the middle and smaller German States in the spirit of his friends and colleagues, who, like Hans von Gagern, "wished to advance the cause of honourable Federalism," whose ideals "should not be the antiquated theories as to the absolute superiority of the Imperial crown, but the entire independence and freedom of action, with liberty to compete for all that is best in the world. To such minds the Diet seemed to be the hearth, the great, homely hearth, where all good endeavours should develop and bear fruit, where they should be cherished, strengthened, and inculcated." Reinhard's biographer is not wrong in thinking that as a native of a small State, and even as a German, his course could not have been other than it was as the representative of Louis XVIII. In the struggle for the Constitution,

France was bringing forth the best minds of the Restoration, and he, the former Girondist, had only contemptuous pity for the constitutional enthusiasts in Germany. He heartily supported the anti-clerical policy of his friend, Wessenberg, at Constance, and was in constant communication with him. A letter of Reinhard's, dated June 11, 1818, contains views which read as very old-fashioned to-day: "One will hardly find in his history any idea of German nationality, and whatever he may have written on this subject in his latter years was purely the result of a passing impulse; the historic unity of Germany begins and ends with Tacitus." But he had gleams of light when he allowed his heart to speak. Thus, during the Congress of Laibach, he writes to Wessenberg: "We can only see the wood, and not the trees, we are blinded by a lifeless abstraction which we call higher politics. And this gives rise to the mistaken notion about Turkish and Christian legitimacy in the Laibach Congress, and one which would be greatly regretted, whatever be the fate of Greece. And where does it all come from? Simply from the excess of culture, for this generation has lost the instinct for real moral feeling, without which energy is not to be thought of." No one among the leading statesmen of France excited greater admiration in him than the Duke de Richelieu, in whom he saw "a spark of the Divine," and who reciprocated his regard.

Reinhard celebrated his sixtieth birthday with Goethe at Weimar. They had not met for sixteen years. He told Goethe that he was only a cypher at Frankfort, but

that very fact had preserved his independence in word and thought. Goethe had just recovered from a serious illness, and he was most loath to part from Reinhard. The latter stood godfather to Goethe's second grandchild. When Charles x. was crowned at Rheims a few years later, Reinhard, who was present, sent the following to Weimar:

> "Blest be the faith our sires adored,
> Its hallowed truths eternal spring.
> The Holy Dove from heaven hath poured
> His unction on our crowned King."

He was presented to the King at Paris in 1825, and although he objected to the political and literary party of the *Globe*, and murmured at the too powerful theocracy, which, "like Bonaparte repudiates all moral force," he still retained his first favourable impression of the King. Even in 1828, and under the Ministry of Martignac, he hoped that the Government might be strengthened, and until 1829 he believed in the King's good faith. From this illusion he was wakened, not so much by the appointment of Polignac, as by being himself pensioned off. "We, the sons and witnesses of the Revolution, become its victims," he writes to Chancellor Müller at Vienna, in deepest disgust. After a touching farewell letter to Goethe, on October 3, 1829, he left Frankfort for Paris, his son remaining behind as Chargé d'Affaires. Before the end of the year, he entered Dresden as Envoy for the July King. This mission to the Court of Saxony was in recognition of his readiness to accept the Foreign Office, *pro tem.*, in 1799. The King sacrificed him, a

year later, to the "exigencies of the Service," but he obtained a seat in the House of Peers.

Reinhard had long since exchanged his German property for some in Normandy, and the last five years of his life were chiefly passed there with intervals at Paris. His daughter, whose married life had been ruined by her husband's folly, remained in Germany, as did his son, who had recently married. Goethe had passed away. The spirit of Reaction hung over Germany. A slow but steady change was taking place in his own mind. The apostle of enlightenment in his young days, he now inclined towards Mysticism. He remained as anti-clerical as ever, and he evinced the same bitterness, though in a milder form, towards Friedrich Schlegel's secession to the Church of Rome, as he had done when F. L. Stolberg went over to that Communion, and his attitude never changed to a juster view. He writes to his friend Wessenberg, when Strauss's *Life of Jesus* appeared, that "Christianity, as the work of Providence, is, and always will be, incomprehensible and inscrutable to man, and in its aims and methods for the attainment of moral perfection it is altogether suited to human nature, from which, indeed, is derived the proof of its Divine origin. In a word, he who follows my teaching, says Christ, will know that it is from God." Therefore the Bible Society and the Society for Christian Morals found an earnest supporter in him. He thought highly of the writings of Wessenberg because of their evangelical piety, and "for a peace that is not of this world." Both Reinhard and his wife hoped that the influence of such men would

lead to the union of the different Churches, although he himself owned to a strong Lutheranism. He spent much of his leisure in travelling, and with the second part of *Faust* in his pocket he made a tour in the Pyrenees, visiting Bordeaux also, after a lapse of fifty years, where his career had begun. Hermann Reuchlin, the author of the *History of Port Royal*, and Gagern, were among the last visitors to his hospitable home. And to the latter he said at their last meeting: "Oh, politics, I am tired of them! They were never my real calling. But it so happens that one takes the wrong path all one's life." He visited England again in the summer of 1837, in company with his wife. Then Hamburg and Göttingen. He had been elected by the University of Göttingen a member of the Royal Scientific Society, in recognition of his services to the Government of the kingdom of Westphalia. At the time of his visit the University was celebrating its jubilee, and Dahlmann, the Rector, received him with every honour. Among the numerous guests were Alexander von Humboldt and Chancellor Müller. This celebration was Reinhard's farewell to Germany. He died on Christmas Day, soon after his return to Paris, after a short illness, surrounded by his family, aged seventy-two. In death, as in life, his name and his personality were used to screen others, and to serve strange ends. Talleyrand himself, at the close of his career, pronounced an eulogium on Reinhard, and said that he was a model of a loyal servant of the State.

Different as were the two men, morally superior as was the German to the Frenchman, in politics they

were both opportunists, and the difference between them was that which separates a highly gifted man from an honest mediocrity. Reinhard writes to his old friend, Dr. Garnier, in 1837: "As for the political situation, I renounced my illusions sooner than you did, and more completely than you ever thought, and as I gave them up, so they gave me up. And as my later efforts always destroyed the earlier ones, my real efficiency has been reduced to zero. This is humiliating, and the only consolation is in a negative reward. . . . Thus we hasten towards the exit, and wait with resignation the opening of the door." And, on the whole, Reinhard had no cause to complain of his fate in his adopted country. It had respected his German culture, honoured his honesty, taken no offence at his stiff, old-fashioned manners, nor failed in recognition of his capable public work.

There is a great deal in Reinhard's correspondence about his diaries, and his friends have said much about them, but his nephew, Sieveking, once deplored that his gifts were buried in archives, instead of his having given the world a history of his life and times. Reinhard himself often hinted at a collection for this purpose, but his biographer only mentions fragments of notes among his papers, which, as before stated, have never been published. Towards the end of his life he said there was much he might have said about men and things, but he had never cared to do so, and now he was no longer able to do it. From all points of view this is much to be regretted. With the exception, however, of diplomatic documents, correspondence with his family

and friends, letters to Goethe, Charles de Villers, Boisserée and others, and the still unpublished letters in French to Wessenberg, there were no literary remains of Reinhard, but there are a hundred of his letters in his biography.

In his youth his path and Schiller's crossed. At Bordeaux he shared with Guadet and Ducos, the Girondists, a fleeting dream of liberty. At Paris he was the political pupil of Sieyès and Schlabrendorf. He knew at Hamburg Lafayette, Jacobi, Stolberg, Klopstock, Steffens, Rist, Villers, Baggesen and Wilhelm von Humboldt, and on the Rhine and at Cassel he knew J. von Müller, the brothers Grimm, Schlegel and Boisserée, while in Switzerland he was acquainted with Usteri, Füssli, Meister and Fellenberg, and was at the death-bed of Lavater. He associated with Stein, Adam Müller, Wessenberg and Hans von Gagern, and at Weimar he enjoyed the friendship of Goethe; he was intimate with Chancellor Müller, Eckermann and Knebel. In South Germany he met Schwab, Rotteck, and Matthisson. He knew nearly all the historical celebrities at Frankfort from 1789 to 1838, from the men of the Constituent Assembly to the staff of the *Globe*, and Thiers, Cousin and Mignet. He was bound by ties of warmest friendship to many of these men.

His own style of writing was heavy and involved, though Klopstock calls him "the heavenly Court poet," and says that he had the gift of apt characterization.

One of the anecdotes Reinhard used to relate was that when some people whom he knew were standing

round the dead Robespierre, and talking about him, they suddenly fled in horror when one of the dead man's arms moved.

With the death in 1873 of his only son, who left one daughter, Reinhard's name has ceased in the direct line.

In a remarkable study of the second part of *Faust*, Reinhard declares that the whole drama is founded on the Roman Catholic Scriptural mythology, and yet nothing is more unscriptural nor more opposed to Roman Catholicism than the doctrine that mere striving after good can lead one to bliss. "That is not to say," he continues, "that the conclusion is correct, but that if this be so, the whole drama is wrong, and this notwithstanding its great genius."

But the poet's solution is, however, that of Reinhard's own life. Looking back on his earthly pilgrimage, he calls it a "vain patchwork, tossed hither and thither by fate." As one who strove greatly, so also did he hope for salvation.

SPANISH STUDIES

ALTHOUGH the Spanish archives contain an inexhaustible amount of historical material, they throw little light on the inner life, the thoughts and the sentiments of the nation, which, in a time of crisis, influenced the fate of Europe. The more intimate and personal items of information which are gleaned from letters, records, notes and biographies are lacking. These are what reveal the individual under the garb of statesman, courtier, soldier or scholar, and tell us by what motives his public actions were determined, by what principles his home and his estate were governed, his children educated, and his friends chosen. A Frenchman who, among other writers, has made a special study of Spanish history and literature, has left us valuable contributions to our knowledge of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries,[1] and endeavoured to supply the deficiency, of which he too is conscious, by making use of the correspondence and documents left by a Spanish grandee of whom he gives a biographical sketch.[2] This grandee was Count Fernan-Nuñez, of an old Andalusian family. Under the government of

[1] A. Morel-Fatio, *Études sur l'Espagne.* Séries 1-2.

[2] A. Morel-Fatio, *L'Espagne au XVI^e^ et au XVII^e^ Siècle: Documents historiques et littéraires.* Heilbronn, Henniger frères, 1878.

Ferdinand VI., who himself took a warm interest in the fatherless boy, he became an officer, and then was appointed Ambassador to the Court of Charles IV. at Paris, where he experienced the first storm of the Revolution. By virtue of his high position he had exceptional opportunities of lifting the veil and making known events, the knowledge of which would otherwise have only sparsely and incompletely reached the public ear. He saw the downfall of Carlos III., was received with honours at the Court of Maria Theresa, was with Frederick the Great in Berlin, and accompanied him through the Silesian manœuvres of 1773. He was related to some of the greatest families of France, and was brought up in the house of Rohan-Chabot, of which his mother had been a member. A further qualification was the fact that his great-grandfather had acquired literary as well as military honours by his treatise, *El hombre practico*, an essay on the duties and responsibilities of a nobleman. Although teeming with commonplaces, this work throws valuable light on the lives and doings of the nobles in the capital, in the camp and in the country. The letters of Count Fernan-Nuñez to his cousin Emmanuel, Prince Salm-Salm, who, like himself, was an officer in the Spanish service, are of too general a nature to be of much value for the purpose of history. Only here and there are the reasons distinguishable which, even in those days of comparative reform, were responsible for the steady decay of the monarchy. The young colonel of the Regimentes Immémorial proposes a most capable officer to his chief as major, but a notoriously incapable

man is chosen instead. In order to control his subalterns, Fernan-Nuñez is forced to employ spies in the cafés to report to him the insulting and mutinous remarks of the lieutenants on their superior officers. In Neisse the Spanish colonel is full of admiration for the incomparably trained army, in which "thoroughness and the spirit of enterprise take the place of time-serving and military pedantry." He sees the Prussian squadrons manœuvre with the same precision as the infantry, and cries out delightedly: "What could not King Frederick do with a dozen regiments from Montesa; what would he not accomplish with our horses!" But in the Spain of that day there were scarcely more than five or six grandees who kept saddle-horses for their own use, and this applied to the nobles in general, who had almost forgotten the art of riding. When Count d'Artois in 1782 went to Spain with the intention of being present at the taking of Gibraltar, Carlos III. wanted to surprise him by having a parade of his Manzanares Carabineers. "They talk of the Emperor's cuirassiers and the King of Prussia's cavalry," he whispered to the Duke Des Cars, "that is nothing in comparison to the spectacle I shall present to my great nephew; don't betray it by a word!" But when the commander of these picked troops heard of the spectacle which was to be provided for the distinguished traveller, he grew pale and almost burst into tears. For years the only occasion upon which his men had mounted their horses had been when they watered them in the neighbouring river. This state of affairs excited the curiosity of the Count d'Artois and

his suite, and they insisted on seeing these magnificent horses manœuvre. With fearful cries the riders of the second column rode over the first, although there was space enough between them to turn a coach and eight. The stirrups of the carabineers were so long that they continually lost them, the reins were held loosely in the left hand, while a separate curb was held in the right hand, and every attempt to draw swords ended in disaster. It was barbarous to expect troops to ride past under such conditions. But notwithstanding this lamentable display, the Duke d'Artois wrote a complimentary letter to Charles III. in praise of the troops.[1] That a man of Fernan-Nuñez' attainments and knowledge of the world should be glad to exchange the military career for the diplomatic is not to be wondered at. According to the fashion of the time, he spent several years at foreign courts, called correr córtes, and after taking part in the disastrous campaign in Algeria, of which he gives detailed accounts, including his own feat of arms, he went as Ambassador to Lisbon in 1778, "en ambassadeur demi-bourgeois, le qui, pour cette cour, est bien suffisant," as he writes to Prince Salm-Salm.

Meanwhile he had married Doña Esclaritud, a lady of noble birth, by whom he had three sons. Of her he writes, that she is absolutely deficient in all such knowledge as is gained by books, and so accustomed to an idle life that it is impossible for her to study. This was at the time Lisbon was still suffering from the

[1] Duc Des Cars, *Mémoires*, i. 243 ff. Compare Dalrymple, *Voyage en Espagne et en Portugal dans l'année* 1774, p. 42.

effects of the terrible earthquake which had reduced a large part of the city to a heap of ruins. There were no walks to be taken, no theatres or country-seats to visit, no fêtes and little of Court life to be enjoyed. There remained family life, music, books and a beautiful garden, which appears to have greatly interested Fernan-Nuñez, who remained even in a foreign country a capable and considerate landlord. He embraced the doctrines of the Physiocrates, and he appears at his best in his endeavours to realize his economic creed in his *City and Estate.* Here we read how he lays out new cemeteries, builds slaughter-houses, endows schools, provides poor girls with wedding outfits and educates them for the duties of home, "without convent dress, refectories, and psalm-singing, like the nuns who have convents where they may lead spiritual lives, whereas here secular teachers are to give instruction in sewing, cooking and other household duties." This was not in opposition to religious opinion, nor religious institutions, for Fernan-Nuñez erected a church to the memory of his beloved sister, the Duchess of Bejár, and one of his last journeys was in order to receive the Pope's blessing. The zenith of his career was attained on his appointment to the Embassy at Paris in 1787. Enlightened and cultured Parisian society had been disappointed in his predecessor, Aranda, a grandee of Aragon. This politician, who had nothing to do with the Inquisition, was, with Pombal and Choiseul, extolled to the skies by the philosophers as the destroyer of the Order of the Jesuits. His presence had become irksome to the King,

who once said to him: "Aranda, you are as obstinate as an Aragon mule." "Pardon me, your Majesty," replied the Minister, "I know some one who is more so." "And that is——?" "His Sacred Majesty, Don Carlos III., King of Spain and the Indies." In 1773 the King was glad to rid himself of this inconvenient censor, and Aranda was appointed Ambassador to the French Court. In Paris the one-time popular favourite, now fifty-five years of age, was found to have changed with the years; of sallow complexion, clumsy and common, he was laughed at for his pretentious manner to women, and complaints were made of his unbridled temper. The Minister, Vergennes, wrote to Madrid that he had handled many difficulties, and had had dealings with the Turks, but never had he met the equal of the Ambassador Aranda. The King of Spain himself warned the French Government against attaching too much importance to the "insolent speeches" of his representative. But he preferred that the Aragon mule should be in Paris rather than in Madrid, and it was not until Aranda's voluntary resignation in 1786 that it was possible to advance Fernan-Nuñez to the vacancy, who deserved a reward for the sacrifices he had made in the service of the State.

On the occasion of the double marriages of the Infante Don Gabriel of Spain and the eldest daughter of the King of Portugal, and that of Dom João, heir to the throne of Portugal, and the daughter of the Prince of the Asturias, he incurred such expense as to considerably reduce his fortune. The entertainment given by him to three hundred and thirty-one guests, by the

light of three thousand five hundred torches and candles, the rare wines and costly dishes, the magnificent plate and china, was for long a topic of conversation in quiet Lisbon. The failure of his Mission to Paris was due more to the unfavourable conditions than to the incapacity of the man, who, however, was by no means equal to such difficulties. This representative of a Bourbon dynasty had nothing with which to save the Royal House of France but idle threats, and at a period when the reports of an Ambassador from Spain would have been of the utmost importance, Fernan-Nuñez left behind him nothing but protests and remonstrances. In the storm called forth by excited passions, these passed unheeded, whilst in Spain King Carlos IV. and his Minister, Florida Blanca, thought the honour of Spain had been insulted by the Ambassador's moderation, and he was recalled shortly after the flight of Varennes, ostensibly because he had attended the sittings of the National Assembly, in which Louis XVI. sealed his fate by his oath to the untenable Constitution of 1791. Fernan-Nuñez deemed it advisable to absent himself from Madrid until his sovereign's displeasure had cooled, and he therefore went first to Belgium and later on to Germany, whilst the National Convention declared war on Spain, imprisoned the Ambassador's servants, seized his papers and private documents and sequestrated his estates. He died in February 1795 shortly after his return to Madrid. He left to his country a valuable legacy in manuscripts, especially a short history of Carlos III., and his personal reminiscences of this the most distinguished of Spanish

Bourbons. This manuscript, now in the British Museum, has not been separately printed, but it is incorporated in the historical work of Ferrer del Rios, the chapters of which, on this King's reign, are taken almost entirely from Fernan-Nuñez. He refers to the example of the "Hombre practico," in a letter to his son, and although it contains much good advice, showing a broad-minded view of life, it falls into the common error of trying to spare youth the lessons to be learnt only from experience. A daughter, who was his heir, secured the title and estates to her husband Prince Pio, and their descendants are entitled to the name of Fernan-Nuñez. Much credit is due to Count Fernan-Nuñez for his patriotic efforts at a period of national decline.

The well-known notes on the same epoch by the Frenchman, Beaumarchais, are not to be relied upon, and should only be used with caution. It was in 1764 that the future author of *Figaro* went to Spain armed with introductions from Choiseul, hoping to settle financial matters and to find use for his political services. Both attempts were unsuccessful. From Madrid he sent his *Mémoire sur l'Espagne* to the all-powerful Minister of Louis xv. Intended to gain the favour of Choiseul, it had the contrary effect, and caused that Minister to write privately to the French Ambassador at Madrid, desiring him to exclude "that individual" (Beaumarchais) from all participation in Spanish affairs.[1] Although the characteristics of

[1] Anton Bettelheim, *Beaumarchais in Spanien.* Beaumarchais, *Œuvres complètes*, ed. Fournier, i. pp. 745-9.

Carlos III. are portrayed unfairly, and in the style of a lackey, the memoir contains sketches and observations of Spanish affairs which are by no means valueless.

Far more profitable than this and similar attempts to follow the by-paths of Spanish history, have been researches into literature. One of the younger Spanish scholars and a member of the Academy, Ramoñ Menendéz Pidal, has traced the origin of the Castilian epic poetry and the romance to Gothic-Germanic influences, and undertaken to restore the original text of one of its most important records, the Chronicles of Alphonse X. Fed from the treasures of a language which was then what it is to-day, alike for the literate and the illiterate, the fountains of poetry, once opened, were never again exhausted. They had been lost so long to the nation that romanticists of the order and importance of Gaston Paris greeted the recovery of the fragments of these epic poems in the light of new discoveries. Their vigorous and noble poetry has been compared to the art of Velasquez. Its power influenced both foreign and Spanish classics; the *Poema de myo Cid*, the legend of the Infantas of Lara, aroused not only the enthusiasm of Lope de Vega and Guillen de Castro, but that of Sir Walter Scott, Herder and Wagner. In the nineteenth century the Duke of Rivas and Blanco Ibanez drew from this inexhaustible source of heroic Celt-Iberian poetry of the Middle Ages. Above all, French literature owes it a debt of gratitude. One has but to mention Corneille and Le Sage, Mérimée and Victor Hugo, to revive the memory of artistic creations which came

from the home of Amadis and Rodrigo, and crossing the Pyrenees appeared in a new shape in the works of French masters. In politics the relations of the two countries were reciprocal, but in literature Spanish influence was decisive. It imparted the ideals of chivalry and romance to French poetry, and influenced the French mind, not least where it challenged it to opposition. The controversy of the League, and the rôle which the Jesuit, Escobar, played in Pascal's *Provincial Letters*, are examples of this. Morel-Fatio gives a comprehensive picture of this powerful influence in a chapter under the title: "How has Spain been known and understood by France from the Middle Ages until now?" His beginnings go back to the days when French emigrants, the Franci or Transmontani, as they were called, obtained Saracen territories either as gifts from Spanish kings, or through their own warlike exploits; or French monks, mostly Benedictines from Cluny, or Cistercians, undertook the reform of the old liturgy of Isis, and acquired power and honours in Church and State. The pilgrimage to Compostella, to the mythical tomb of the Apostle John, attracted so many pilgrims from France, that the route they took by way of Burgos, Sahagun, and Astorga was long known as the "French Road," and the chronicles of the pilgrims tell of the wildness of the Basques, who infested it, and the sufferings caused by their avarice and cruelty. The intellectual movement under Alphonse X., however, found no echo across the Pyrenees, where it was considered undignified to read works written in the language of the country instead

of in Latin, and in that Spanish which to French ears sounded like the "barking of dogs." Du Guesclin's campaign in the second half of the fourteenth century increased the mutual aversion of the two neighbouring countries, and an example of this is to be found in the notes in which Gaguin, librarian to Charles VIII. and Louis XII., in 1468 relates the impression made on him in Spain. The long article is a continuous glorification of his own country at the expense of Castile, whose figs and pomegranates he says could not satisfy hunger, nor its burnt-up plains provide pasture for its flocks. Spanish houses, opines the ill-natured Frenchman, are neither good to look at nor properly built; the streets are impassable; the inns "des porcheries," four walls with a few pots in them; the celebrated Spanish hidalgoes are only a gang of robbers, latrunculi, who starve in their own country. One of the most brilliant confutations in European history was reserved for this diatribe. Those Spanish knights, of whom Martinez de la Rosa said that for eight hundred years they had not slept peacefully for one night, and who were ever in the vanguard of Christendom, won the prize for which they had valiantly struggled. Granada fell, and the two powerful crowns of Spain were welded together. In the preface to the poem, *El autor y so pluma*, Cristobal de Castillejo deplores the poverty of Spanish literature in comparison with that of Arabian and of so many European countries, and mentions Amadis' romances as the only literary treasures of Spain. From this time onwards her poetical laurels flourished alongside of her political development. Allegorical

romances and moralities first found their way across the border. Montaigne tells how highly his father prized the *Marcus Aurelius* of the Bishop Guevara of Mondoñedo ; Brantôme on his way to Flanders admired the Albas Musketeers, "who were not like ordinary soldiers, but moved and carried themselves like princes." The Spaniards, he said, "do not care a rap for books, but the few they write themselves are choice, excellent, deep, and subtle." Among the writers of the sixteenth century none praised the Spain of his day so highly as did Brantôme. "Rodomontade" was not thought absurd until later, in the reign of Louis XIII. ; in that day it was considered the expression of chivalrous self-reliance. The words *hâbler* and *bizarre* found their way into the French language, and so much Spanish was spoken at this time in France that many Spanish books were printed there. When signs of the decay of the short but splendid blossoming-time of Charles V. were evident, Europe became aware that the Colossus had clay feet. Marriages between Bourbons and Hapsburgs had strengthened the ties between the two nations. The antipathy of former days gave place in France to the desire to imitate Spanish fashions, and to acquire the noble Spanish manner. There was no better way to master one's own language in the seventeenth century than the method adopted by Madame de Sévigné and others, to compare it with Latin, Spanish and Italian. Cervantes' last great romance, *The Adventure of Perfiles and Sigismunda*, appeared simultaneously in Madrid and Paris, where the general opinion was that "only the Spanish could describe life

in true and attractive colours." In contrast to the naturalism of the Italians, they had the gift of being able to endow their poetical creations with the spirit of wonder and the magic of romance. It seems the more strange that whereas Castilian pastoral plays, allegories and romances were read in France as in their own country, Spanish drama was almost unknown in France, and this was due to the impossibility of adapting it to French taste by means of translation only. It was this very difficulty which was to secure to Spanish dramatists in this foreign language a revival which before had only been enjoyed by the Greek drama. The French were not disposed to let the material, plots and situations of the Spanish theatres escape them, and instead of literal translations, the plays were remodelled, and in their turn developed into masterpieces of the classical period of French fiction. Thus Molière and Corneille frankly admit their plagiarism of *Tirso de Molina*, of *Ruiz de Alarcon*, and *Guillem de Castro* in *Don Juan*, *Le Menteur*, and the *Cid*. Moreover, these models were only appreciated in their own country after they had been borrowed by other countries, or *Don Quixote* extolled as an immortal production.

When the Consort of Louis XIV. became Queen, the last Queen of Spanish blood, the school at Port Royal presented her with a Spanish grammar, the learned chaplain being part author of it. The dedication to the Queen was written in 1660 by de Trigny, and signed with his pseudonym, Claude Lancelot. *La Manière de bien penser dans les ouvrages d'Esprit*,

written twenty-five years later by Bouhours, is full of quotations with expressions of admiration of Spanish prose writers and poets. Grazian, an affected moralist, whose works were translated by Amelot de la Houssaye, is especially commended. *Gil Blas* was written at the beginning of the eighteenth century by Le Sage, under the influence, it is true, of Spanish prototypes, but nevertheless an original work and not a translation from the Spanish, as has been asserted.[1] Then came the reaction. The France of Corneille and of Pascal, and the drama in which Chimène and Pauline had reigned supreme, became the France of Voltaire, and, under a happier star, that of Montesquieu, contenting itself with works of fiction such as *Zaïre*, and to rise politically to an understanding of *Esprit des Lois*. In his *Lettres persanes* the author indelibly branded the Spaniards with ridicule, and he says: "Those among them who were not burnt by the Inquisition appear so devoted to it that it would be malevolent to deprive them of it. . . . Intelligence and commonsense are to be found among the Spaniards, but it must not be looked for in their books. Consider their libraries: on the one side romances, and on the other scholastic works. It almost appears as though, first, portions, and then the whole, had been put together by an enemy to human understanding. The only one of their books which is of any value is that one which reveals the absurdity of all the others." So much for Montesquieu. Less amusing, but not less contemptuous, are Voltaire's

[1] Among others, see *Études critiques*, third series, p. 61, by F. Brunetière: 'Le Sage.'

commonplaces about the "country where every one plays the guitar, and sadness is depicted on every face." Little attention has been bestowed on literary Spain from this time onwards by the French world of letters. In the eighties of the last century Brunetière in the *Revue des deux Mondes* quotes Schack's *History of Dramatic Literature and Art in Spain*, and he bemoans the fact that France has only one history of Spanish literature, and this one mediocrity itself. Morel-Fatio refers English, Spanish and German savants and historians to Ticknor, and endeavours to enlighten the ignorance of his countrymen by independent research; amongst other things he deals with the authorship of the celebrated novel *Lazarillo de Tormes*, but is unable to prove that either Diego Hurtado de Mendoza, or, as is so often asserted, the Hieronymite General, Juan de Ortega, wrote it. He arrived at merely negative results, with the one qualification, that the author of the merciless satire of the clergy was to be sought in the immediate surroundings of Juan and Alonso Valdès and their friends, in that circle of liberal-minded spirits who looked up to Erasmus, and thought about the possibility of a reform of the Church from within, until Philip's iron hand crushed down all such movements by fire and sword. A last study, *On the historical basis of Ruy Blas*, by Victor Hugo, brings us to modern times, when two Frenchmen in particular, one the author of *Torquemada*, and the other, Mérimée, have again shown a preference for Spanish subjects. The first one, like Beaumarchais, writes on his favourite theories as to Spanish national costumes, and in-

troduces them with Andalusian accessories. Mérimée, desiring to penetrate deeper, and in the style of the *Théâtre de Clara Gazul*, a fascinating bit of mystification, portrays in *Carmen* the soul of the people in all its strong simplicity and forceful passion.

Because Victor Hugo spent part of his youth in Madrid, it has been asserted that "the Spanish Grandee of the first class in the realm of poetry," as Paul de Saint-Victor calls him, was born there. It is, however, certain that he passed a year at the Collège des Nobles, a school for the sons of officers educated on the French system. And yet he scarcely understood Spanish, though his brother, Abel Hugo, spoke the language fluently. But there is, notwithstanding, a good deal of Spanish bombastic and hysterical self-consciousness in the author of *Hernani* and *Ruy Blas*, and if he was not well-read in the chronicles, he, at any rate, divined the people who moved with Charles V.'s grandsons, Philip III. and Charles II., like living shadows in the solemn loneliness of San Ildefonso or the Escurial. He claimed to have done more than this, especially the merit of having drawn from the sources of history the plots for his dramas. Morel-Fatio arrives at another conclusion. *Ruy Blas* was written in five weeks, between July 4 and August 11. "No detail of public or private life," we read in the preface, "no detail about furniture, heraldry, biography, numbers, topography, which has not been carefully examined. . . . The author has written elsewhere, that what he lacks in talent he makes up for in conscientiousness." He has not

mentioned his authorities, but Morel-Fatio has discovered them, and they are two French works: one, *L'État présent de l'Espagne*, by the Abbé de Vayrac, has provided all the details about the state of the monarchy and the genealogies of the noble families; from the other, the *Mémoires de la Cour d'Espagne*, by Countess d'Aulnoy, he borrows such figures as the Queen and the characteristics of the title-hero, which give us a picture of the life and of the etiquette at the royal palace. Countess d'Aulnoy used notes for her books which appeared forty years later, and which, without sufficient proof, were attributed to the Marquis de Villar, Louis XIV.'s Ambassador to Madrid. The authoress has used her MSS. in a very arbitrary manner, and it was her romantic embellishments which Victor Hugo followed, and, like her, went hopelessly astray. He substituted one Queen for another. Instead of the first wife of Charles II., Marie Louise of Orleans, it is his second wife, Marie of Neuburg, who appears in the play, while the first wife is still alive. In contrast to the French Princess, who succumbed without an effort to the hard fate which made her the Consort of a weak-minded invalid, the Wittelsbach Princess strove until the very end to share the dying King's rule over the languishing monarchy which had vainly hoped for an heir of Hapsburg blood. It was even said that she was not averse from wearing the crown a second time, by a marriage with the first Bourbon who reigned in Spain. It is to her that the Mistress of the Robes, the Duchess of Albuquerque, in Victor Hugo's play, speaks: "A Spanish Queen must

not look out of the window." This is one of the things taken from Madame d'Aulnoy, who also tells how the Duchess cut the throats of the Queen's two favourite parrots because they spoke French. "Mes oiseaux d'Allemagne, ils sont tous morts," are the words put into her mouth by the dramatist, but Madame d'Aulnoy portrays her as more energetic and as having boxed the Duchess's ears. The story in the *Mémoires de la Cour d'Espagne* tells about a beggar who, according to custom, was waited on by the Queen on the Feast of the Annunciation, and slipped a piece of paper into her pocket, on which were the words: "I adore you, my Queen, I am dying for love of you, . . ." and which are as follows:

"Madame, sous vos pieds, dans l'ombre, un homme est là
Qui vous aime, perdu dans la nuit qui le voile ;
Qui souffre, ver de terre amoureux d'une étoile ;
Qui pour vous donnera son âme, s'il le faut,
Et qui se meurt en bas quand vous brillez en haut."

Madame d'Aulnoy is also responsible for the King's famous note in Victor Hugo's play:

"Il fait grand vent, Madame, et j'ai tué six loups."

But this was authentic history. It was placed in a gold casket with a costly rosary, and sent by Charles II. to his Consort in return for a splendid diamond which she had sent him in a letter, when he was hunting in the forests of the Escurial, to remind him of her.

Ruy Blas is a mythical figure, merely recalling an obscure favourite of Maria Anna of Austria, Consort of Philip IV., who after his death became Regent of Spain. His name was Valenzuela, and he had grown up in the

household of a Grandee; was created a marquis, then became first Minister and a Grandee, and finally died in glorious exile. In the French drama, all the minor characters, the details of time and place, of rank and costume, of taxes, coins, and armorial bearings are only imaginary, and to comply with the exigencies of graceful rhyme, Xeres travels in the province of Estremadura, and Ruy Blas goes to Caramanchel from Madrid every morning to gather "une fleur bleue d'Allemagne," to delight the heart of his German Queen. On his way to Toledo, Théophile Gautier sought in vain for the place with its blue forget-me-nots, for Caramanchel is a suburb of Madrid where nothing grows, still less blossoms.

Victor Hugo clings tenaciously to his claim to be an authority as an historian of manners, not only in *Notre Dame de Paris*, but in *Ruy Blas* and *Hernani*. He cites the *Chronicle of Alaya* as being responsible for his youthful Charles V. in *Hernani*, and "is not to be confused" with Ayala, the chronicler of Peter the Cruel, as he pedantically observes. Criticism, thus challenged, replies that Alaya is not found in any library, for the simple reason that such a chronicle does not exist.

The decay of Spain under the Hapsburg dynasty began in the reign of Philip II. and was completed in that of Charles II., that abnormal degenerate of Victor Hugo's play. The seventeenth century, the epoch of the fall of the world-monarchy of Charles V., was also the brilliant period in which Spanish literature and art flourished. Under the dominance of the

Inquisition there was a poor nobleman named Cervantes de Saavedra, hard-pressed by fate; he wrote poetry which no one read; became groom of the chamber to a cardinal, fought as a common soldier at Lepanto, where, losing his left hand, he continued to fight, and just as he was on the way to success and honours, he was captured by Algerian pirates and kept in slavery for five years. He was tortured because he refused to disclose the name of an accomplice in a plot to escape, and he gave the ransom which was to purchase his own freedom to his fellow-prisoner. When free at last, he again fought. His career as a dramatist was eclipsed by the fame of Lope de Vega, and he was obliged to earn a miserable pittance as a tax collector, and was again imprisoned on a false accusation. And when in his fifty-seventh year, shut in by prison walls, he began in his lonely cell to write *Don Quixote*, the brightest and most lovable book in the literature of the world. Cervantes is himself both prototype and creator of "Don Quixote," and it will be forgotten only when goodness disappears from the world, for belief in the good is the immortal illusion of Hamlet's contemporary. The leader of an army of idealists, a profound guide in the motley dress of a harlequin, badly mounted, always defeated, yet never disillusioned, Alonso Quijano, "The Good," once Don Quixote de la Mancha—in reality Cervantes—carries his sword to-day as he did three hundred years ago, in the service of all that humanity holds highest—truth, justice, self-sacrifice, and faith in help-bringing love. No knight who ever died in his bed has passed away so peacefully.

"Next Sunday, at the latest, my course will be at an end; farewell, merry comrades, I am about to die. I hope we shall meet in another world as happy as our hearts can desire." With these words Cervantes took his leave of life, poor, but cheerful to the last. The two knight-errants were at peace with their consciences. The one had dreamt, the other had laughed; the dreamer died with clear sight, the poet smilingly won the laurels to which all nations contributed. The anniversary of Cervantes' death, April 23, 1616, is also that of Shakespeare. Hamlet and Don Quixote went side by side to immortality.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

On July 16, 1723, at Plympton, Devonshire, a son was born to Samuel Reynolds, the learned vicar of the parish. He was the seventh child, and was baptized Joshua. Tradition tells us that during his school-days his Latin exercise-books were filled with drawings, and the walls covered with sketches in charcoal if pencils were not at hand. His enthusiasm for art was first awakened by Richardson's *Theory of Painting*, in which, in prophetic words, a great artist was promised to England. The same work had also fired Hogarth with the proud ambition of placing English art on the high level which had hitherto been occupied by the foreigners, Sir Peter Lely, Vandyke, and Sir Godfrey Kneller. These artists, so much admired in England, were despised in France and Italy, and Reynolds calls them mannerists. But Sir Joshua had higher aims, when at the age of seventeen he obtained his father's consent to study art. He became the pupil of Hudson, a portrait painter, to whom the proverb applies, that among the blind he who has one eye is master. While with him Reynolds was chiefly occupied in copying Guercino's pictures, but his relations with Hudson were soon severed, the master probably realizing that his pupil was outstripping him. The following years were

spent partly in Devonshire and partly elsewhere in the country with patrons who were instrumental in obtaining commissions for him.

Thus in 1746 was painted that portrait of Captain Hamilton which, when seen again in later life by Sir Joshua, called forth an expression of regret for not having made greater progress in his art. In the same year he finished "The Boy Reading," which has remained one of his masterpieces. He was twenty-four years of age when, after his father's death, he took two of his sisters to live with him, and made his home at Plymouth where he lived for some years without any advantage to his art, with the exception of making the acquaintance of Gandy, the artist, whose father had been a pupil of Vandyke, and the traditions of the great master which still existed in this artistic family were thus passed on direct to Reynolds.

In 1740 he was invited by Commodore, afterwards Admiral, Keppel to make a trip to Italy on his ship. They stopped at Lisbon, Cadiz, Tetuan and Algiers, thence on to Leghorn. From there he went to Rome by way of Florence, and remained two years, and where he met with a strange experience. He saw the masterpieces of Italian art, but was incapable of appreciating their beauty, especially the creations of Raphael. He said afterwards that it was the most humiliating moment of his life, for "I was surrounded by works done by principles unknown to me, I realized my ignorance and stood confounded." He attributed this to the low standard of art and taste prevalent in England, and he sought by serious study to steep himself in the spirit of

the antique and the masterpieces of the Renaissance. He called this "the grace of thinking," by which means he became a good portrait painter. He made prolonged visits to the Vatican where he worked chiefly at copies of Raphael's pictures. There he caught a severe cold, which caused the deafness from which he never recovered, and obliged him to use an ear trumpet, even in ordinary conversation. His notes show that he devoted his attention to colour and composition, and the place of the figure, in the pictures which excited his special admiration, rather than to their spiritual expression. His Roman sojourn was brought to a close by a trip to Naples in April 1752.

He stopped at Assisi on his return journey, but he mentions neither Cimabue nor Giotto; but at Perugia he notes Perugino, and Baroccio's "Descent from the Cross." He writes of seeing Fra Bartolomeo at Florence, but says nothing about Fra Angelico, Orcagna's "Paradise," or Ghirlandajo's frescoes, but the characterization in Masaccio's portraits is praised. He was charmed with Correggio's work at Parma, and he carefully examined his technique. He had barely four weeks at Venice. He writes about his method of studying the art of Paul Veronese and Tintoretto. When any extraordinary effect of light and shade struck him, he took a leaf from his note-book, shaded it in the same gradation as the picture, and measured the light by carefully cutting out the white paper without regard to the object itself. After several such experiments, he found that on the different pieces of paper light and shade were almost equally distributed; scarcely ever

more than a fourth was in deep shade, while the remainder was in mezzotint. Rubens's pictures had the most light, and Rembrandt's the least.

After staying some time at Milan and Paris, Reynolds returned to England and settled permanently in London. His youngest sister undertook the housekeeping, but her vacillating and irresolute character led to much dissension between them. She used to copy her brother's pictures in miniature, and so badly, that while others laughed, he declared there was nothing left for him to do but weep at the sight of them. Then came financial troubles which were not lessened by the prices he obtained for pictures, which were not more than five pounds each. The expenses of his journey to Italy were covered by advances from his friends. The task he set himself was made more difficult by the attitude of his brother artists, who condemned his independent and original methods, and were contented with the old stereotyped conceptions and superficial likenesses. Reynolds was the first English artist who insisted on an idealized treatment of a portrait, and the historical value which required exact characterization, as well as the necessity of seizing the most favourable moment to catch the spiritual expression and portray the personality of the original. But he gained the victory over his critics, and painted not only the beauties of the day, but the celebrities. "Reynolds, you do not paint as well as you did before you went to Italy," said Hudson, his early teacher, on his return from the grand tour, but it was not long before the successes of his erstwhile pupil proved this to be altogether an erroneous opinion. He

painted one hundred and twenty people in 1755, and three years later, in 1758, one hundred and fifty. This number he never exceeded, and scarcely ever again attained. The portrait of Miss Greville and her brother as Cupid and Psyche, one of his first portraits, and the life-sized one of Commodore Keppel at the seaside, won for him the reputation that he painted all women as angels and all men as heroes and philosophers. The unimportant details of his pictures, particularly the draperies, he had others paint, and whenever this was mentioned he said that no one ever became rich by the work of his own two hands. He understood how to turn his art to good account. Some years later he was getting fifteen, thirty, and sixty guineas for pictures, and after 1760 fifty and a hundred for each portrait. The Duke of Marlborough paid him for his painting of the family group seven hundred guineas, but so many pictures were never paid for that he only received on an average about ten guineas each.

He took a house in Leicester Square in 1761 which he occupied for the greater part of his life. In later life he bought a house at Richmond with a beautiful view over the Thames valley, and he divided his time between this place and London, varied by occasional journeys to Paris and the Netherlands, and with visits to the country-houses of his friends and patrons where some of his most beautiful pictures were painted. Reynolds had the usual tastes of English country gentlemen, and was particularly fond of hunting. The first luxury he indulged in was a handsome coach and pair ; the coach was decorated by the most celebrated panel painter of

the day. "Do you expect me to drive about like an apothecary?" was his retort to his sister's remonstrance on his magnificence. When out in the afternoon he was in the habit of asking friends to return with him for dinner, quite oblivious as to whether there was either room enough or food for the extra number of guests.

Every one made the best of the situation, where the chief drawback was the insufficient supply of plates and glasses. Reynolds disliked replacing broken crockery, but he made up for all deficiencies by the quality of his wines.

He usually had one of these gatherings once a week, and sometimes oftener. No late-comer was waited for, whatever his rank or station, and after dinner the company retired to the whist tables. The host was always good-humoured, unaffected and cheerful, and united a keen sense of humour with the faculty of discriminating what were the weaknesses and absurdities of his fellow-men without any degree of bitterness. On one occasion it was proposed that an epitaph should be written for every one present. "An epitaph is a grave epigram," was Burke's excellent observation. Goldsmith's lines on Reynolds were that much as he had done with his brush to create beauty, he had done no less by his character to improve and ennoble his fellow-man. And his countrymen summed up his character in the simple words—"A blameless gentleman." Many traits of magnanimity and kindness contradict the suggestion that Reynolds was not generous. He certainly was niggardly with his time, for he looked upon himself as a gambler playing for high stakes.

Above all else he recognized the advantage of studying the great masterpieces, and at a time when his earnings were small he bought good pictures at high prices. He declared himself ready to sacrifice his whole fortune for a good Titian. Never, said he, can this master of portrait painting be excelled. He gave a thousand guineas for a Teniers, and afterwards exchanged it for two of his own pictures.

In Reynolds's opinion, Giulio Romano possessed more of the real genius for painting than any other artist. He managed to form a collection of pictures which realized after his death £10,000. He considered the value of his time to be five pounds an hour. He got up in the morning at eight o'clock and breakfasted so that he could be in his studio at ten o'clock, working at less important matters until eleven, at which time his sitters began to arrive, and this continued until four in the afternoon. He worked rapidly, and some of his celebrated portraits were done in a couple of days. The portrait of Garrick between Comedy and Tragedy was done in a week. He preferred to paint children, for they were less self-conscious, and their poses the most natural. He said that no one could produce more than half-a-dozen absolutely original pictures at the most, and his portrait of a child in "The Strawberry Girl," a picture which has been repeatedly reproduced, he counted as one of these. He painted it again and again, and in two different conceptions at the same time, thus making use of any chance effects, and also to avoid working too long at one subject, for he held the theory that one never knew when to leave off. But

once finished, he never cared to return to a picture. He was accustomed to say that there were no bad models, because nature was everywhere, and there was always the chance of achieving success. He thought it advisable to use as little paint as possible, and thus run no risk of heavy and dirty tones. The practice of borrowing a pose from the work of a great master he often condemned, but he had no hesitation in doing it himself. In his twelfth lecture at the Royal Academy he even recommends the practice. The first sketches for his pictures he made with the brush, and he brought this to a wonderful degree of perfection and fineness of stroke. He constantly experimented in oils and varnish, and his use of pigments proved disastrous to his work in many instances, though it occasionally served his purpose remarkably well. The Marquess of Drogheda, whose portrait he painted in early life, found on his return to his native land after an absence of thirty years that the portrait and the original had faded in the same space of time. In London during his lifetime, it was frequently remarked that "Reynolds's pictures die before the originals." He firmly believed in a lost secret for the preparation and mixing of colours, and he called it the Venetian secret medium, and he sought to find it all his life. When James Northcote suggested the use of vermilion instead of lake and carmine for flesh tints, Reynolds held his hand up to the light and said he could see no vermilion in his flesh. To an amateur he is reported to have advised: "Mix a little wax with your colours, but don't tell anybody." To the objection that through his use of

a certain varnish his pictures cracked, he replied: "All good pictures crack."

He accepted all criticism, good and bad, thinking that in even the average opinion there was a certain value. "If it were suggested that there was a snuff-mark under the nose of one of my portraits," he once said, "I should come to the conclusion that my shadows were too deep or too dirtily painted, and had no resemblance to the shadows which are found in nature."

He estimated that he had covered more canvas than any other artist, not excepting Rubens, and that in the London of his day there was work enough for eight portrait painters. Shortly after his death there were eight hundred.

He kept a careful record of all his most important works, and the colours he used, written in Italian. In his opinion his contemporaries had forgotten what colouring was, therefore the only thing to be done was to go on experimenting until the right effect was produced. When he became convinced that his earlier methods were incorrect he changed them. He kept his receipts for the preparation of colours carefully under lock and key, and he never let any one into his secrets. In his endeavours to penetrate into the methods of the old masters, he utterly ruined a Parmegiano. He said that Velasquez succeeded immediately at what others worked for a lifetime, and he repeatedly declared that no one ought to be weary of studying the great masters, in the method and according to the principles in which they themselves had studied. Nature should be looked at with them, and not merely set up as a model for

imitation; that the great masters ought to be thought of as rivals to be fought and conquered.

Sir Joshua's drawing was no less wonderful than his colouring, except where a knowledge of anatomy was required, and in this he failed. His success with the face was perfect, but he admitted never having studied the nude sufficiently. He became conscious of this defect in Italy, but gave no time to correct it, and was glad to avoid the dull academic view of art. He calls Michael Angelo, that master of anatomy in art, the Homer of Art, and his preference for him dates from his stay in Rome when he spent months of study in the Sistine Chapel. "Whoever wants to succeed in painting," he often said, "must work morning, noon and night; it is not an amusement, but real, hard work he has to do." And it was just the qualities he admired most in Michael Angelo that he never succeeded in attaining himself. He could paint the beautiful and poetical, but never the terrible or the sublime. He admitted the deficiencies of his favourite master, and he considered portrait painters as belonging to a secondary order, and yet he, himself, became the greatest amongst them. He never was successful in historical figures except when they were portraits. It cannot be denied that though Sir Joshua could give a dignity to the most insignificant features, his usual Madonna-like types were purely conventional and insipid creations, such as his Warwick or Cardinal Beaufort, so in point of fact his historical pictures are only portraits of the celebrities of his day. But there is an exception in the pictures he did for the chapel of

New College. This cycle consists of seven allegorical figures, the Christian virtues, and the birth of Christ. These designs originally intended for a stained glass window, and executed by another hand, were bought for twelve hundred guineas.

The famous Literary Club, of which he was one of the original founders, was of much use to him. Here, in unconstrained intercourse, he could study many of his greatest contemporaries, and enter into friendly relations with the majority of them.

The great lion of that time was Dr. Johnson, novelist, moralist, and compiler of the celebrated dictionary. The position he held was unique, and he was equally distinguished for his great intellect, his bluntness, his sound commonsense and wisdom, for his good-humoured strength was recognized in spite of his clumsy and neglected outward man. Sir Joshua's portrait of Johnson, whose works he found so interesting and which had "taught him to think," is a striking success.

The Doctor was devoted to Miss Reynolds, and passed many hours at her tea-table, sometimes drinking twenty cups of tea, but got offended if his hostess showed any sign of weariness, or ventured to offer him a larger cup. On one occasion after a heated argument between Sir Joshua and the Doctor, the latter rudely said: "Sir, I will argue no more with you; your head is no longer clear." To which the other retorted: "I should be afraid that such might be the case, were I to make use of such an expression as you have just used." After long years of almost daily intercourse, these two

still addressed one another as "Sir," and their letters were of the most formal description. Sir Joshua once remarked that a person's taste could be measured by his wit, his understanding by his quotations, and his character by his conversation. Johnson agreed with him, and added: "Sir, no one plays the hypocrite in his pleasures." "Sir, Sir Joshua would as soon ask me to paint for him, as to write for him," was the Doctor's reply to an acquaintance who tried to induce him to acknowledge that he had written Sir Joshua's lectures.

Boswell dedicated his *Life of Johnson* to the great artist, called by the Doctor "the most invulnerable of men," and the one above all others with whom he desired to be on good terms, for in the event of a quarrel he knew nothing bad to say of him. Shortly before his death the scholar asked his friend to promise him three things: "To read the Holy Scriptures attentively; to abstain from drawing on Sundays; and to remit the debt of thirty guineas which he had borrowed of him." Sir Joshua gave the required promises, and kept them. He had often helped his friend in money difficulties, for Johnson was very poor. It is a well-known fact that he wrote *Rasselas* in order to find money for his mother's funeral expenses. More than once it happened that servants in great houses, mistaking him for a beggar, refused him entrance. With the object of assisting Johnson, Sir Joshua wrote a series of papers on art for *The Idler*, Johnson's paper, and these were ultimately worked up into his Royal Academy lectures. Sir Joshua's purpose was to combat the theory that a great artist could ever be made according to rule. Even

the fundamental law, that all genuine art is in imitation of nature, if too slavishly followed, would crush all enthusiasm and every sign of imaginative power. His definition of beauty is, that it is the central point, the combination of utterly different forms of one and the same sort of species, and the artist attains beauty most effectively if he keeps to the laws of nature.

At Johnson's suggestion, Sir Joshua wrote other articles on art for use at a later period. He disputed the principle of following any one particular school, the tendency of which would be monotonous work. He considered Salvator's Rosa's art as the outcome of a wild, undisciplined nature, an opinion in which he differed from both Claude Lorraine and Gaspard Poussin. Another stumbling-block for the artist is lack of simplicity and a preference for violent contrasts and effects of colour, whereas the noblest qualities in a picture lie in the majesty of repose, as in Raphael's Transfiguration, where each figure appears engrossed in the action, while so full of dignity that it almost arouses the feeling that one is looking at the actual occurrence. When an artist tries to make clear to himself the means by which such an impression is produced, he finds that the picture is painted in a half light, for heroic action can never be depicted in sunlight because it requires the solemnity of evening. Thus, the brilliant colouring of Rubens, if applied to Raphael's pictures, would be a profanation, and totally spoil them. A further reason for success is the perfect harmony of colouring. If the colours seem too softly shaded the effect is lost even when seen at a

short distance, as for example in the works of Luca Giordano.

The same may be said of poetry by comparing that of Pope with Milton's or Shakespeare's. Nor is it necessary for the high light to be concentrated on the principal figure, because this might not always be in strict conformity with the composition of the picture as a whole. The essential thing is that the light should fall towards the middle of the canvas, where a figure should carry the eye to the principal one, as in the Transfiguration. And as every picture has a predominant effect of light, there is also a predominant effect of colour. Of all colours, blue, red and yellow, which are distributed over a picture, one must always predominate, even in flesh tints, and here lies the reason why the nude figure usually serves this purpose. Where this is not permissible, Raphael, for instance, clothes his central figure in a scarlet robe, the most brilliant of all colours.

Along with the Transfiguration, as an example of the sacred and the sublime, Sir Joshua mentions Guido's Aurora as a type of the bright and festive, although any comparison between this work and Raphael's is like comparing the feminine to the masculine. He also says that Rembrandt's pictures are too monotonous, and Berghem's too red. He describes a gigantic picture in St. Peter's by Fiamingo, in which the figures are four times the size of life, as one of the best specimens of the correct distribution of light and shade, so excellent as to throw the detail of other pictures near it into the appearance of a solid mass.

Every artist must have his own conception of perfection before he begins work, for "perfection is not an accident"; and the words of Horace illustrate this truth: "Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci. Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo." The highest aim of an artist should not be the production of the beautiful, but he should portray the passions in such a manner as to spur others on to noble deeds, and inspire them with love for the good. His works should not give mere passing pleasure, but should call for study and searching inspection. "If an artist is really inspired, his genius will bear him onward where rules cease."

Sir Joshua gives fine expression thus to some views on art:—

"Young people learn most from those who are but slightly their superior, and this explains the real value of academies."

"In painting truth is preferable to skill in art. Grace is the medium of movement, beauty that of form, and manner the medium of predominating custom."

"Beauty consists in conforming to a given object."

"The only true reward of genius is the praise of an impartial judge."

"A good portrait painter may be unable to paint good historical subjects, but a good historical painter can certainly paint good portraits."

"That is natural which complies with the ordinary course of things. An ugly face does not conform to this, therefore an ugly face is an unnatural one."

"It is easier to tell the character of a nation from its taste in art, than from its graver aspirations: just as a

straw thrown into the air shows which way the wind blows better than anything heavier could do."

"True greatness is that which offers less to the senses than to the imagination."

"There is a majesty in simplicity which is far above the quaintness of wit." (Pope.)

"A painter requires a certain pride which uplifts him above fear, and gives him confidence in his own genius."

"The foundation of art is inventive power. Whoever possesses the greatest amount of imagination will become the greatest painter, even if surpassed in subordinate qualities by others."

"An artist should never paint a stroke until he sees in imagination the entire work."

"It is well to paint as far away from the model as possible, then place the picture and the original close together, or one below the other, and thus see and compare both at the same time."

"When painting beautiful features, it is permissible to leave the face around the eyes as much as possible in mezzotint, as is the case in the works of Guido and Carlo Maratta. Look at the model with half-closed eyes, and what is of secondary importance will not be seen and the essential stand out."

"A painter should take a high and noble view of things, such a view as is to be got from a knowledge of the great characters of ancient times."

"In painting as well as in architecture, simplicity is the fundamental principle of style. All trifling ornamentation should be avoided, because it loses its effect at a distance, and only looks like an indistinct mass.

A picture should consist of a few boldly applied parts which look like one definite form."

"When a painter finds himself talking too much he should put a padlock on his mouth, for he who wishes to be admired for what he says lays less value on praise for what he does."

"As regards drawing, all outlines should stand out in relief from the background, softly undulating, not with hard and startling effect. The deepest shadows will be next the strongest light. In the treatment of a picture the shading should be uniformly toned down. Red should be used in the shadows of the most delicate flesh tints, but it must be with care and in moderation. A red or yellow tinted wall should always be used to reflect the light on the parts which are in shadow. The use of chalk, charcoal, or brick-dust should be avoided. One ought to try and imagine a pearl or a ripe peach. The eyes should never be painted with too long or too sharp lines."

"The model should be regarded as a picture to be copied, but a picture that consists more of light and shade than of lines."

According to Burke, the tendency to generalisation is noticeable in these and similar aphorisms, as well as in all that Sir Joshua says about art. But in reading them we are able to call up the intellectual atmosphere of those gatherings at Leicester Square, where Burke, the statesman and the author of that famous *Treatise on the Sublime and the Beautiful*, Sheridan, Garrick, Goldsmith, and Reynolds discussed art, of which each one, in his own line, was a master.

Sir Joshua was well acquainted with Charles James Fox and with Sterne. A peculiarly close bond united him with both Dr. Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith, and it was observed that on the day of Goldsmith's death he never touched his brush.

Reynolds had a partiality for painting great actors, and he painted Garrick's portrait seven times. The famous portrait in which he appears between Comedy and Tragedy was painted in 1761. He painted Horace Walpole's portrait still earlier. Besides being a man of fashion Horace Walpole dabbled in literature, and set himself up as a critic of art, and gave utterance to the extraordinary opinion that Sir Joshua could not paint women as well as his contemporary Ramsay. A popular and clever artist, Ramsay was the darling of London society, and was specially acceptable to the Court party. Reynolds was regarded with distrust because of his Whig sympathies. Hogarth ranked the pastel painter above Reynolds, and the latter, in his turn, said that Hogarth, who died in 1764, "was not a painter but a moralist."

The wedding and coronation of George III. gave Reynolds his opportunity to disprove Walpole's criticism, for he painted the exquisite picture of the Queen's bridesmaids, among whom was the Lady Elizabeth Keppel, which represents the beautiful girl wreathing the statue of Hymen with flowers handed to her by a negress.

It is almost impossible to enumerate the pictures painted by Sir Joshua in the following years. The most celebrated men in England and the flower of her womanhood thronged his studio from early morning

until late in the afternoon. Scarcely a name is missing from the number of the nation's great representatives. His works now hang in the galleries wherein his contemporaries pledged vows of love and passions, exchanged opinions on the Government of the day, which under the leadership of wise statesmen and great patriots was pressing forward to its later era. Young men who sat to Sir Joshua in the first flush of their youth, we meet again crowned with the laurels they so richly deserved. And so with many a beautiful and stately matron, whose portrait was painted as a child in her mother's lap, then as a bride, and later we see her surrounded by her own children. It was his art that won for England the tribute to the beauty of its women: "That English grandmothers were the most beautiful in the world." He painted the portrait of Gibbon, the great historian; of Warren Hastings, one of the founders of the new Empire; of Miss Burney, the first of English novelists; and he opened the doors of the Royal Academy to another woman, Angelica Kauffmann. He is justly regarded as one of the happiest men of his generation, for he enjoyed the friendship of the best among his contemporaries. And though he took part in the problems touching upon art, his peace was undisturbed by quarrels or party strife; and without being misunderstood, he maintained a close friendship with Edmund Burke, and at the same time was the honoured friend of Warren Hastings. . . .

He was at the zenith of his fame in the early sixties, when another artist appeared who was justly entitled to compete with him. This was Thomas Gainsborough,

the immortal creator of many masterpieces, whom Ruskin places before Sir Joshua, and next to Rubens, in the beauty and splendour of his colouring. He says he is the greatest colourist of the English School, with whom the art of painting died out. "Gainsborough's hand," writes Ruskin, "is light as the flight of a cloud, and rapid as the dart of a sunbeam. Never does he lose sight of his picture as a whole. He is an immortal painter, a profound thinker, this dignified Gainsborough." Sir Joshua in his own way does him justice, for he declared him to be the greatest living landscape painter, and that his copies were so perfect one could not, at a short distance, perceive the difference between his copy of a Vandyke and the original. He bought a picture of Gainsborough's, and sat to him for his portrait, which was, however, never finished, because Gainsborough took offence at Reynolds not offering to paint his portrait in return. Sir Joshua used to say that artists who painted the same subjects could not remain friends. All the same he admired the creator of the Blue Boy as he deserved, and said he could not understand how his effects were produced. Gainsborough sent for Sir Joshua when on his deathbed. "We are all going to Heaven," he was heard to say, "and Vandyke is there also." Sir Joshua attended his funeral, and paid him a high tribute in one of his lectures at the Royal Academy, among other things saying that should ever an English School of painting arise, Gainsborough would be recognised as one of its greatest masters.

At the time Gainsborough first exhibited, he had to

compete with Sir Joshua's portrait of Lady Waldegrave, one of his most exquisite pictures, in which she is seen clasping Cupid to her breast in the person of her own child. The portrait of Mrs. Collyer as Lesbia, "Passer mortuus est meae puellae," finished in 1767, is thought by some judges to surpass Lady Waldegrave. He himself thought his portrait of Mrs. Sheridan as St. Cecilia his best portrait. It was painted in 1775, when he was fifty-two. It is now the property of Lord Lansdowne. It was lent to an exhibition of Sir Joshua's works in 1884, where it fascinated every one. He had at the same time a preference for his portrait of Admiral Keppel, when a young Commodore, which he painted twenty-five years earlier, and often reproduced it after he became famous. His brilliant portraits of the Duchess of Devonshire and young Lord Richard Cavendish are not less celebrated, while that of little Miss Bowles caressing her dog is also well known. He always had great pleasure in painting children. Next to the reigning beauties of the day, Sir Joshua liked to paint the celebrities of the stage. Mrs. Abington sat to him as the Comic Muse. "Orestes and Pylades" is the most celebrated of his historical pictures, but it found no purchaser during his lifetime, "because it was not then thought that such pictures could be used to decorate the walls of a public building or of a private house." The Empress Catherine bought his "Infant Hercules strangling the Serpent," for one thousand five hundred guineas, a high price at that day. Reynolds said that ten other pictures were contained in that one. Better than all these designs, in which his lack of chemical and mechanical knowledge

and imperfect drawing could not be concealed, are his portrait groups, and on these he bestowed his greatest skill. To these belong the three Waldegrave sisters, the family group of the Duke of Marlborough, and the wonderful portrait of Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse, painted when she was twenty-six. He signed his name on the hem of her gown, saying it was thus he wished to be known to posterity. A view of the Thames from his house at Richmond is still extant. So great was his delight in painting, that Malone, one of his biographers, calls him the happiest of mortals, and Johnson declared success could not spoil him.

There was no want of recognition nor of honours for him, and when the Royal Academy—the first English academy of art—was founded in 1768, he became its first President, and as such gave fifteen addresses on art, characterized by his most celebrated pupil, Sir Thomas Lawrence, as golden rules. But the master, who gave these addresses, was convinced that rules were determined by a picture and not a picture by rules.

During the period of his presidency he exhibited two hundred pictures in the Academy, most of which have been reproduced in excellent prints, and have thus made the faces of many of his famous contemporaries, Charles James Fox, Edmund Burke, Edward Gibbon, Laurence Sterne, R. B. Sheridan, and Oliver Goldsmith, familiar to the present generation. Reynolds was knighted 1768, and in 1773 he was elected Mayor of his native town, Plympton, and in the same year the

honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law was conferred upon him by the University of Oxford. As an acknowledgment of the complimentary degree conferred upon him by the Academy of Florence, he presented a portrait of himself to the institution. He also was appointed Court Painter in 1784, after the death of Hogarth, which title had also been given to Ramsay. Members of the Royal Family rarely sat to him for their portraits, though Benjamin West earned thirty-four thousand guineas for orders from George III.

Besides Gainsborough, another rival had arisen of almost equal genius in Romney, but Sir Joshua remained the recognized head of the English School of Art.

Favoured as was the life of the great artist, the question obtrudes itself whether the greatest of all gifts had been denied him. His biographers only record the fact of his name having been connected with that of Angelica Kauffmann, whose name occurs in his diary as Miss Angelica, or Miss Angel. Woltmann's assertion that she refused him is not confirmed by any authority. She came to London in 1765, and exhibited her first picture, a portrait of Garrick. And she sat herself to Sir Joshua and he to her. He proved his friendship by the help he rendered in freeing her from an unhappy marriage. Shortly after her arrival in England, Angelica Kauffmann became the wife of an impostor calling himself Count Horn, but in reality he was that gentleman's valet. But this unfortunate episode did not long darken her life. She was unwearied in her art production, and was full of life and coquetry,

and in 1782 entered into a second and happy marriage with Zucchi the artist. She was elected a member of the Royal Academy, an honour she shared with another woman, Miss Moser, the flower painter. Sir Joshua's peace of mind was certainly not disturbed for long by Angelica Kauffmann, if at all, and his friends were unanimous in praise of his wise, calm and equable life, which he devoted to art; for, surrounded by sisters and nieces, he remained faithful to the Muse whose wreath crowned him at such an early period of life. He was engaged on Lady Hertford's portrait, when, at the age of sixty-six, he felt a sudden weakness in his left eye, and on losing the sight of this eye and the other becoming weaker, he ceased to paint. He took leave of the Academy in an address in 1790. The hall was crowded, the first rows being reserved for guests, among whom was Edmund Burke. The audience had scarcely taken their seats when one of the supporting beams of the floor gave way. A panic ensued, but was quickly allayed. The poet Rogers, then a young man, availed himself of the confusion to exchange his seat for a better one, and was thus able to hear every word of the discourse with which Sir Joshua closed his public career. This was dedicated to the immortal memory of Michael Angelo, whom he revered as the greatest of all artists. "I feel a self-congratulation knowing myself capable of such sensations as he intended to excite. I reflect, not without vanity, that these discourses bear testimony of my admiration of that truly divine man: and I desire that the last words which I should pronounce in this Academy, and from this place, might be

the name of Michael Angelo." When Sir Joshua left the platform, Burke seized his hand and quoted Milton's beautiful lines in *Paradise Lost*:

> "The Angel ended, and in Adam's ear
> So charming left his voice that he awhile,
> Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear."

"I was standing near and heard every word distinctly," said Rogers.

Sir Joshua lived more than a year after this touching scene. One of his favourite rules was to disregard trifles, for he believed it to be one of the most certain ways to ensure happiness. By the loss of his eyesight, one of the greatest trials which could befall him, he did not, of course, escape the melancholy to which every human being is liable under such a trial. The last remnant of his eyesight he devoted to cleaning the pictures in his collection, and he associated with his friends in the same hearty way until the end of his life. A disease of the liver, which the doctors did not discover, undermined his healthy constitution, and he passed peacefully away on February 23, 1792, in his seventieth year. The funeral oration was delivered by Burke, the last act of friendship which fate held for him: Pericles to Apelles, as it was called in London. It was at Burke's suggestion that Sir Joshua's body lay in state in the Academy, and was borne to its rest from there to St. Paul's. The funeral was one of princely dignity, and every one of any consequence in London followed him to the grave, and among them was Lawrence, then but twenty-four years of age, Sir Joshua's young pupil.

There in the crypt of the Cathedral rests this great painter of a great generation. A simple marble tomb bears his name, and above his resting-place rise the vast arches erected by another of England's splendid artists, Sir Christopher Wren.

MARCO MINGHETTI AND THE RISORGIMENTO

THE generation of 1848 and their struggle for the freedom, greatness, and independence of Italy have become historic to the present generation. The illustrious names of Victor Emmanuel and Cavour are, indeed, apt triumphantly to overshadow those other personalities, Charles Albert and Gioberti, Balbo and Rosmini, the thought of whom is surrounded by a vague sense of melancholy in the minds of posterity, when it is reflected that their labours did not come to fruition until they themselves, with the ideals they cherished, had passed away from the scene. Those ideals were founded on the desire for an agreement between Church and State, a concurrence between princes and people; which, though aiming in the first place at attainment of unity, had eventually in view the raising of the Italian nation, as a confederacy of states, to a position of spiritual primacy, and the consolidating of the same under the leadership of a Papacy that should be in touch with the political institutions of the modern world. Notwithstanding the non-realization of these ideals, and the fact that the nation is divided into two camps, there are many who cling to them still, and believe them to be worth living and dying for. Minghetti's testimony will

be welcome alike to both opponents and apologists, and the fact that it was his fate to work first on one side and then on the other, with Pius IX. and with Cavour, in the struggle for emancipation, gives an additional charm and interest to his memoirs. Although a fiery patriot, his political views were moderate, and if not a brilliant statesman he was an unrivalled orator, and he was further possessed of great personal charm.

He ascribes, like many another great man, the early development of his ideals to his mother, and he says of her that she was "un animo fermissimo e virile quanto mai." He lost his father early, and she was both father and mother to him and to his brother and sister. He was born at Bologna, on November 18, 1818, where his family, though not rich, were in good circumstances and engaged in business.

He was twelve years old when his uncle, a brother of his mother's, Pius Sarti, and an ardent Liberal, brought them the news of the July Revolution. Marco accompanied his mother to Venice that year, and when there was filled with an enthusiasm for art which he never afterwards lost, and which culminated, as it were, in his life of Raphael, published a few years before his death. He was entered at the Latin school on his return to Bologna, the monks there being the first to kindle the flames of patriotism in his heart, which is a genuine feature of the then contrasts in Italian life. A few months later, his uncle, Sarti, taking him by the hand, led him to the great square of the town and showed him the crowds of excited people standing before the Palace of the magistrates. Meanwhile, the Papal Ambassador

had fled to Rome and was pursued by the triumphant revolutionaries as far as the gates of Terni, though not a drop of blood was shed. They had waited till Leo XII.'s death, when the weak and hated executive became still weaker. Then the Conclave met for the election of a new Pope. Marco Minghetti, then but thirteen years old, was taken in a gorgeous carriage to present the offerings from the women of Bologna to the Provisional Government, as a proof of their patriotism. The President embraced the young delegate, and with prophetic faith counted him among the patriots.

We know how short those patriotic transports in Bologna were destined to be. It was at this time that two brothers bearing the illustrious name of Bonaparte pledged their allegiance to the Revolution. The younger of the two, Napoleon III., redeemed his promise. The Government of Louis-Philippe only made fair promises of non-intervention. The entrance of the Austrians into the Legations soon put an end to them. Pius Sarti, who, at the risk of his own life, saved that of Cardinal Benvenuti, was first imprisoned at Venice and then banished, and died in exile. His sister and her son, Marco, followed him to Paris, where she did much for the necessities of many a poor exile. "Ah, mes chers Romagnols!" exclaimed the veteran Lafayette at a meeting which Minghetti describes. Talleyrand, no less blasé in revolution than in other matters, remained more calm, knowing by experience how much dross was to be found even in the pure metal of patriots. Minghetti took this lesson to heart; the sight of so many unworthy elements preserved him in after-life

from placing faith in conspiracies as a means of salvation for his country.

A visit to London gave him an affection for England which he ever after retained, and his first book, "which, fortunately, was never written," was to have been a diary of this journey. On the conclusion of this visit, Signora Minghetti returned with her son to Bologna, and there for the next six years he devoted himself to thorough and exhaustive study under the guidance of an excellent tutor, who not only incited him to study but to teach. He himself was a medical man, but he attached great importance to the study of mathematics and the natural sciences. To Paolo Costa, a friend of Leopardi's, and a celebrated authority on classical works imbued with the traditions of Monti, Minghetti was indebted for his acquaintance with literature. Costa had also been the teacher of Corinna Malvezza, the translator of Cicero, and of Catherine Ferrucci, also a good classical scholar. His English he learned from Mezzofanti, and he confirms the statement that Mezzofanti had inferior abilities in all but his extraordinary gift for languages, for he was "piccola mente, piccolissimo animo." While pursuing his studies Minghetti entered into correspondence with Botta, the historian, and with Giordani, the author, and he knew Bossini, who had settled in Bologna, while the great writings of the day, such as *Paroles d'un croyant*, by Lamennais, Pellico's *Prigioni*, Guerrazzi's *Assedio di Firenze*, filled him with enthusiasm. The calmer the atmosphere the stormier were the workings of men's hearts. To give their lives for Italy was the dream of the young of the period.

In his preparation for his profession, Minghetti spared no pains. The first years of his independence he devoted to travel, and thus acquired a thorough knowledge of the great Italian cities, where nothing worth seeing escaped him. "My son is the greatest church-tower dilettante," his mother would say, alluding to his liking for high points of view, and her words might convey a double meaning, for he had a great love for the highest intellectual attainment. Rosmini's work on *The Origin of Ideas* appeared about this time, and Minghetti, grounded by Costa in the principles of utilitarian doctrines, read it with a view to its refutation, but instead of this he studied philosophy and became a disciple of the author.

He began his literary career in 1841, shortly before and in a similar manner to Cavour, in the field of political economy, and in the interests of agricultural questions. Political controversy was disguised under this head in Turin as in Bologna, which would otherwise never have seen the light. These interests were advanced by journeys to Switzerland, Holland and Germany. A stay in Switzerland in 1842 led to the acquaintance of General von Radowitz, then forty-five years of age, and notwithstanding diversity of opinion on many subjects Minghetti recognised in him a kindred spirit, and a friendship was formed which lasted until death.

Before the close of 1842, a fresh and vigorous mind began to stir new elements of political energy in Italy. From his exile in Brussels Gioberti launched his book, *Del primato morale e civile degli Italiani.* It had been

Mazzini who had until now given the watchword, and with half-mystic, half-mischievous fluency instructed the sympathizers of the Young Italian party in the arts of conspiracy which sent them to death and dishonour. Gioberti had also followed this leader to London, but learned there by personal experience, "to what terrible disgust and deadly depression the soul subjected to Mazzini's experiments became a prey." These are Minghetti's words, and he thus renders due praise to Gioberti for his moral courage in breaking the bonds of Mazzinism,[1] and the success attending it. And as an inexorable preacher of repentance Gioberti came before the people. They had been taught that their regeneration could only be accomplished by acts of anarchy and revenge.

The moral task which this Roman Catholic priest and patriot set his fellow-citizens was the outcome of political ideas which could not fail to move the hearts, even if they challenged opposition. Instead of only trusting to the democracy, as heretofore, to the exclusion of nobles, clergy, and princes as well as the Pope from the work of national freedom, Gioberti sought the realization of this at their hands. Tradition was to be revived by freedom, and a future built upon the firm foundation of former conditions. Prior to this, Italians had put their trust in the power of anarchy and in outside help. Gioberti preached self-reliance and summoned them to seek the source of strength, prosperity, and greatness on their native soil. And in all this the Papacy was no longer to be the insurmountable hindrance, but the corner-stone

[1] Marco Minghetti's *I miei Ricordi.* 3 vols., 1888.

of the whole edifice. Rome was to be the capital of orthodoxy, the heart of civilization, the reconciling and protecting shelter for all nations. It could then only completely fulfil its mission when Christendom should once again be in unity. Its next task would be to restore to Italy its national independence, union and free citizenship, and place itself at the head of an Italian Confederation. Gioberti's silence concerning Austria was significant. He considered the Italian Central Government to be impossible, and urged a Confederacy with the Pope as its head, and Piedmont as its sword. Italy's fate must be decided in Rome, while Turin, its hopes centred in the House of Savoy, confidently awaited "the Liberator who should come from that race."

Doctrines delivered with such brilliant eloquence suppressed expression of public opinion. Count Cesare Balbo's *Speranze d'Italia*, with a dedication to Gioberti, was published in 1843, and in it the historian sought to reconcile the optimism of the philosopher with conditions then existing. He further insisted on the necessity of moral regeneration, the united action of princes and peoples with the concession of constitutional rights, as well as Italy's equality with other nations and her independence of foreign powers. And he gave utterance to the hope that at some future day European entanglements would be the occasion for them to fight for their independence. With prophetic insight he declared the Oriental Question as the one which would weaken Austrian influence in the peninsula. The Pope's temporal possessions should not be reduced, but he thought it would be premature to raise the question

of his Primacy at that time. He urged the youth of Italy to make ready for her deliverance by the cultivation of Christian and manly virtues.

Gioberti had asked whether it was wrong to forget the shame and suffering of the present in dreams of the future, and Silvio Pellico, to whom his work was dedicated, called it "una splendida utopia." Minghetti's election was no longer doubtful, and Count Balbo, while according full recognition and all due deference to Gioberti's great gifts, thought Minghetti the safer guide, for he was "frank without being impetuous, and honest without illusions." As a subject of Gregory XVI. in the Romagna, and brought into daily contact with the defects of the Temporal Administration of the Pope, it was particularly difficult to believe in the reconciliation between the political parties. He was all the more attracted by the moral teachings which were in complete accord with the boldest longings of his youth, and which also appealed strongly to the nobler side of his character, and the prospects they opened out made conspiracies and the manœuvres of the various sects sink to the level of paltry intrigue. Feelings were awakened, and his own objects and desires were made clear to him by the writings of Manzoni, Silvio Pellico, Azeglio, Grossi and Tomasco, and even by Terenzio Mamiani, in more than one of his writings.

Paris was the centre of the emigration movement, and thither Minghetti turned his steps after seeing Count Balbo in Turin and assuring him of his admiring devotion. It was Pellegrino Rossi who made the deepest impression on him in Paris. The expectations

he had formed of Pius IX.'s future minister were fully met, contrary to so many others whose reputations preceded them. Heine's looks he compared with those of Judas in Leonardo's "Last Supper." Alexander von Humboldt, then in Paris, gave enthusiastic descriptions of the great scientific discovery of the electric telegraph, and the expectations raised by it, and spoke with rapture of Italy. The French were no less interested in its future. Victor Cousin had written a life of Santa Rosa; the blind Augustin Thierry recited poems by Giusti; the historian Mignet was allied by bonds of intellect and noble affection to the Princess Belgiojoso, who started the *Gazetta Italiana*, by the advice and with the assistance of her friends, Arconati, Collegno, Berchet, Gino Capponi, and Massari, the object of which was to discuss political questions without interference from the Censor. Before taking any decisive steps as to his future, Minghetti paid another visit to England, where, under pretext of bringing news from Italy, he obtained an interview with Mazzini. He fell a victim to the agitator's personal charm, but although they agreed on the necessity of reform, their opinions differed when it came to the practical objects each considered important. Mazzini thought that Gioberti's and Rosmini's views were only calculated to delay the fulfilment of the national desires for years to come. "They will be of no advantage to Italy," he said. "But the example of those men, their patriotism and self-sacrifice, their virtuous characters and their judgment, will not be lost upon their countrymen," replied Minghetti, on taking

leave of Mazzini, whom he never again met. He was gratified at making the acquaintance of Gioberti at Zürich, on his way home. Gioberti's publication, *Prolegomeni del Primato*, followed the call to unity, and the determination to exclude the Jesuits, as well as the Neapolitan Government, from any part in the future programme, on the ground of their incompetence to comply with the requirements of modern statesmanship. His experiences in Naples and in Switzerland led him to this conclusion.

Minghetti felt that the Rubicon had now been crossed, when on his home-coming he found his native town under the influence of the Marquis Massimo d'Azeglio. He was a son-in-law of Manzoni, artist, poet, soldier, and statesman, and after visiting the Legations began, at the call of patriotism, his political work. Minghetti responded to his request for information concerning the affairs of Bologna, and later on, when they met at Florence, the two men became fast friends. In that year of 1846 d'Azeglio's *Ultimi casi di Romagna* was published. The late disheartening revolution called it forth, and it condemned all efforts to force the masses to join individual action as useless, harmful, and dangerous; it seemed childish to accuse Italian princes of tyranny, even if, in their anxiety for their own safety, they were betrayed into courses for which their own consciences must have reproached them. Italy was seeking deliverance, not redress for minor grievances. After an eloquent account of priestly rule in the Romagna, the author adjures the Government thus: "That which you assert as to God's judgment

in a future life is either untrue, or my words are foolishness, and you would be justified in troubling yourself no further with them. Or else, you teach the truth, and are convinced that God will demand an account from you, saying: 'I gave you a people, what have you done with them?'" Upon reading this, Charles Albert exclaimed that they must have patience, for the hour had not yet come; but that when it did come, his life and the lives of his sons, of his army, as well as the contents of his treasury, would be at the service of the Cause.

While this was transpiring in Turin, Minghetti was fighting the principles of Free Trade in the Italian Agrarian Association, and in the periodical *Il Felsineo*, and it was just then when actively at work that the news of Gregory XVI.'s death reached Bologna. Some days later a petition was sent to the Conclave urging certain reforms upon the assembled cardinals, and Marco Minghetti's name was first on the list of signatures. After only three days' deliberation, the shortest meeting of the Conclave for three hundred years, Cardinal Massai was elected to the Papal throne as Pius IX.

The first act of his Government was the amnesty, which, in his own words, was to be a remedy for everything, and was to "conciliate those in whom a detestation of the Papacy had been aroused by the old system now to give place to a new one."[1] The extravagant expectations thus raised cannot be entered into here. First and foremost in Minghetti's

[1] See Count Usedom, *Political Letters and Characteristics*, p. 251, 1849.

programme for the future, was the secularization of the administration. As leader of the reform party he was sent to Rome in the late autumn of 1846, where he was received by the Pope, and permitted to speak freely, and the promise made of equal rights for every one, while he was warned against placing too much confidence in his, the Pope's, power to grant requests. The institution of a new Criminal Court in consultation with laymen, the convening of a commission for the amendment of the legal administration, with the concession, hitherto refused, for the laying down of railways, were either already granted or promised. But Minghetti was, notwithstanding all this, reminded of Rossi's words, "Le Pape a gaspillé un trésor de popularité," after a conference with Gizzi, the vacillating Secretary of State, and from his knowledge of the vehement opposition to all reform which the immediate entourage of the Pope would bring to bear upon him.

Then followed a year of uninterrupted work for Minghetti at Bologna as editor-in-chief of *Il Felsineo*, now entirely devoted to politics. He was also in the civic guard and a governor of hospitals and societies, and eventually found the career for which he was eminently fitted, that of platform orator and leader of the movement. His first great triumph was his address when Richard Cobden visited Bologna in May, 1847, and in a letter of thanks to his friend, shortly after this, Cobden treated the aspirations of the party for Italy to be governed by one sovereign as visionary as a child's dream, though he strongly advocated an Italian Customs Union.

D'Azeglio's *Proposta di un Programma per l'opinione nazionale italiana* was written about this period with the Pope's knowledge, and supported Balbo's suggestion of a close alliance of princes, and advocating the demand for sweeping reforms, as well as a higher moral standard. These were not mere words, for on April 14, Cardinal Gizzi, Secretary of State, issued an edict for the election of the notables of the province to a Council of State. The appointment of Chief Clerk followed on June 14, and on July 17, Minghetti was informed that he and Silvani, a tried patriot, were appointed by the Pope to represent Bologna at the Council. Cardinal Antonelli presented the members of the new Assembly to the Pope on November 15, and he again contrived to damp their jubilant spirits. He told them not to expect that the Papal sovereignty would be undermined by the new arrangements. These words were construed into a refusal of Pius IX. to tolerate any form of constitutional government. When it became known on the following day that in addition to the address of thanks to the Pope, the Council meditated including a programme of some sort of reform, Minghetti was summoned to an audience of the Pope. In the course of a lengthy conference, the Pope said that the rights of the Holy See would not be abolished. "I retain," he said, "the option of accepting or declining the advice of the Council; it is to be nothing but a deliberative assembly." "For this reason it must be free to express its opinions," replied Minghetti. When he rather hesitated, the Pope encouraged him to speak freely. He

laid special stress on the necessity of publicity in the debates, for in this way only could the demands and the needs of the people become known. The Council's address to the Pope was published a few days later in the official *Diario di Roma*. Drawn up by Minghetti, it was pronounced a masterpiece by Pellegrino Rossi, then Ambassador from France to the Holy See, and similar praise was accorded by Alessandro Manzoni. Among the regulations recommended was what it called the foundation of all reform: the establishment of municipal and provincial councils, in which the laity should have a voice. Minghetti gives instances of the differences between theory and practice in the rusty machinery of Papal administration, and among other things, the failure to organize a Papal army, because the men were asked to pledge themselves to celibacy. Whatever was attained was not the result of careful consideration, but of momentary fancies which surrendered to the applause of the day that which was denied to the calm intelligence of the advisers of yesterday. Thus began the year 1848. "God bless Italy . . . demand not that which it is not in my power to grant," said the Pope when addressing the crowds from the balcony of the Quirinal on January 10. "Another such speech and he is lost," said Rossi to Minghetti, and Balbo's words to Pius IX. were in every one's mouth:

'Tu non ci maledici, tu sei figlio
Di nostra età, e l'intendi e la secondi,
Perdura e avanza!'

Two events of grave importance occurred: the

concession of a Constitution to Naples, and the February Revolution in Paris. Minghetti's theory was that King Ferdinand was turning to account the reforms in Italy, with the object of provoking a revolution. Pius IX. did not regret the fall of the July throne. He rather hoped that the rights of the Church would be more respected by the Republic, and was confident that his own course would protect him against all revolutionary attacks, and he could not understand Minghetti's anxiety for the future. The great pulpit orator, the Liberal priest, Ventura, thought the time had come for the discussion of a Roman Constitution, and the Sacred College he alluded to as destined to become the Upper House, or the House of Lords in the future Parliament. Minghetti rejected Ventura's proposition, and advocated the separation in the government of temporal and spiritual affairs within the Pontifical State. The Pope had already called upon four laymen to enter the Ministry. The Chief of Police was Prince Teano, well known as a great wit, afterwards the Duke di Sermoneta. He utterly misunderstood his task, and the office was offered to Minghetti, who declined it. In a long audience of the Pope, he declared that only a Ministry composed of men of like aims and with knowledge of the intentions of His Holiness, would have any chance against the increasing danger of the situation. The first duty of such a Ministry should be the foundation of a League of Italian Princes, and financial means to form an efficient army.

The Pope did not oppose this; as yet he apparently felt no serious uneasiness, and only insisted that

the concession of a Constitution should be by the Spiritual Authority, so that it should be recognized as a voluntary concession. Although Minghetti's wish for information concerning details of the Constitution was disappointed, a certain loyalty to the Pope led him to enter the Ministry, presided over by Cardinal Antonelli. He believed the Cardinal to be honestly determined to support his colleagues, because the international situation required Liberal measures as the only means of saving Europe from the onward trend of revolutionary storms.

Minghetti took over the office of Public Works, and found among the Roman engineers able men who would have been of such assistance to him that he could have given his special attention to other and more serious work, had there been time during the fifty days of his continuance in office for him to have thought of works of peace. As it was, every day brought news of risings in different parts of Northern and Central Italy, and they made the inevitable war with Austria loom large upon the political horizon. On March 13 it announced that Pius IX. had entered the ranks of constitutional princes. One much-discussed detail was excepted, for the Pope had become much excited and vacillating, and sought guidance and strength in the performance of his religious duties, and in the mystical piety which, later, became the sign-manual of his pontificate. Minghetti tells how a meeting of the Council was interrupted by the Pope, who, on seeing the comet, rushed to the window, where, throwing himself upon his knees, he

prayed loudly for deliverance from the chastisements which it presaged. His state of mind was caused by the storm of ill-feeling brewing against the Jesuits, a storm so ominous that Cardinal Antonelli ejected them from the city as soon as possible. From that moment the Pope was actuated by the thought that he owed them some reparation, and Minghetti was, therefore, not surprised at the influence the Society of Jesus obtained over him in the days of Gaëta.

Meanwhile mortgages had been raised on Church property, an expedient resorted to by the Minister of Finance, and acquiesced in by the Pope. This proposal Prince Simonetti's predecessor, Cardinal Morichini, had refused to consider. News of the success of an insurrection at Milan aroused indescribable enthusiasm, and induced the Pope to send troops, regulars and volunteers, under the command of General Durando, to the frontiers of Lombardy and Venice. Massimo d'Azeglio was on the Staff. It was nothing less than a war against the foreigner, against Austria, into whose territory Charles Albert had entered, for which action the consent of the Pope had to be gained. Commissioners had already arrived from Naples to confer with the Papal Government, among whom was Ruggiero Bonghi, the historian, who afterwards entered the Ministry, and whom Minghetti learned to know and to highly appreciate.

The most that Minghetti's colleagues could hope to attain under the circumstances was the united action of Pontifical and Piedmontese troops under the King of Sardinia. This would relieve the Pope from the

painful predicament of making war on a Roman Catholic power, with the inevitable conflict between duty and feeling, as head of the Roman Catholic world. It was no secret to those about him that he recognized the difficulties of his position, and the daily increasing perplexities were taken advantage of by the party opposed to reform. Minghetti, supported by Prince Aldobrandini, Minister of War, and by Count Pasolini, Minister of Commerce, his own personal friend, endeavoured to obtain the Pope's consent to the crossing of the Po, and he gave it verbally, without, however, giving instructions for it to be carried into effect.[1] Then came the sudden news of the proclamation issued by General Durando, but written by d'Azeglio, in which the war against Austria was called a crusade, undertaken by the Pope in the name of civilization against barbarians.

The only thing Durando could cite as authority for it was a letter from Aldobrandini, sanctioned by the Pope, authorizing "to do what he deemed right for the peace and welfare of the Pontifical State." There was, therefore, no justification for d'Azeglio's language.[2] The Pope was beside himself when he read it, containing as it did such expressions as "Radetzky's Croatians," "the wild hordes of murderers and criminals," and, of course, attributed to him. In vain did his Ministry urge him to declare his wishes,

[1] Pasolini's *Memorie*, p. 95 ff.

[2] Massimo d'Azeglio, *I miei Ricordi.* C. Rendu, *L'Italie de* 1847 *à* 1865. *Correspondance politique de M. d'Azeglio.* Bianchi, *La politica di M. d'A.*

whether for peace or war, or, at least, to say that it was beyond his power to prevent war. "Be calm, you shall be satisfied," was all that could be got from him, and the general public as well as his advisers had to depend upon the *Gazzetta di Roma* for information.

The Pope had triumphed over the King, and declined war. This occurred on April 29, and on the same day his Ministry resigned. They were received the next morning, and he expressed regret at their decision. They were not responsible for the allocution, nor had they read the passage with sufficient attention, wherein it was stated that, if there were any subjects of the Pope unable to resist following the example of other Italians, he, the Pope, could not restrain their zeal. The Ministers tried to explain their standpoint. Minghetti spoke, his voice full of emotion: "In a few hours Romans will be protesting against the allocution, will press upon us His Holiness' will, and then rebel against their sovereign. Never shall I obey such a call. I have fulfilled my duty with devotion and loyalty. If my conscience tells me that I can no longer follow the new course indicated by your Holiness, I shall never join the ranks of the opposition." The Pope gazed at him with tears in his eyes. "He condemned my conduct afterwards," concludes Minghetti, "although I remained faithful to my promise. If, as I was assured, he retained kindly feelings towards me, it was in remembrance of this hour."

Rome presented a sad spectacle next day. The people were in an uproar; speakers, who took care to keep out of danger, preached war and revolution.

Roman princes, members of noble families, came to the Ministers who had already resigned, and demanded warrants for the arrest of innocent persons, and the authority of the State for the execution of unlawful punishments. The lowest passions hid themselves behind the screen of patriotism, and private letters containing secrets were made public. Galletti, one of Minghetti's colleagues, escaped a duel by a feigned flight, only to reappear in the next Ministry. Minghetti, full of anger and disgust, courageously and effectively opposed the masses; and he strongly supported the suggestion that the Pope should leave Rome for Milan and mediate between Austria and Italy, and in this manner he would be restored to the cause of Italy, while, at the same time, he would be withdrawn from the reactionary consequences of revolutionary dealings. Piazzoni, the representative from Milan, raised difficulties, and the vacillation of the Pope prevented the realization of this scheme. But he issued a proclamation announcing his adherence to the "national cause, which he had never deserted," and appointed a Liberal Ministry under the presidency of Count Terenzió Mamiani. The Count had joined the revolutionary movement in 1831, and had profited by the Pope's amnesty at the beginning of the Pontificate.

Minghetti, now out of office, left Rome on May 3, to join Charles Albert in camp. He was received in Florence by the Grand Duke with the remark that there was but one choice, either to be an Austrian or an Italian prince, and his choice was made: he would remain an Italian. Minghetti saw his mother at

Bologna, told her the line he was taking, and received her blessing.

Charles Albert had established his headquarters at Somma-Campagna, a few miles from Verona. It was reported in camp that the pale, haggard, grave man, who never laughed, the head of the House of Savoy, wore a hair shirt next his skin, and prepared for battle by fasting and prayer. His courage on the field was indisputable, and equally indisputable was his vacillation in Council, while his severity towards his two sons amounted to hardness. Victor Emmanuel, Duke of Savoy, was the eldest, but it was hoped that the more attractive younger brother, the Duke of Genoa, owing to his unusual soldierly qualities, might revive the strategic traditions of his race. Minghetti thought highly of the Piedmontese in the King's suite as men of honour and courage, but he thought them unequal to the work they had in hand. There was no lack of illusions among the motley set he had left behind in the politicians at Rome, and he found them again in different shape in the service of Charles Albert. The mere idea of an appeal to France seemed like treason to the cause in the eyes of the little army. They awaited the coming of the Neapolitans and Romans with impatience, for reinforcements from all parts of the peninsula, and no one doubted the ultimate success to their arms. The absurd defiance of the Press at Verona only caused some amusement in the mind of the venerable Field-Marshal Radetzky, who knew his opponents too well to overrate them.

Minghetti wished to join a cavalry regiment on his

arrival in camp, but Charles Albert gave him a Staff appointment with the rank of captain, where by great good fortune, Alfonso la Marmora became his chief, as well as his guide and adviser. The first untoward event occurred when the King of Naples made a trifling rising in his capital the excuse for his troops to retire before they had crossed the Po, thus giving the Austrian commander his opportunity to join forces with Radetzky. What followed belongs to the history of the campaign of 1848, to which Minghetti's personal reminiscences give an additional interest. He received his baptism of fire, at Goïto, where he distinguished himself and won the King's approbation. Full of hope himself, he saw, to his surprise, that the King's face was set and stern, with none of the gladness of success stamped upon it; and the King was right, for it was his one victory. Minghetti thought the agitation got up by Mazzini was to blame for this in some measure, for it was not the time to enter into questions concerning the Constitution, nor for preaching republicanism, when the enemy stood at the gates of the towns of Lombardy, and the King was fighting almost single-handed against foes superior in number. The Papal troops, both the regular Swiss soldiers and the volunteers, had been disbanded. The capitulation of Vincenza had been settled on condition that Durando's troops should not be engaged against Austria for three months. The men were, therefore, allowed to return home "to be made heroes of, and to enter into fresh conspiracies with the demagogues for further deeds of anarchy." Minghetti's hurried mission to Bologna at the end of June to enable Cardinal Amat,

the Papal Legate, to employ the troops in Venetia and near Modena, was unsuccessful. The Swiss soldiers thought it an infringement of their rights and refused to obey.

Minghetti's disappointment on his return to the army was still greater. The sanguinary defeat at Custozza compelled the King to enter into negotiations for peace. The King's emissary, la Marmora, returned with the conviction that there was no choice but to accept Radetzky's hard conditions. His counsel was not listened to, and in August the catastrophe took place which gave Minghetti his majority. He fought side by side with the unfortunate King who would have welcomed a bullet from the murderous fire to which he defiantly exposed himself.

Milan, the centre of the Piedmontese position, was not prepared to go to the extreme length of resisting the Austrian army, but none the less did the Milanese charge the Piedmontese with treason when it became imperative to surrender the town. Minghetti said that August 5 was the saddest day of his life, the day when the furious mob threatened the King with personal violence, and the lives of his officers were not safe in the streets. The Duke of Genoa vainly offered himself as a hostage to ensure the safety of life and property in accordance with the capitulation; but the raging crowds, quieted for a moment by his calm dignity, set out directly for the Palazzo Greppi, Charles Albert's headquarters, which had already been set on fire. Colonel la Marmora with his Bersaglieri succeeded in rescuing the King, but not until ten o'clock at night.

The King escorted by his Staff walked through the barricaded streets to the Porta Vercellina, while alarm bells were ringing and buildings in flames. There, taking command of the troops, he made his way to Ticino, the retreat being almost a flight.

The roads between Milan and Magenta were filled with crowds of people flying to Piedmont from the vengeance of the conqueror. The King's Order-of-the-day to his army, dated Vigevano, August 7, 1848, and revised by Minghetti, commended its loyalty, and encouraged it to look to the future which should bring freedom to Italy. At the end of the Convention of August 10 a six weeks' truce was signed. Minghetti spent his leave at Bologna.

He was not yet thirty, and was therefore ineligible as a Deputy, although eligible as Minister to His Holiness, when his native town elected him a member of the Roman Parliament. The prospect of a seat in the Cabinet was repeatedly held out to him during the summer, for the Mamiani Ministry was weak and the Pope urgently needed other advisers. The negotiations led to nothing, so Minghetti again joined Charles Albert, where he made known his views for his country's salvation. The formation of an Italian Federation was still his patriotic ambition, and his views seemed in a fair way of accomplishment when such a man as Rosmini was ready to lay the matter before the Pope.

Don Antonio Rosmini was a priest and founder of an Order, and his saintly life precluded all suspicion of personal ambition. His philosophic works placed him in the front rank of thinkers. His patriotism and

devotion to the Church made it clear to him that the struggle against the foreigner, extending from the Alps to Sicily, was justifiable, and must decide the future of the Papacy in Italy. He held that the war against Austria was in the interest of freedom, justice, and nationality, for it was the power that had done ill in these directions. But if Pius IX. refused to uphold the rights of his people, or considered it unseemly for the Head of the Church to enter into the strife be it ever so just, it would prove that the Temporal and Spiritual Power could not be united in one person. This would be practically to abdicate, and as Pius IX. had pledged his word to maintain the Temporal Power of the Church, he would be held responsible for eventual defeat should he remain neutral in this struggle for national independence, and would be paving the way for the disciples of Mazzini, who hated the Papacy, to establish a Federated Republic. Victory without the Pope would not benefit him, and only expose the weakness and defects in the system of his government, and the national aspirations would be the more bitterly disappointed. An appeal to foreign powers, which God forbid, was out of the question. No more effective would be the use of spiritual weapons against a national rising, where the people thought themselves in the right; and they would break down more rapidly than any temporal weapon. There is no question of the Pope's duty towards Austria. His first duty is to act as Head of the Church and not to think of the separate members of it. Italy must be preserved from internal schism. Should he fail as mediator between the two countries, an experienced

statesman might be called in. The Pope would then be the Defender of national unity. In 1815 Pius VII. had protested against the dissolution of the Holy Roman Empire of the Germans. Pius IX. would support its restoration, and crown a Roman Catholic Emperor of the House of Hapsburg at Frankfort.

To this effect spoke an enthusiastic and faithful adherent of the Papacy. With prophetic eye he saw the future, and the splendour of his suggestions was all the more noteworthy when such patriots as Minghetti declared that in its blindness Italy was on the road to destruction. "Italian Governments," wrote Minghetti to his friend, Count Pasolini, "have squandered everything, honours, gold, arms, but could not produce one fighter. Dissensions, gloom, and all excesses have increased to an alarming degree during these past months; the utterances of the daily papers are a monument of shame at which future generations will scoff. In a political sense an Italian nation does not exist except among the educated. . . . I do not believe in continuing the war, but for the sake of the cause I will not despair, and I firmly trust that the future will reap the fruits ripened by the sad experiences of the present." In this almost desperate state of affairs, every attempt to insure Italian unity remained in the hands of the revolutionary party; it was to be attained at the price of anarchical conditions, and the national revival was to be bought at the cost of the people's demoralization.

The Reform party thought differently. Their statesmanlike wisdom was in favour of the spiritual and moral

regeneration of the individual on the firm foundation of higher education. Political maturity was to be acquired by constitutional means under the allied princes. In the light of the events of that day, the revival was by no manner of means Utopian. It was pledged to reform the contradictory elements in the name of nationality, and to bridge over the gulf between the two great forces of conservatism and destruction. Antonio Rosmini, one of the most notable adherents of this policy, had prepared his constitutional scheme in March 1848, and he presented two letters to Cardinal Castracane, dealing with the Pope's mission, which has been already mentioned. When the Cardinal laid these letters before the Pope, the latter desired to see Rosmini. The war was going on, but the alliance between Rome, Florence, and Turin was not yet concluded, and according to Minghetti the fault lay with the Piedmontese Ministry, which, instead of immediately ratifying it, had refused to accede to the desire of the Papal Government to have the treaty signed at Rome. Much precious time was lost until, at the end of July, Rosmini in his retreat at Stresa received an urgent request from Casati and Gioberti, the Piedmontese Ministers, to press the Pope to take part in the war. Before he reached Rome, Charles Albert had been vanquished, Mamiani's Ministry dissolved, and the object of the mission frustrated. Rosmini gave all his influence in favour of a Cabinet formed by Pellegrino Rossi,[1] and at Bologna, where an attack by Austria had been repulsed, Minghetti and those who shared his views elected Rossi a deputy.

[1] A. Rosmini, *Della Missione a Roma*, p. 53.

Minghetti had now attained his thirtieth year, and he, therefore, took his seat in the Roman Parliament. He arrived in Rome on November 15, and entered the Chamber in the Cancelleria Palace at the usual time. He found his friends in great anxiety about the intrigues of the extreme party, and he was surprised that there were no measures taken by the police to keep order among the street rabble, which forced its way to the very doors of the Chamber.

Pius IX. appointed the celebrated jurist, Count Pellegrino Rossi, a peer of France and Envoy Extraordinary to the Holy See, to be Minister of the Interior and of Finance. Rossi had become a naturalised Italian in 1848. A Cabinet of the juste milieu succeeded the incompetent administration, and its first vigorous action excited the anger of the revolutionary Cercoli. Rossi's life was threatened, and Mazzini declared that his assassination was inevitable. Rossi and his party were warned. On November 15, the day for the opening of Parliament, the Pope entreated him to be careful, because his enemies were capable of going any lengths. With the words, "causam optimam assumpsi, miserebitur Deus," the brave man entered the carriage which was to take him to the Cancellaria. He was stabbed to death by cowardly assassins on the steps of the palace before he could reach the Chamber. With the shedding of his blood, Mazzini's party signed the death warrant of a liberal-minded Papacy. The draft of Rossi's speech, found in his pocket, was published for the first time in Minghetti's memoirs, in the appendix to the second volume. It contained

the programme of the policy he was about to lay before Parliament.

Pius IX., sad but resigned, summoned Minghetti to confer with him as to the formation of another Ministry. The night passed in futile and unofficial efforts to form one. Minghetti repaired to the Quirinal the next morning to give an account of the negotiations. He found the Pope surrounded by the leaders of the Opposition, and the palace by furious crowds, and the Swiss Guards threatened. Shots were fired and a prelate killed, while three bullets penetrated to the Pope's own room. To avoid further disaster, Pius IX. accepted the Mamiani-Galletti-Sterbini Ministry. Minghetti accused the last named of being responsible for Rossi's murder.

To the Pope's question whether he regarded his former colleague and townsman, Galletti, an honourable man, he replied in the affirmative. His own name was never again mentioned as a ministerial candidate. Rosmini declined with disgust the Pope's offer of the presidency of the Council, because the Government had been forced upon the Sovereign and was unconstitutional. He was then advised to fly. When Galletti broke his promise and failed to take proceedings against Rossi's murderers, Minghetti and the two other deputies from Bologna resigned their seats, and left Rome. On the evening of November 24, Pius IX. fled to Gaëta, followed by Rosmini. The latter made daily notes of the marked change, due to outside influence, in the Pope's attitude, which was in striking contrast to his benevolent and con-

ciliatory methods during the earlier part of his Pontificate. He appeared actuated by motives of revenge, and inclined to return to the old, untenable conditions, thus pledging himself to reaction and foreign interference. After his flight he took every doubt of the maintenance of the promises for reforming the statutes as a personal insult. Six months later, he dismissed Rosmini with the words: "Caro Abbate, we are no longer constitutional."[1] "History teaches that it is dangerous for princes to take two opposite courses," replied Rosmini.

Minghetti, in a pamphlet published in September 1849, demanded the maintenance of the statute, "which is, after mature consideration, voluntary, and in no way opposed to religious regulations," "for they in themselves are a kingdom of moderation." But under Pius IX. this was to be changed, and the kingdom of religious moderation to be replaced by one of absolutism. Minghetti never again took any part in the affairs of the Pontifical State, then at the mercy of the Reactionary party. He rejoined the army in March, 1849, following the call of honour, and sharing with the Radical party the struggle against Austria. The defeat of Novara was an accomplished fact when he arrived at Turin, and the short campaign over. He lived in Turin during the changes which banished Charles Albert and called Victor Emmanuel to the throne, and thus the dream of the regenerators of Italy assumed a fresh significance. Minghetti devoted him-

[1] A. Rosmini, *Della Missione a Roma*, p. 156 ff., and *Epistolario* June 1849.

self to the realization of hopes which had been annihilated in Rome. Eight years of patient waiting were before him, and these he passed in study and preparation for the great historical work on *Italy in the Sixteenth Century*. The time came when he was again called upon to take an active share in the work of his country. He accompanied Count Camillo Cavour to the Paris Congress in 1856 as private Secretary, and drew up a memorandum of the deplorable conditions in the Pontifical State. Three years later Cavour appointed him first Secretary of the Foreign Office.

From this time onwards Minghetti's history was interwoven with that of Cavour, who recognized and honoured his statesmanlike abilities, his oratorical talent, and the great qualities of his head and heart. He was called to the highest offices in the new Italian State, repeatedly filling the posts of Minister, Ambassador, and at the time of the annexation of the Romagna, his native state, he was elected its President. And in these duties he followed the traditions of the great statesman to whom he owed the realization of his youthful ideals. His eventful life closed in Rome in 1886. A statue has been erected to the memory of this great patriot, who was also a lovable and chivalrous gentleman.

OUR VICEREGAL LIFE

THERE is but one country in which it has hitherto been found possible to cherish the dream of crowned supremacy compatibly with a faithful observance of one's oath as a loyal subject, always on the understanding, of course, that the dream is of brief duration, and the splendour of sovereignty a merely ephemeral one.

There was one beautiful woman who passed through this experience twice, first in Canada and afterwards in India, sharing, at her husband's side, the honours and homage as well as the burdens and cares that fall to the lot of a representative of royalty. This was Lady Dufferin, wife of the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, who was once at the head of the Government of Canada, then Viceroy of India, and finally Queen Victoria's Ambassador to different European Courts.

The two volumes in which Lady Dufferin has set down her impressions and experiences consist, for the most part, of letters addressed to her mother from India. To these one tribute, at least, may unreservedly be paid: they are written with the greatest discretion. Pledged as she was by her husband's high position to absolute secrecy upon all matters of public and political import, she had perforce to confine herself to descriptions of her own personal life and such things as she

had seen. Her readers may, however, console themselves with the words of Van de Weyer, the Belgian statesman, who was wont to say: "En fait d'histoire contemporaine il n'y a de vrai que ce qu'on ne dit pas." That which Lady Dufferin offers us is an unusual wealth of the experiences incident to a woman of her rank and position, and we have every reason for assuming that had she spoken of those things on which she is silent, she would have spoken equally well and have been equally worth listening to.

The new Viceroy with his wife and daughter left England for India in the *Tasmania* in November 1884. They were welcomed at Aden, the entrance to the Indian Ocean, by a salute of thirty-one guns, and they reached Bombay on the 8th December, and here the writer's difficulties begin. To describe the many-coloured scenes of Oriental splendour—the sea, dazzling in the brilliancy of Southern sunlight and covered with shipping, the picturesque crowd clothed in the inexhaustible variety of Eastern garb, the State entry and imposing reception, the magnificently decorated streets, was well-nigh impossible. And while listening to "God save the Queen" sung by Parsees and Buddhists, by Mohammedans and Hindus and Scottish regiments, those fleeting visions of gorgeously arrayed figures, some with rings in their noses, side by side with men in ordinary European dress wearing Orders on their breasts, and naked children also in evidence, one scene after another passing in such rapid succession that the memory could scarcely retain any one distinct impression, and all this *via triumphalis* for five miles until

the arrival at Government House. It had been a Jesuit College standing in a beautiful garden, laid out "by the monks," as Lady Dufferin says in her amiable ignorance of Roman Catholic conditions in regard to the Society of Jesus. The following day the weight of the golden diadem began to be felt when, after a State banquet, the Viceroy and Lady Dufferin, standing upon a carpet embroidered in gold, received six hundred guests, shaking hands with each of the ladies, many of whom were Parsees, gorgeously arrayed. This reception was but a foretaste of what was to follow at Calcutta.

Their first public visit was made, not to a hospital or a school, but to a home for sick animals, and it was on this occasion that Lady Dufferin went through the ceremony of being wreathed with garlands of roses and jasmine and sprinkled with attar of roses, a ceremony which has been made the precedent for similar occasions.

After visiting the various philanthropical institutions of Bombay the Viceregal party left for Calcutta in a richly appointed train, arriving in the incredibly short time of forty-eight hours; and here, after the Viceroy's formal assumption of office, festivities followed in uninterrupted succession. Lord Ripon, whose term of office had just closed, remained at Government House for some days after Lord Dufferin's arrival, and the ladies vied with each other in self-effacement, so that there was practically no hostess, notwithstanding the presence of two. At last when Lady Dufferin entered fully upon her duties, the remark that "this house has

become a home at last," was heard on all sides. And at Barrackpore, the Viceroy's summer residence, many reforms were instituted and a high standard of English comfort attained, while her love of animals wrought changes in the care of them there. The green parrots were provided with an elevated cage wherein they were protected against the depredations of the crows, the falcons were fed, the carrier-pigeons were trained and a pet elephant kept in the park, as well as a variety of monkeys. Lady Dufferin mentions that two tigers died of starvation in the Zoological Gardens of Calcutta when deprived of their liberty.

When, in March, the heat became overpowering, a move was made to Simla. They travelled thither *via* Allahabad. They went on to Rawal Pindi, where an assembly of the Princes of the Punjab met them in all the gorgeous Oriental splendour of array, wearing magnificent jewels, and where also came the British officials in carriages drawn by camels and escorted by Gurkhas and heavy Bengal cavalry. Every race and every condition met together, all under the same law, all rendering homage to the same sovereign.

Lord Dufferin held the Durbar in a superb tent, magnificent in decorations. The youngest Rajah present was Patiala, a lad of twelve, whose State carriage was of gold and silver. His long black hair fell below his diamond tiara, and a gold-embroidered mantle hung from his shoulders; and other princes were no less splendid. The Viceroy held a levée, after this official reception, at which some eleven hundred presentations were made. The Amir

of Afghanistan's well-warmed house was an object of envy to the half-frozen occupants of the tents, for the weather was wet and very cold. The military spectacle in his honour included all branches of the English and Indian army, and fifty elephants were in readiness for the State entry, but the weather interfered with this arrangement, so that the Amir reached his residence in a closed carriage. The sun shone next day when the Amir, in a uniform suspiciously Russian in style, drove to the Viceregal tent, where were the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and a distinguished company. For three long hours the "Afghanistan Question" was discussed, and to Lord Dufferin's inquiry, "What is your opinion? what do you suggest?" the answer was, "My opinion is that such a question should not be put to me"; and with this the conference closed. The Amir's escort rode small sturdy horses with plaited tails, and his executioner was in attendance, clothed in red velvet and carrying the instruments of his office, a hatchet and rope, over his shoulder.

In Afghanistan, as elsewhere, man's heart has its contradictions, so it need scarcely be surprising that the Afghan despot's chief pleasure was to arrange flowers in some forty vases for the numerous rooms of his residence.

The parade, under the command of three of the most distinguished generals of the Indian army, consisted of 20,000 troops, the guns drawn by elephants, for which Lady Dufferin observed, that in cases of emergency, mules or oxen could always be substituted, for they stood fire better. The ladies were not present at the

banquet, but derived some amusement from watching the arrival and departure of the guests, and in hearing details of the entertainment, one of which was that the Amir's favourite page stood behind his master during the meal and smoked cigarettes. The Amir replied to Lord Dufferin's speech with protestations of friendship for England and for the Queen-Empress. The magnificence of the Rajahs' jewels and dress and their dignified bearing produced a profound impression, and the whole scene might well be compared to one in *The Arabian Nights' Tales*. Costly watches and gold and silver jewellery were among the parting gifts to the Amir, and included with these were some musical boxes, and to the no slight surprise of the assembled guests, a mechanical bird began to sing at one of the most impressive moments, and continued until some one with tardy presence of mind removed the cage with its unsolicited singer. The Amir took his departure from Rawal Pindi decorated with the Grand Cross of the Star of India, and when Lord Dufferin left for Lahore with his family he could but feel that this first of the great problems of his administration had been satisfactorily solved and the Afghan ruler won.

The rose-gardens of Lahore are the special admiration of every visitor. They surround the town with shady avenues of rose-trees for miles, roses clambering even up the palm-trees, and covering the old walls and tombs, and so entirely enveloping the resting-places of the dead and filling the air with their sweetness that the traveller may enjoy his "five o'clock tea" in cheerful

fashion on the roof of the far-famed tomb of Jehangir. But even here in this home of roses duties could not be evaded, and prisons, schools, hospitals and charitable institutions were visited; audiences given, and artistic and home industries encouraged and promoted, followed in the evening by dinners and displays of fireworks, until exhausted nature demanded repose, but found it not in the oven-like bedrooms, which could only be compared, notwithstanding every known method for lowering the temperature, to Daniel's fiery furnace. Lahore appears to have been particularly resourceful in its demands upon the patience of its Viceregal guests, and a stately Durbar was held and the Maharajah of Cashmere was received, followed by five venerable Sikhs who presented addresses and gifts of shawls and stuffs, which according to custom were handed over for sale on behalf of the Government. After a visit to the Golden Temple at Amritzar, the holy city of the Sikhs, Simla, the Capua of modern India, was reached in the latter part of April. Lady Dufferin's surprise may be imagined when, after the experiences of the past weeks, she found herself in a house suitable for a small family's summer holiday. Situated on the side of a mountain with an abyss on each side, this new abode could only be reached by pony-carriages and litters, and it required nineteen strong men to carry three ladies a few miles, so the difficulties to be overcome when making excursions can be imagined, while even the walk to church partook of the nature of a military enterprise. So sudden were the sandstorms that in most instances

the only thing to be done was to lie flat on the ground until they were over. Lady Dufferin was not one to lose courage on such occasions. She chose a mule named Begum, and in this way she climbed steep places and reached some of the best points for extensive views of the most beautiful snow mountains in the world.

But the house could by no possibility be stretched to further dimensions, and the idea of celebrating the Queen's birthday by a levée and a dinner and a ball seemed an absurdity. It rained incessantly, and she and her daughter sought distraction by learning Hindustani, and the Munchi assured the ladies that they would master the language in a month. But the rain continued, and gradually hundreds of persons assembled in rooms hitherto thought only large enough for about fifty, and concerts, lectures on nursing, bazaars, festivities of all kinds, became of scarcely less frequency than at Calcutta. The most rugged slopes were turned into recreation grounds, communication was established between distant neighbours, and when her guests were entertained Lady Dufferin could turn her attention to the subject which she had most at heart and which she felt to be of supreme importance, namely, the training of nurses, and the general care of sick women. Not only were whole districts entirely without any medical aid, but the zenanas were barred to male doctors.

What Lady Dufferin accomplished in this direction was beyond all expectation. Trained nurses and women doctors were sent out from England, English

and native doctors lectured at institutions set up all over the country, and funds collected for the purpose. Large sums were placed at her disposal by some of the Indian princes, so that at present "The Countess of Dufferin's fund for medical aid to women in India," with its many hospitals and nurses, is one of the most beneficent institutions in the Empire. It is amusing to learn that one of the greatest difficulties to be overcome was the fear of the Hindu women lest they might become Christians from contact with the clean bed-clothes in the hospital. They seemed to be less afraid of that result from the religious instruction given by the matron and nurses. The native women, the so-called Dhais, performed the duties of midwives and nursed the women in their confinements, and all that could be ventured on with them was in giving practical hints and solemn injunctions as to what they were not to do. Lady Dufferin tells of having been present at an examination of eleven candidates, and of their emphatically mentioning the many harmful and bad customs which they had been taught at the school to give up. The women medical students' course of study and examinations is on the same lines as that of European colleges for women. They were recruited chiefly from the ranks of native Christian girls, and the success of the institutions under their management can be estimated by the fact that in the Punjab, at Amritzar, 4000 patients were treated in one year by women doctors belonging to the hospital under the direction of the English missionary, Miss Hewlett. "Lady Dufferin's Dispensary" at Calcutta, though of

later date, is no less successful. It was at first under the management of a lady doctor, Mrs. Foggo. Up to the end of the diary there is mention of laying the foundations of various sanatoria, especially for women and for the blind, and all were the outcome of Lady Dufferin's initiation.

While these good works were being carried out, the Viceroy declared war on Burmah, and the expedition thither was his first duty on his return from Simla to Calcutta, where the winter of 1885-1886, with its manifold cares and duties, was passed. Maharajahs and Begums, European princes and other guests, came and went. By this time Lady Dufferin and her daughter could speak Hindustani, and could converse with Hindus without an interpreter. History repeats itself even under the most brilliant conditions, and Lady Dufferin's notes become shorter and more concise. She records with satisfaction the contributions to her fund from Nizams and Rajahs, which often amounted to £1000. A pleasant light is thrown on her relations with the native ladies when we read of her visits to Hindus and Mohammedans, especially the latter, where she was particularly welcome, for her visits broke the monotony of their daily lives, and on these occasions she would find not only the ladies of the family, but many of their neighbours, all in gorgeously embroidered robes and sparkling with jewels. They never tired of wreathing her with flowers and gazing at her with delight. Sweets, lemonade, and champagne were frequently brought in, and the brightness of their countenances proved to her

what pleasure and variety such visits brought into the monotonous lives of these Oriental women, and must have amply rewarded her for her own weariness.

When the heat again forced a retreat to Simla, Lady Dufferin records the hospitality of a Mrs. Llewellyn, a German lady whose husband was secretary to the Maharajah of Durbhunga on the Ganges. The Prince, a man of high rank, made a speech in perfect English at the banquet given in the Viceroy's honour, but declined to touch a crumb in what was to him contaminating presence. The aged Maharajah of Benares organized a splendid shooting expedition of several days' duration, when much game fell to the sportsmen's guns. Troops of monkeys after the first fright from the shots plucked up courage and were very entertaining with their quaint antics. The uncertainty as to what would next appear in the thick undergrowth added zest to the sport. The Viceroy's party were carried in chairs of ivory, inlaid with silver, through the palace gates, which were guarded by soldiers in steel-plated armour. The temples of the holy city were a disappointment, especially the Ana-Purna Temple, in which were kept the sacred bulls. The most precious of these animals was small and deformed, with a crushed nose, and a growth over one eye, too much adulation having apparently spoiled him, for his temper was the worst possible. The well-known "Water Festival" began in the evening, and the people passed the greater part of several days in richly decorated boats on the sacred river, and the glitter of their illuminations at night had a most fairy-like effect. . . .

After the stay at Simla was over, Lady Dufferin took her daughter to Bombay to see her off for a year's stay at home, and on the return to Calcutta, the Viceroy was received by the Nizam of Hyderabad, with his guard of twenty Amazons in brown uniforms, with an escort of soldiers riding on ostriches; and Lady Dufferin observed that it was difficult to say which looked most uncomfortable, the riders or their mounts. A few days later a visit was paid to the Maharajah of Mysore, one of the most illustrious Princes of India, and one who, beyond all others, had done much to further the cause of education. He and the Maharanee personally supervised the erection of schools for girls of high caste, one of which was named after the Maharanee, and was almost exclusively under the direction of Miss Martin, a daughter of the Maharajah's secretary. Her curriculum included English, Sanskrit, geography, arithmetic, and drawing, as well as needlework, and the science of hygiene, while a kindergarten was connected with the school. It frequently happened that young married women returned to the school to continue their education, bringing their babies with them. At the end of 1886 Lady Dufferin met four of her children at Madras on their arrival from England.

In the following year the jubilee of the Queen-Empress of India was celebrated, and on that occasion 22,000 prisoners were released, the Indian Government undertaking the payment of debts from small sums up to one hundred rupees, thus enabling many debtors to free themselves from their creditors.

Orders and honours were bestowed, and thousands of addresses presented, and treats given to 100,000 school children, with great display of fireworks, and many banquets and processions. In Calcutta alone 15,000 equipages followed that of the Viceroy, when such quantities of flowers were thrown from roofs that the Viceroy and Lady Dufferin quite suffered from the impact with the masses that met them. Festivities are much the same in all countries, but a really interesting and original scheme was carried out in the hills during the summer, at Darjeeling and Dehra Dun, in Bhutan on the frontiers of Tibet, a place reached by the highest railway in the world. It winds its way past deep chasms at a height of 8000 feet, over bridges, past villages and tea plantations into the domain of tigers and elephants. The natives are Tartars, a people unlike the Hindus, for they are of cheerful temperament, rather resembling the Burmese in this. The races of the Bhutias and Lepchas, and the Gurkhas somewhat resemble the Chinese, but many beautiful girls are to be found amongst them, with complexions as pink and white as their European sisters. . . . Lady Dufferin pronounces the view from Ghoon, the highest railway station in the world, as "the finest in the universe," for it embraces a wide range of the Himalayas, from Kunchinjunga to Mount Everest, including the five peaks, called by the natives "The Five Treasures of the Great Snow," as well as the lesser peaks of Riefra and Jamoo. The comparison between Darjeeling and Simla is to the disadvantage of the latter, which, as Lady Dufferin says, is "haunted

by the Government of India," and playfully calls it "a cage in the lap of the Himalayas."

Lord Dufferin took advantage of the option granted to all Viceroys of India, and retired before his time had fully expired, having filled the office of Viceroy for four years with extraordinary ability. His last official act was to hold a Chapter of the Star of India, at which Rajahs and chief officials and officers received the honour of knighthood. Lady Dufferin writes, "I tried to soften the Viceroy's heart, by reminding him that he would never again occupy a throne, and should exercise royal acts of grace, but my words did not make the slightest impression, and he remained quite unmoved."

The last pages of the diary are filled with accounts of parting festivities, where much good feeling was extended to them. Maharajahs subscribed to charities, and founded hospitals which were to be named after her. English women and natives, encouraged by her example, have carried on the work she began, and the parting must have been made less sad by the knowledge that the helpful hands of women were ready to take up the work she was laying down.

After the new Viceroy, Lord Lansdowne, had taken up the reins of office, Lord and Lady Dufferin left Calcutta for Bombay, whence they sailed for England, and soon all the splendour, all the work, and all the gaieties of those eventful years must have appeared to them as a dream of Fairyland.

Although there is not a word concerning politics, religious questions or domestic problems, these letters cannot fail to impress the reader, for unaffected and

unassuming as Lady Dufferin appears, there can be no doubt of the immense fund of energy she possessed, and of her great powers of self-sacrifice.

The second volume contains a map marked with their various journeys, which extend from Quetta to Mandalay, in the newly annexed Burmah, and from the Khyber Pass to Madras. On horseback and on elephants, in litters and on foot, defying the elements, the heat, the rain, and the everlasting snow, Lady Dufferin climbed mountains and explored strange lands, often suffering from fever, but never fearful for herself, and anxious only for her husband and family; always cheerful and hospitable, seeking and finding the sunshine behind the clouds, and with a sense of humour which helped her to overcome the petty discomforts of life and to accomplish so much. In one direction she may have found many difficulties in meeting the demands of the pleasure-loving young people, in arranging dances, balls, dinners, games, and garden-parties, not in the capital only, but in the country, where they were the order of the day, while she herself participated in all the pleasures about her. But to all that Lady Dufferin was also fully equal, as may be gathered from her oft-repeated, "It was delightful."

Lord Dufferin, whom she survived, was the great-grandson of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, by his first wife, Elizabeth Linley, the original of Sir Joshua Reynolds's famous picture of "S. Cecilia at the Organ."

In Lord Dufferin, with his talents for statemanship, were united gifts both intellectual and personal, and a very great charm, and according to the theory of

heredity, these can be traced to his celebrated ancestor, the author of *The School for Scandal.*

By a curious coincidence Lord Dufferin governed India exactly one hundred years after the famous indictment made by Burke and Sheridan against the great pro-consul for his administration of that country.

MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF[1]

A DIARY in two volumes by a young Russian artist, and written in French, was published in Paris in 1887. Encouraged by its success, the artist's mother published a selection of her daughter's letters in 1891.

The writer of these confessions was born on her father's estate at Poltova in the Ukraine, on November 11, 1860. From her tenth to her twenty-fourth year she, with the ladies of her family, lived chiefly at Nice, Rome, and Paris, and in Paris Marie received her artistic training, and there also took place her early death from consumption in 1884.

With surprising frankness she describes the events of her life, graphically, vigorously and skilfully, in a style regardless of form, but which, nevertheless, is the expression of a personality. Her speech is passionate, as she is herself, and often brutal. "Terriblement embêtée," "je m'en fiche tout-à-fait," "mille noms d'un tout ce que vous voudrez," "tas d'imbéciles," "cré nom d'un chien," "satanée carcasse," are expressions which appear to afford her special satisfaction. "Cet idiot," she calls the celebrated Dominican priest, Father Didon, because he refused to sit to her for his portrait. "Cette vermine de l'atelier," is her favourite epithet for her

[1] *Journal de Marie Bashkirtseff*, 2 vols.; Paris, 1887. *Nouveau Journal de Marie Bashkirtseff*, 1 vol.; Paris, 1891.

fellow-students. One, whose talent fills her with furious jealousy, she calls "cette canaille de Breslau."

This is not because she is wanting in culture. Till her seventeenth year she had had no intention of devoting herself to art. Her restless energy was directed to a wide range of study; she mastered several languages, and learnt Latin and a little Greek. She assures us that she read Livy, Aristophanes, Plutarch, Herodotus, Xenophon, Homer, "un peu Platon," Dante, and Goethe. She was also familiar with such contemporary authors as Michelet, Taine, Renan, Flaubert, Turgenjeff, Dumas, Zola, Maupassant. She wished to paint some of the characters of her favourite Balzac.

On those rare occasions upon which the writer refrains from self-analysis, and devotes herself to current events, she proves to be observant and of great descriptive power. For example, she describes Gambetta's end, and her visit to the little house at Avray, where the catastrophe took place; she writes: "If one had not seen it with one's own eyes, it is impossible to imagine such miserable surroundings; the word "modest" cannot be applied to it. Only the kitchen is decent in this cottage. The dining-room is so small that it is a matter of surprise that room was found for the coffin and the famous friends who surrounded it. The sitting-room is a little larger, but poverty-stricken and without any sort of comfort. A wretched staircase led to the bedroom. How is it possible that a man of Gambetta's size could exist for six weeks in such a cage, and in winter at that, with closed windows—a big asthmatic

and wounded man! The ceiling so low that one can literally touch it with one's hand. And in this room on a black bedstead, the walls covered with the cheapest paper, he died. There are two writing-tables, a broken mirror between the windows which are hung with tawdry yellow curtains. This man so deeply mourned was never loved. Surrounded by Jews, stockbrokers, speculators and exploiters of all kinds, not a soul loved him for himself, or for his fame. He ought not to have been left for an hour in that wretched, unhealthy box. Ville d'Avray, or rather its gardens, which the newspapers describe as a species of noble residence, what is it really? And this man the papers said was surrounded by luxury and magnificence. It is infamous. . . .

"Bastien Lepage seated on the edge of the bed painting. Nothing has been touched, neither the sheets nor the pillows on which the dead man lies, nor the faded flowers. From the picture it is not possible to see what space the bed occupied, for Bastien Lepage left out the foot end which nearly touched the window. His sketch is the naked truth. The head is thrown back with an expression of absorption, a restfulness as of life, and yet of the great Beyond. It is as if he were before one. The out-stretched body, destroyed, deserted, the whole thing so touching that our knees tremble, and I feel completely broken down. . . . On the wall the mark of the bullet is still visible. Bastien Lepage showed it to us. The quietness of this room, the faded flowers, the sun shining through the windows, make me burst into tears. . . . But he sits turned away from us

thinking only of his picture. So, not to lose the effect of my emotion, I hurry to him, press his hand, and crying, I hasten away. I hope he noticed it. How silly to acknowledge that one is always aiming at effect!"

On another occasion she describes an evening at L.'s (Lesseps). "Madame de L. takes a candle and leads us to a room where her children are asleep, like a guide showing off the sights of a museum. The guests are taken in batches to view what, in consideration of the father's age, might be called the nine wonders."

The death of the Prince Imperial, an interview with Rouher, descriptions of Rome and Spain, and her remarks on affairs in Russia, are a proof of her fine powers of observation and remarkable intelligence. Marie Bashkirtseff knew that there were authors of the day, far superior to herself, artists of unrivalled skill, who produced the finest prose in the world.

Her originality was both attractive and repellent; the laying bare her soul was painful, yet touching. The constant colloquy carried on with herself, the Ego that struggles and aspires, suffers and enjoys, fights and sheds its life-blood, and the other self that listens, criticises, dissects, deplores, admires, condemns, and adores. This dialogue which ended only with life itself, between the powers struggling for the mastery of a human soul, this life promised to be an honest one, as far as it is given to human beings to know themselves, this promise has been fulfilled, and the veil lifted. Wherever this happens it is always related

to the Ego, and is reflected in her own description of her other self. "Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto."

Marie Bashkirtseff did not appeal in vain to the old experience: "Myself as an object of sympathy," she says in the introduction to her diary, "that is perhaps little enough for my kind readers. But forget that it is I, only imagine a human being describing impressions from childhood onwards. It is of the greatest interest as a record of the human heart. Ask M. Zola, or M. de Goncourt, or even Maupassant. . . ." And again: "All books are inventions, the situations are forced, the characters counterfeit. But here you have the photographic view of an entire life. 'Ah!' you will say, 'photographs are tiresome, whereas inventions are amusing.' If you really said this, I should have a poor opinion of your understanding. Here I offer you that which has never been seen. Other diaries which are published every day are all whitewashed, and are inventions intended to deceive. But I have no reason to do this. I have neither political actions to conceal, nor criminal deeds to hush up. No one cares whether I love or do not love, whether I laugh or cry. My chief anxiety is to be able to express myself as clearly as possible. I have no illusions regarding my style or my orthography. Added to which my French is imperfect. I am a foreigner. Were I to try to express myself in my own language I might do worse."

Marie Bashkirtseff was sixteen years old when she wrote these words. At twenty-two when writing of her artistic career she says: "I shall succeed only by

entire candour." These words were more effectually proved by her autobiography than by her pictures.

The nineteenth century has examples of the highest interest in this direction. Goethe, Byron, Chateaubriand, George Sand, John Stuart Mill, John Henry Newman, Amiel, Cavour, Bismarck, have all described themselves, if not in a biography, at least in letters, conversations, and records of all kinds. To the one, life is a work of art, designed at most in uncertain outline by the master, and to be carried on and finished by the pupil. Others, again, have created works of art by accounts of their experiences, and have by word and deed inspired later generations to great and good ends. This young Russian girl did none of these things. Her young life was no less a prey to abnormal selfishness than it was to the deadly disease which had seized upon her. However, should any one be tempted at some future day to trace the current of modern thought upon a highly-gifted and typically feminine character, he would do well to pass over the masterpieces, and to study the writings which form the subject of this essay.

And as it concerns modern life, essentially modern, not only in the physical, but even more so in the normal spiritual conditions which were lacking, it is necessary to follow modern psychological methods, and to search for what is termed "l'influence des milieux," and to trace the heredity, race, and environment.

First of all, let us consider the father. He was a son of a Russian general and a rich landowner, and when still comparatively young, he was appointed Marshal of Poltova. After several years of marriage, and when he

was the father of two children, his wife's parents thought it advisable to take their daughter back to her old home.

When ten years of age, Marie Bashkirtseff was taken abroad by her mother and grandfather, and when fifteen, after her grandfather's death, she returned alone to Russia with the intention of bringing about at least a partial reconciliation between her parents, for the absence of her father had occasioned painful misconstructions, as ladies travelling alone were looked upon as adventuresses. Marie Bashkirtseff describes her first meeting with her father as follows: "Here I am always called Queen! My father wishes to dethrone me. I shall know how to manage him, for my father is in many ways myself. I know him." Then "with cool calculation" she threw herself into his arms. Her line of action was taken, and she followed the same tactics in all her future relations with him, though he never succeeded, by similar means of flattery, in touching her. Received as she was with princely honours on his estates, feted, homage paid her on all sides, she still remained his implacable judge. "My father is callous, the result of the severity by which his father oppressed and outraged his childhood. As soon as he was rich and independent, he took his fling and half-ruined himself. Made up of egoism and vanity, and in order to conceal his real feelings, he passes as a monster—in this he resembles me. . . . I am not sorry at having brought thirty dresses with me, he must be won by vanity." Then a little episode occurs which throws more light on their domestic relations. Her brother Paul, whom she calls a good, insignificant youth, was

with his father at the time of his sister's visit to Russia. "Paul," she writes, "has the photograph of an actress well known to my father, from whose album it was taken. When Papa noticed this, he took back his own picture. 'Why did you do that?' asked Paul. 'Because I am afraid that some day you might do the same with mine.' I took little notice of this conversation, but Paul called me to-day and showed me the album which was empty, with the exception of the actress's picture. 'I did this to please father, but, of course, I had to remove all the others—here they are.' I took those of my grandmother, my mother, and my own, and put them in my pocket. 'What does that mean?' said Paul. 'It means that we are in bad company here,' said I quietly. Paul, almost in tears, tore the album in two, and hurried away. This scene was enacted in the drawing-room and was seen, and is sure to be reported to my father." It goes without saying that her father made no attempt to exercise authority over his wayward daughter. He had been warned. "I am accustomed to command," was one of the first sentences that fell from her lips. On complaining to her one day of his wasted and unhappy life, his daughter mockingly asked: "'Are you in love?' 'Do you wish to know?' and with a blush he buried his face in his hands to hide his confusion. 'Yes, I should like to know.' 'Well, with your mother;' and as his voice trembled, I broke into a loud laugh, not to betray my excitement. 'I knew you would understand me,' he cried. 'Forgive me,' I replied, 'but this romantic love in marriage is so unlike you. . . .' 'Because you do not know me. I swear before the

portrait of your grandmother, before the Cross, that I speak the truth. When they separated us I made a pilgrimage to the shrine of the Virgin at Ahtirna, but it is said that she brings misfortune, and it is true, for things became worse. When you lived at Kharkow, I used to steal to her window unobserved and wait there the whole day till I saw her.' 'If that were true, it would be very touching.' 'Now that we have spoken of your mother, tell me, does she dislike me?' 'Why should she—not at all.' . . ."

The tone of the Bashkirtseff household was not always so lyrical. Her father's remarks about his wife's family, the impossibility of any sort of self-sacrifice on his part, his carelessness in money matters, and his unstable character, brought his daughter to desperation. "If I needed money, I should become a singer or music-teacher, for I should never ask you for any." Nevertheless, she took him back to Paris to his wife: "Papa et Maman! Je ne savais où me mettre," she said of this meeting. On her father's departure a short time later, she confided to her diary with unfeigned relief: "Papa has gone, I breathe freely for the first time for six months."

Five years later, in 1881, he again visited his family. "I gave him an emerald which I did not want, and afterwards regretted it," writes the daughter. Her father died in 1883. His wife hastened to his death-bed, but his daughter remained in Paris. On receiving the news of his death, she asked herself: "Have I been wanting in any way? I think not. I always behaved properly," was the conclusion she arrived at. "At such

moments one is inclined to imagine oneself at fault. He was very popular, honourable, and good-natured; he injured no one, and hated gossip. In a word he was 'très bon garçon.' Had I hurried to his bedside, it would certainly have been for the sake of propriety; there would have been no natural feeling in it," she writes. And a little later: "Now that he is dead, it is irreparable, and the remorse will last for ever. I ought to have wished to go to my dying father!" When she herself lay dying, she added: "The remembrance of my father is a daily torture. I was very sorry for him because we resembled each other. My behaviour must have pained him bitterly. God will punish me. . . . But, after all, is one under obligations to parents who never cared for their children?"

The love of her mother was a compensation for all that her father had failed in. She was one of those self-sacrificing martyrs of whom it is impossible to think without emotion. Marie Bashkirtseff's sense of justice was limited, and where she loved most she was most critical, and even the sight of her weak and ailing mother, brought to that state by her miserable life, did not disarm her. "Mamma has much common sense, but no knowledge; she is completely unversed in the ways of the world. Her mind is in an utter state of stagnation because of her anxieties about the household, my health, and the dogs. She is hopelessly commonplace," is her criticism of her mother when setting out on a journey, burdened with a quantity of packages. "The moment strangers are present, Mamma becomes affected and unnatural," says the diary of 1881. "Although this

is partly my fault, it makes me desperate. I have so often reproached her for not cultivating pleasant society, in the fashionable world, for my sake. I often say unpleasant things to incite her to action, but all I accomplish is to make her look miserable. I am constantly complaining about my relations, and yet I love them and am just to them." The mother never complained, but praised her daughter's sense of justice. She idolized her, and was ready to go any lengths in her devotion to her. If Marie really loved any one in the world, it was her gentle mother, of whom she once said: "When I looked at Mamma as if she were a stranger to me, I discovered for the first time that she was charmingly pretty, although worn and ill from all her sorrows. When she speaks, her voice is soft and clear, her manner simple and unaffected, and agreeable. I have never seen any one so unselfish as my mother. If she did not neglect her dress, she would be charming, but she decks herself with all sorts of odds and ends. She is properly dressed to-day, for a wonder, and I declare she is adorable."

When Marie Bashkirtseff writes in this tone she often speaks of "mes mères," as her mother's sister lived with them. She was neither pretty nor attractive, but none the less was she ready to sacrifice herself for this spoiled child. It was this aunt who, without a murmur, was willing to go from Rome to Nice five days after her fifteen-year-old tyrant had induced her to undertake the journey from Nice to Rome. This same aunt went with Marie to German watering-places, or rushed off to Russia to settle urgent and disagreeable

affairs, paid La Ferrière's bills in Paris, and spent entire days in the prisons of Granada, where her niece made studies of the prisoners. The whole atmosphere of the family was permeated with the one idea of subservience to Marie. Madame Bashkirtseff's niece, Dina, a girl of Marie's own age, brought up by her aunt, was also her complete slave. Her brother was the same, "a Hercules" as Marie called him, and of whom she said that he "would never be anything but a gentleman-farmer." Another member of the household was a Polish doctor, Walitski, "a man such as one reads about in books." He had been the doctor of Madame Bashkirtseff's father, and after his death he had constituted himself the guardian of the family until his own death in 1878. Marie's obituary notice of him in her diary bears witness to his long suffering. "He was platonically devoted to us all, faithful as a dog, and never injured any one. May God grant that he knows how we praise him, and forgive me because of my remorse, when I think of him, and for friendship's sake!" The German lady companion, Fräulein Elsnitz, with "a large head, blue eyes, slow in all her movements, shy, sad, and unspeakably dull," with whom Marie found it impossible to converse, completed the home circle. The dogs, Prater, Coco I., and Coco II. cheered them, or set them into a state of excitement by their untimely disappearances. Next to her family, Russia took the first place in Marie's life. She loved Russia when Renan took his last farewell of Turgenjeff, or when standing before the portrait of a Russian Grand Duke, or at the outbreak of the Russo-Turkish War, always

from a distance, never when there. A few months' stay on Russian soil soon dispelled this devotion and exhausted her patience. The nihilists are horrid criminals, the Government, a mixture of despotism and stupidity. . . . "I shall return to Russia when there is some respect for people in that beautiful country. When it becomes possible to be useful without incurring the risk of banishment, when one dares say that the Censorship is too rigorously exercised. One runs the same risks in Russia as people did during the Reign of Terror in France. A movement, a word, and one is lost."

There was in her a cosmopolitanism which entertained a harsh antipathy towards Germany and England, idealized the France of Gambetta, loved Rome as a second Fatherland, and which made an attractive background for this true daughter of the Slavs.

When only twelve years old she began to write descriptions of herself. One of the first sentences she wrote was: "O God, make me happy and I shall be grateful to Thee for ever," and this child's idea of happiness consisted in honours, renown, riches, magnificence, and prosperity. Power was her highest aspiration, for, "then one's fellow-creatures don't bite." "There is nothing more cowardly, despicable, and sillier than the human race—except when it is admired." Marie's first opportunity to shine and be admired was in her ambition "to dance like Pepita," but in this she was unsuccessful. This was followed by another phase. She fell violently in love with the Duke of Hamilton, whom she saw on the promenade at Nice, but she never

became acquainted with him. She described him as being the most aristocratic and the most insolent man in her experience. When she read of his approaching marriage in the newspaper, she was almost out of her mind. This was, of course, very childish, except the eccentricity and capacity for suffering which she developed. "Was there ever a half-starved, stray dog, a worn-out cart-horse, a poor donkey, a church mouse, a professor of mathematics without a post, an excommunicated priest, or any poor devil so unhappy, so much to be pitied, so deeply humiliated, as I, who can never forget humiliation?"

She made a stay at Rome in 1876. Plans were talked over at the studio of the sculptor, the Marquis d'Épinay, for a statue of Marie Bashkirtseff for 20,000 francs. "I told him that I loved myself very much. He took the measure of my foot after a classical model. My foot is smaller. 'Cinderella,' cried d'Épinay. When I imagine what I shall be like at twenty, I click my tongue. . . . I was rather too stout at thirteen, and was taken for sixteen. Now I am slender, well-formed, developed. My back a little too broad, a little bent. Comparing myself with the statue, I find that my hips are broader. Is that a blemish? Marie Sopogenikoff rightly observed that such a body demanded a more beautiful head. I am far from being ugly." Again she writes: "My figure of antique beauty, my Spanish hips, small, but perfectly developed bosom, my feet, my hands, my childlike face. . . . After my bath to-night, I was so pretty that for twenty minutes I was lost in admiration of myself. If I could be seen to-day, I

should be certain of success; a beautiful, dazzling colour, so delicate that my cheeks are rose-tinted; power is to be seen in my eyes, brow, lips. Please don't think that I am blind. I am well aware when I am at my best. . . . I like to be alone with a mirror to admire my white hands with their delicate pink palms and finger tips!" Thus does the female Narcissus vary this theme.

But there is evidently a touch of anxious doubt in her earliest remarks about her physical charms, which the portrait of the diary does not entirely banish. Her hair is luxurious and golden, her beautiful eyes have a far-away expression, the lines about her mouth when it is closed evince determination; her little Calmuck nose turns up abruptly, betraying her origin. This budding fifteen-year-old girl is charming; will she develop into a beautiful woman?

This uncertain problem caused Marie Bashkirtseff's critical self-consciousness many painful hours. She tried the effect of her charms on a young count, at Rome, who was called "the Cardinalino," because his uncle was a cardinal. This coquettish experiment was not serious, but it reached such a pitch that Marie persuaded herself into a passion which she did not feel. Pietro was good-looking, with black eyes and a passionate temperament. He used to drop on his knees before women. He was just recovering from an ill ness caused by drinking holy water. As a punishment for youthful folly his parents and the Cardinal sent him to a monastery from which he was anxious to escape. But he had no money of his own, so he

thought of doing so by making a romantic marriage. In his own way he was in love with Marie, and she succeeded in bringing this about by alternately encouraging and repelling him, until his family declared their opposition to a marriage with a schismatic, a young Russian whom they regarded as an adventuress.

This had its effect, and Marie Bashkirtseff had hardly got back to Nice when she was seized with a violent longing for Pietro, who had neither the money nor the courage to follow her to the Riviera. This being the case, the prophet went to the mountain, and a few days after their touching farewell the young couple met under the chaperonage of Marie's aunt at a hotel in Rome. Pietro left at midnight after a last, burning glance, and the poor aunt was finally able to go to bed, begging Marie also to retire. Her reply was to turn the key in her door. Her usual manner towards men was cold and forbidding, but this was a different matter. Pietro awaited her on the staircase, declared his love, and they discussed the future. She, "recalling a novel of Dumas'" closed her eyes, clasped her lover's head in both hands, kissed him on the forehead and fled. "Marie, it is four o'clock," remonstrated her aunt, and she replied: "It is two o'clock, and please let me alone." "Child, you will kill yourself if you sit up all night at your writing-table." "I have not been writing, aunt, I have been with Pietro." The ladies left for Nice the next morning. Marie never forgave herself the kiss, the only one she ever gave a man for love, and she writes: "Mes lèvres profanées." And again: "My character is essentially fickle, as much from selfishness as from

exaggerated sensitiveness; longing for truth, and fearing to be deceived, I become analytical. When head and heart are tormented with such matters, the results are exhausting, they may be stormy, but they pass through odd changes, exaltation, and racking uncertainty." And to all this is added the touch of a modern trait: "To marry and have children, any washerwoman can do that!"

Thus writes a girl of fifteen, but outraged nature avenges itself, and at seventeen Marie's diary has this note: "I am so unutterably bored that I wish I could die. I am so boundlessly bored that nothing amuses me, nothing interests me. There is nothing I desire, unless it be that I may not be ashamed of sinking into such utter indifference, to do nothing, think of nothing, but vegetate like a plant, without regret and without any feeling." Her family were untiring in their efforts for her happiness. She wanted a race-horse, and they gave her one. She admired two diamonds at an auction. Her mother and aunt bought them for the sum of 20,000 francs. It was out of the question for her to travel in an ordinary carriage. Her fur coats cost 2000 francs, her dresses no less. The last apartment she lived in at Paris was furnished with princely magnificence. The house in which she lived stood in a garden, and the second floor of the house was entirely at her disposal, and yet Job was not more miserable than was that spoiled child. "Pietro, that wretched Pietro, was only a toy, a pastime to stifle the murmurs of my tortured soul. And now I am condemned to think of him who was of no use to me, who

was not even a rung in the ladder on which I might climb to the divine heights of gratified ambition. What is it I want? Oh, yes, you all know. It is fame that I crave. . . ."

That was and continued to be the object of her life, its scourge, its goad, and its doom.

She had a voice, and not she alone believed in its beauty and power. Disguising herself in shabby clothes she went to a celebrated teacher, who on hearing her sing praised the beauty and compass of her mezzo-soprano voice, and advised her to prepare for a public career. "A voice is a more powerful possession for a woman than beauty," was her delighted remark, and she resolved to go on the stage. Then began the tragedy of her life. At sixteen a throat affection destroyed her voice.

How was she to realize her dream, how become celebrated? What could take the place of the lost voice which she so deplored? After a painful struggle she turned to art. "In the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." This is not like so many transitory phases, but "a final resolution." She kept her word and worked herself to death. The ideal for which she sacrificed herself was not art for art's sake, which was the axiom of her literary friends. It was, and remained, self. "If painting does not bring me fame and honour in good time I shall kill myself, that is all. I wanted to do so in Russia, and only the fear of hell prevented me. I shall do it when I am thirty. Till thirty one is young, and still able to hope to be happy or celebrated." This she writes in 1878.

She began her art studies in the studio of Julian the artist, and worked with iron determination. They were rarely interrupted for longer periods than her delicate health required. The longest break was on the occasion of a visit to Russia with her mother.

The studio was in one of the ugliest parts of Paris, and was dirty and uncomfortable, and much too small for the number of pupils. The air was saturated with the combined smells of oil paints, and of the luncheons which were eaten there. Miss Dixon,[1] who made Marie Bashkirtseff's acquaintance about this time, bears witness to the heroic way in which she endured the change from luxury to Bohemianism. Her mental struggles carried her beyond such details: "I want to be Nero, Caligula, Augustus, the Tsar, the Pope," she had childishly exclaimed at Rome. The idea occurred to her at Paris as to why it was that Prince Orloff did not think of marrying her. He was a widower and an Ambassador, and could place her in the first social position? But when working in the studio all these ambitions were forgotten. The only things which retained an interest and value for her were toilets from Worth, Doucet and La Ferrière; these things belonged to the life of a fashionable woman, and to the last they were described in her diary, and she had them adapted, with artistic effect, to the pale beauty of her face when worn by disease. But one fevered, passionate desire had taken root in her soul; "Gloriæ cupido" . . . to be made famous by her gift for art; to paint, model, succeed at any price, even at the cost of life itself.

[1] Daughter of Hepworth Dixon, the writer.

Her first efforts filled her master with amazement. She had never before worked either seriously or consecutively, although she had learnt a good deal. Now she drew from nine in the morning until ten at night. Correctness of drawing, which is the special distinction of the French School, became the chief characteristic of her pictures. This peculiar quality of her work she brought to perfection, owing to extraordinary patience, under the teaching of Robert Fleury and Bastien Lepage.

She worked steadily for years. If unavoidable reverses occurred, if a sketch did not succeed, a picture was unfinished, her teacher dissatisfied, the pupil broke out in such complaints as: "Julian says one must come before the public as a phenomenon. I have not succeeded. I have worked for three years, and what have I accomplished? Nothing. I am a good pupil, and that is all. But the phenomenon, the flash of lightning, the effect. . . . This strikes me like unexpected destruction. Truth is so cruel that I exaggerate and deceive myself. Painting is the obstacle to success. My drawings amazed my teachers.' And now after painting for two years, I have only achieved mediocrity. Tony[1] promises me more, and speaks of extraordinary talent. That is not what I wanted. I aspired to more. I feel as if I had been struck on the head. The remembrance of these sensations causes me violent pain, and oh, the tears. That will be good for my eyes! I am lost, dead, and then the rage, the violent rage! I am my own ruin. Oh, my God, I am

[1] Robert Fleury, the great artist.

nearly mad with the thought that I may die in oblivion. I am too desperate not to be certain that this will be the case." Such outbreaks are frequent. They vary with feelings of the maddest jealousy towards her more fortunate fellow student "Breslau," whose talent she alternately recognizes and execrates, and whose success produces floods of tears. Marie's first picture, "A Woman Reading," surpasses her rivals and is accepted by the Salon in 1880. But "chose curieuse, je n'en éprouve aucune satisfaction. La joie de Maman m'ennuie. Ce succès n'est pas digne de moi." Another picture was accepted in the following year, and a year later a pastel received honourable mention. The uncertainty of success had caused her unutterable anxiety, and many sleepless nights. But when the diploma was presented to her she tied it to her pet dog's tail. Her joy did not compensate for her sufferings, and like many others, Marie Bashkirtseff discovered that those who aspire to obtain the gold of fame are paid in silver. She struggled to attain the first rank and had a great opinion of her own talent. She set up the great dramatic painters Velasquez and Géricault as her models and favourites.

Her acquaintance with Bastien Lepage in 1882 was the commencement of a new era for her. She admired him most of all modern masters. He had reached perfection early in life. She aimed at beautiful lines and form, expression and accuracy and vigour. After that, brilliancy and colour. That which she did achieve in a comparatively short time was extraordinary. The last picture that floated before her imagination was the

group of Holy Women at the Tomb of Christ. It cannot be denied that momentary success took a higher place than her ideal of artistic perfection. The desire to cause a sensation, to reap applause, to be an object of interest at the next Salon, and to fill a column of the *Figaro*, were what she desired. Composure and the purifying power of patient creative effort were as wanting in her art as in her life. "Dieu veut une résignation allemande et j'en suis incapable," she admits in one of those moments of self-examination. She was no less severe in her criticism of her own art: "To me the charm of painting is life, modernity, movement. But how to express it? . . . Added to the fact that it is dreadfully difficult, almost impossible, one is not touched or moved by it." Up to the last she continued her efforts to express on paper and canvas, in words and in colour, the floods of thought which overwhelmed her, to find solace in work and relief from the gnawing pain within.

Threatened with deafness since 1886, she managed with difficulty not to betray her infirmity. With her passionate capacity for suffering, she looked upon it as a humiliation, a torture worse than death, but a more serious mischief was looming over her, for doctors found something wrong with her lungs. She was too clever and too self-centred, too educated, in fact, too modern, to be deceived as to her state. Neither was it possible to prevail on her to take proper care of herself. Rest was out of the question, poultices spoiled the skin, and going to health resorts or to the south meant absence from the studio. What a martyrdom for the

poor devoted women to see their darling dying a slow death and to be powerless to help her.

Marie had occasional religious impulses, but her God was a kind of fetish to whom she prayed for help to recover her dog, to spare her beauty, to grant her earthly desires, and above all, to give her power to enforce her own will. At times she was a prey to doubt: "I have been a deist and at times an atheist" she writes, and even believes it. Her doubts are as superficial as her faith. During the course of the pitiless disease which was wasting her strength, other thoughts fill her mind. Speaking in 1879 of the great picture which was to prove her power, she says: "'Mary Magdalen and the other Mary at the Tomb of Christ'—it must be neither conventional nor saintly!" She was at work on it in the last year of her life, and she writes in August: "I cough incessantly, in spite of the warm weather. While my model was resting I fell asleep, and saw myself stretched out with a candle burning beside me. This then might be the solution of all my misery. To die. I am so afraid of death, and I don't wish to die. I don't know what happy people do, but I am more to be pitied than they, for I expect nothing from God. When that great refuge fails, death is all that is left. Without God, neither poetry, love, genius, nor even ambition are possible. . . . I should like to hear the confessions of some great men, and whether in times of suffering, or in moments of enthusiasm, they turned to God. Common natures can do without Him. Passion is an intermediary to the faith of those who possess the fire of genius."

Marie herself adds the missing link to her self-revelations. She felt a lively friendship for Bastien Lepage, if not something of a warmer nature. She raved over the genius of that heaven-born artist who could transfer to canvas the vision of Joan of Arc, and she gave unstinted praise to it. She says: "the eyes that have seen Joan of Arc," and that to have once seen his idyls of the country was never to forget them. "Thinking of such pictures keeps me awake at night." He was twelve years her senior, and when he was friendly and kind she compared him to a ray of sunshine and was happy. More often he was grave and reticent, and anything but graciously disposed towards "society ladies." It was in imagination that she loved him, and the stories told of their mutual love are fictions, though later on he was deeply interested in her artistic career. He criticized and corrected her two pictures, the one of a couple of street urchins, "Jean et Jacques," and the other of a girl dreaming beside a stream. And also another, a group of street arabs, called "Meeting." He fell ill and had to keep to his room, and Marie with her mother visited him. She was taking opium to help her to work and to sleep, and still she continued to go to evening parties. In the last summer of her life she said, "If God only leaves me alone, I shall be awarded next year the medal of the Salon," but shortly after this she was brought home from a soirée in an unconscious condition. Of this she says: "My weakness was so complete that the sensation was delicious. You don't believe it, but everything is delightful to me that exhausts all power

of feeling, whether of pleasure or of pain." She was confined to the house in October, and one of the last notes in her diary is: "Oh, my God, my God, my picture, my picture! . . . I am in a burning fever." Although Bastien Lepage was stricken unto death, he had himself carried to see her. "I was draped all in white, lace, and plush, and Bastien Lepage's eyes lighted up at the sight. "If only I were able to paint!" he said. And I? There is no chance of a picture this year. Misère de nous. Et que de concierges se portent bien!" These words are dated October 20, and on October 30 she died, set free from the fever of life: "N'avoir pour maître que soi," says Alexandre Vinet, "c'est avoir pour maître un tyran." On December 10 Bastien Lepage followed her into Eternity.

Madame Bashkirtseff, living for and with Marie, as she did, tasted to the dregs the agonizing happiness of being the mother of such a highly gifted and unhappy child. In the Grand Duke Constantine's collection of pictures there is one by Marie Bashkirtseff, and in the Luxembourg are two others, a portrait of a female model, and "The Meeting."

This is her last legacy to art. Broad wooden palings surround a plot of ground for building; a row of houses, painted very carefully, form the background. In the street, towards the right, is the figure of a little girl with a long plait hanging down her back. In front of the palings there is a group of six merry little street arabs. They are disputing with the eldest, whose face is in full view, a sturdy figure in black, his cap on the back of his head, his wallet slung over his shoulders.

The child next to him appears to agree; the third, a perfect type of Paris gamin, in tatters, his nose in the air, stands in profile, and his hands are moving while he holds to his opinion, and the three others are divided. The drawing, especially of the hands, is admirable, clear, and decisive. It is all done in middle tones enlivened by the finest colour effects, which only connoisseurs will know how to fully appreciate. The influence of Bastien Lepage is unmistakable, but it is also evident that time only was necessary for the proper development of the artist's really original gifts.

A less unselfish love than that of Madame Bashkirtseff might have been too wounded by certain passages in the original manuscript to have published them, but she has, nevertheless, given this diary to the world. And its success has not been an ephemeral one. It is a psychological study of a woman's heart, the untamed heart of a Slav, its education and hyper-culture drawn from the intellectual and artistic centres of cosmopolitan life, with the result that it all led her to drain her death potion to the last drop. Never has any soul ventured to lay itself bare with a frankness, which, in an older woman, would have been utter cynicism, but which is, in this instance, most pitiable. Gladstone, in an article in *The Nineteenth Century*, in 1889, expressed the same opinion with a profound pity, and French and German writers were no less interested, and thus was Marie Bashkirtseff's greatest longing fulfilled, to be saved from oblivion.

Would this have satisfied her? She, whom the world could not satisfy, and who, in her minute self-

analysis, says: "I cannot live, because I am not normally constituted. In some directions I have much too much and in others too little. Were I a goddess, with the universe at my command, I should have found fault with the manner in which it served me. . . . I longed for everything, and in everything I have been disappointed."

But she has not lived in vain. Her example is a warning to us at this time, for the time is responsible for such a life as hers. She regarded everything in the light of its subsequent effect, and not for its intrinsic value. And this she did, daily and hourly, in all her thoughts and actions: it was always the striving after effect, newspapers and books, the stage and society and art, her examinations at school, and the next exhibition, everything came before her with this sole object. The healthy development of the individual, the calm maturing of her talent, unselfish devotion to a great ambition, unobtrusive work in a good cause, was all waste of time, waste of power in her eyes. Who had the time or inclination to think and mature? Carried onward by a mad desire for excitement, pleasure, riches, and honours, and where these failed, there yet remained advertisement.

He who has not a firm seat in the saddle, whose muscles are not of steel, whose nerves cannot resist the strain, and whose conscience is not elastic, cannot succeed in this wild career. He who falls will be trampled down in the race. The answer is, that it was ever thus. Yes and no. Morbid self-sufficiency, unlimited ambition, insatiable vanity, has always existed,

but the exception threatens to become the rule. To be young, cheerful, and ingenuous is becoming, we are told, a lost art. Children wear spectacles and discuss anatomy and surgical operations, school-boys commit suicide because they are not at the head of their classes, students of both sexes succumb to neurotics, authoresses found new religions, and exotic, itinerant preachers of both sexes proclaim a new morality. How many of the people of to-day, those of the modern thought, are ready to say: "I thank Heaven that He who intended me to be mediocre, implanted moderation in my soul"? This is not the sentiment of a pious Capuchin monk, it is Montesquieu's. Goethe is still more modest: "I see no fault in others of which I also have not been guilty. . . ."

We have become vainer, but are no longer proud. Let us endeavour to attain unto this, though we shall never again read such confessions as those of Marie Bashkirtseff! Then will the restless suffering of her soul have not been in vain.

CLAUDE FAURIEL'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH MARY CLARKE.[1]

AT 120, Rue du Bac, in the quiet Faubourg of St. Germain, there is a house of historical interest which is, as yet, untouched by the hand of time. Chateaubriand, who played such a leading part in the history of his century, passed his last days there, and there, with the rattle of musketry around him, he died in 1848. An elderly couple had taken the fourth floor the year before; the husband, Julius von Mohl, a distinguished Oriental scholar, had, like his colleague, Baron Eckstein, made his second home in France. Mohl died in 1876, and in the estimation of Sainte-Beuve, who pronounced his funeral oration, he was not only a scholar but a sage. "A frank, broad-minded German, whose intellect, as clear and cloudless as a mirror, developed early under English influences. He was a man of the purest morality, though early developed, and with an early knowledge of the world, tinged with an irony which knew no bitterness, combined with the gaiety of a child, even in old age;

[1] *Correspondance de Fauriel et Mary Clarke*, publiée par Ottmar de Mohl, Paris: Plon, 1911; M. C. Simpson, *Letters and Recollections of Julius and Mary Mohl*, 1887.—*Madame Mohl, Madame Récamier, with a sketch of the history of Society in France*, 1862.

with the striking difference that the sense of colour was lacking, and also the faculty of appreciating æsthetic values, there was in him much that recalled Goethe." And it may be added, from personal recollection, that he gave the impression of simplicity and warm-heartedness, rather than of intellectual attainment. He spoke fluent French, but with a Suabian accent, and he used to chuckle over the eccentricities of "Madame Mohl," as he always called her, which often exceeded the license accorded, even to her. They were old friends before there was any idea of marriage between them. When Mary Clarke, then living with her mother in Paris, made Mohl's acquaintance in 1828, she declared he was the most perfect character she had ever met. This remark occurs in a letter to Fauriel, who replied that Mohl was amiable, clever, good, and amusing, to which she retorted: "He has the pure soul of an angel, but he lives for intellectual things only, and I think him incapable of passion. But I love him all the more, for he is above human weaknesses, though this usually implies being above human feeling. He is, however, so utterly different from other people that I am convinced I am the only person who sees him as he really is." Twenty years passed, Mohl was forty-five and she fifty-five, before they decided to spend their remaining years together. She made conditions: she declared that she would rather throw herself out of the window than tell her age; that their marriage was to be kept secret, and no change made in their individual way of living, and Mohl agreed. He slipped stealthily into

a Protestant church where his bride met him by chance, as it were; the blessing was pronounced on their union, and they returned to their own homes. It took Mohl some time before he could persuade his refractory wife that it would be more practical for them to live together under the same roof. They then furnished the apartment in the Rue du Bac, which, until Madame Mohl's death in 1883, remained the centre of social intercourse, and warm hospitality.

Ottmar von Mohl gratefully acknowledges what they both were to their relations and friends. Few of those who knew them are alive now to share with me the indelible memories of that delightful and intellectual intercourse, and the warm welcome that travellers such as my husband and myself were always sure of finding.

The Mohl salon was open to friends every Friday evening, a certain number of guests having already dined there. Simple and homely, as in all else, were the pleasures of the table which, in a French household, are never neglected; but who could bestow a thought on the wines and viands at a table where sat such men as François Guizot, Renan, Loménie, Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, Mignet, Jules Simon, Turgenjeff, the Duc de Broglie, and also Thiers and Leopold von Ranke at times. Madame Mohl used to say she wished to die on a Saturday, so that she could have the enjoyment of a last Friday. The object of life to her was to associate with the best minds of her time. She once wrote: "I should be willing to go down to hell to find some one with whom I could converse." She had had incomparable opportunities to teach others the art of

social intercourse. In the thirties' she, with her mother, had lived in the Abbaye-aux-Bois, under the same roof with Madame Récamier. Juliette Récamier's matchless beauty had charmed two generations, and had then succumbed to one who proved irresistible, and Chateaubriand reigned in her heart and in her salon; and he, if not faithful, at least continued loving and devoted till his end, when she, broken-hearted and blind, kept watch at his side, with Madame Mohl, until he drew his last breath.

Madame Récamier had to provide entertainment for this man who spent every afternoon with her, and the "jeune Anglaise" succeeded best in dispelling clouds from his brow. It seemed as if she enjoyed the gift of eternal youth, for she had at this time passed forty. Her gifts had been developed to perfection by her association with minds of the first order, such as Ampère, Ballanche, Villemain, Cousin, Quinet, Tocqueville, to name no more.

Her warm love for humanity, her versatile knowledge and inexhaustible fund of humour, were her chief characteristics, combined with an originality whose wildest extravagances were readily forgiven. She was short, slight and active, with a little snub nose, and untidy white curls framing an expressive face, which, never handsome, would never grow old, still less venerable. She dismissed an admirer, the historian Amédée Thierry, with the greatest scorn, "like a wounded butterfly with a pin through its body," because he begged her to wear prettier clothes, and had thus lowered the self-respect of a thinking human

being. The error he had committed was more pardonable than it seemed to her, for she one day received Queen Sophie of Holland attired in a dressing-jacket with her hair in curl-papers, and a feather dusting-brush in her hand. Such trifling informalities troubled no one in the Rue du Bac household, but then they were conversant with the culture of four countries, and their society was that of the highest circles in the civilized world. German scholars, Italian statesmen and poets, Englishmen of all classes, from the clever Duke of Bedford, and his equally distinguished brothers, Stanley, Dean of Westminster and his incomparable wife, Lady Augusta, Mrs Gaskell, who wrote part of *Wives and Daughters* in her house, right down to the humblest family friend. For the last time in the social world of Paris, the society in that house was not confined to persons of any particular party either in political or religious thought. Madame Renan corroborates this, and says that down to 1870 the most intellectual men in France met on common ground there, in their detestation of the Second Empire: and then these differences of opinion came into collision on practical questions of the day, and by degrees, "le salon s'est brisé." But not altogether, for death only closed their doors. The task of the hostess was made easier by her lack of interest in politics, and she neither would nor could take sides. Her choice of a sovereign would have been Louis-Philippe, and an invitation which she and Mohl received, through the kind offices of the Queen of Holland, to a lunch at the Tuileries was declined by them both.

The transition from Renan to Montalembert, and from Guizot to Prévost-Paradol was not difficult to this daughter of the eighteenth century, for this Scotswoman possessed no religious convictions, only an evanescent and variable sympathy with Romanism. "My God," she writes from Rome, "if one could buy faith, I would give my right hand for it. The two Italian women living in this same house, though neither beautiful nor interesting, possess it, and are ten times happier than I am, and I am charming, and could have ten lovers and am ten times better than they are." Manzoni was at the zenith of his fame when she was in Rome, and she made his acquaintance through Fauriel, but she regarded it almost as an insult that he never attempted to influence her religious opinions. How could that consistent Christian have made himself understood by this woman whose active mind played with problems, and who seemed to lack all serious thought?

Even those nearest her would have been sceptical had they been told that for once she had surrendered to the fate of the woman in her. But this was nevertheless the case. After Madame Mohl's death a packet of letters was found amongst her papers, with this inscribed on them in her handwriting: "Letters from Fauriel." "I forbid the burning of these letters. They are to be preserved and published as circumstances admit after my death."

Ottmar von Mohl, the German agent at the National Bank of Egypt, carried out his aunt's wishes in 1911, and has published her correspondence with Fauriel, and written an introduction for it.

The first letter, of a few lines only, is from Mary Clarke, at that time interested in painting, and asking for a few sittings for his portrait, which she intended for their common friend, Amédée Thierry. He came, and a little later, she addresses him as, "My dear, dear angel." Fauriel's portraits prove him to have been a handsome man, as well as Mary Clarke's frank dislike for ugly faces. The tone of his letters left nothing to be desired as to warmth of expression. He was then, in 1822, in his fiftieth year. He assures her of his love and alludes to the prospect of becoming hers, for under her influence his soul has revived; he cannot endure her absence, and his agitation is so great that he dare not meet her again in the presence of others.

In the meantime he only lives for her letters. In 1823 she declares that he never disclosed what stood in the way of their union, and in that year she summoned him to Italy. He followed her thither, and she tells him about all that she has seen and experienced, and at the same time implores him for the sake of his own fame and their love, to conquer his indolence and go on with the works he has in view, and thus leave a great name to posterity. But there is a hint of jealousy in this romance. When Fauriel wrote to her in 1822 that he was broken-down, physically and morally by his anxiety and distress about the illness of the Marquise de Condorcet, and that she was his only comfort, she replies: "Who is Madame de Condorcet! I was not aware that the illness of any lady could so affect you as to prevent your writing to me. . . . I must love you very dearly to ask these questions, and to desire an

understanding. Twenty times during the last three days I resolved never to write to you again. And as I am doing it, you are indebted to my tears for my letter." The answer which she required was not in the packet of letters, but all the world could have given it to her. Madame de Condorcet died in 1822: she was one of the cleverest and most beautiful women of her time. Her celebrated husband had poisoned himself in 1793 to escape the scaffold. The large circle of friends at her country-place, at Auteuil, the most scientific and literary men of the day, were attracted thither by her brother-in-law, Cabanis, the distinguished physiologist. He treated Fauriel as a son and his *Lettres sur les causes premières*, which marked his change to spiritualistic views, were addressed to him. Fauriel was also indebted to Cabanis for his introduction to Manzoni, which resulted in a life long friendship between them, and their different views never interfered with their friendship. After long years of struggle, Manzoni returned to the faith, and henceforth it inspired his genius and guided his actions. But towards the weaker Fauriel, who was influenced by his free-thinking companion, he exercised a tender forbearance. Encouraged by Manzoni, Fauriel applied himself to the study of the national poetry of the Middle Ages, and to an inquiry into the Romanesque language, and he was one of the first scholars to make it known, although later criticism has gone far beyond him. His works on the national poetry of Greece, his studies on Dante, and his *History of Provençal Poetry*, received recognition, and obtained his election to the Academy.

The relations between Madame de Condorcet and Fauriel had existed since 1801, but they were never legally united. After her death, her friends accused the man who was so much indebted to her of callous indifference. Their opinion would have been stronger had they known where he sought and found consolation. Madame de Staël, whose perceptions in such matters had been sharpened by experience, wrote to Fauriel, in 1801, that she wished to speak frankly and honestly to him, "comme deux bons vieux hommes," and that she must own that a cloud overshadowed her friendship for him. He clothed it with so many amiable conditions, that her faith was shattered.

A perusal of these letters makes us admire Madame de Staël's perspicacity. The elderly man in love proved himself just what the young man was in friendship. In sharp contrast with his declaration that he could find no happiness without her, was his entreaty, which quickly followed her letter, that she might herself be happy without him. It is to her credit that the short, passionate love episode between them was amiably dissolved. She no longer called him her "dear Angel" but "naughty Dicky," and always her dear friend. Fauriel was no match for this animated little Scotswoman, who could ride ten hours at a stretch, who, in 1848, climbed the barricades under a hail of bullets, who travelled half over Europe, and incidentally wished to learn Sanskrit, and who for twenty years noted down for him every paradoxical thought that passed through her mind. He continued to be captivating and amiable, though ceremonious and melancholy. He finished

several works of importance, and permitted Mohl and Mary Clarke to encompass him with care and kindness. Three years after his death, in 1844, she consented to marry the one man who had faithfully and sincerely loved her. After that she and her husband undertook the publication of their dead friend's literary remains.

In one of her last letters to Fauriel she expresses regret at cherishing for so long a time the delusion that she had been a help to him, and for devoting herself to him, but adds with some forbearance, that the rupture between them was due to her incapacity to make her inmost thoughts clear.

As these letters deal with many subjects, and after 1824, love was rarely mentioned, they are not likely to find a place among the collections of celebrated love-letters.

But Fauriel was one of the greatest masters of style of his generation, and had much that was interesting to say. Mary Clarke had the enviable courage to express with frankness her opinion of men and things. Her grammar and orthography were defective, and when her French failed her she invented expressions. She knew quite well when she was giving utterance to untenable arguments, and compares herself to an india-rubber band, which is enlarged by stretching, but still retains its original dimensions. She reviles her heart, but repeatedly alludes to her intelligence. She never mentions her princely but secret charities. She possessed the rare gift of diffusing happiness, and neither rank, titles, nor riches were the open sesame to her salon. They who

shone there aimed at higher things. Many entered weighed down by sorrow and left strengthened by the good wine of true kindness, and prepared to bear the trials of life with a fresh courage.

"I 'm longing to die and go to heaven," were the characteristic words of Madame Mohl, when, surrounded by friends, she passed peacefully away in her ninetieth year.

In Mrs. Simpson's delightful work, *The Memoirs and Correspondence of Julius and Mary Mohl*, will be found much of great interest, which, for reasons of space, cannot here be given.

CHATEAUBRIAND

THE name most frequently met with in the French literature of the Nineteenth century is unquestionably that of Chateaubriand. It has never been passed over by the essayists or historians of either the Empire or Restoration, and there is no writer on the religious controversies of the period between 1802 and 1848, who did not break a lance with him. Sainte-Beuve, one of his chief opponents, made him the butt of his ridicule and satire, and though he mercilessly criticized his writings and the weaknesses of the man, he was unable to withhold his admiration, for the charm of Chateaubriand's genius was so compelling that this prince of French critics could not resist it. It had an enduring effect upon contemporary writers, and studies on Chateaubriand became a recognized test of literary skill, while not a few of them are among the best biographical prose writing in the French language. The audacity of Chateaubriand's claim to the recognition of posterity has been fully realized, for he fills scarcely less space in biographical literature than does Napoleon.

Chateaubriand put himself into everything he wrote, and in three of his works he did so with an object, thus lightening the task of the historian. The first time

was in the character of *René*, and then continuously for thirty years, in *Les Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe*, which were commenced in 1811, and lastly, in the *Apologie*, in which, writing anonymously, he glorifies his own writings in unmeasured terms. His collected works were published in 1838. Of these autobiographical writings, the truest and most honest is the one which makes least claim to truthfulness. The inmost secrets of his heart and life, written in perfect prose, the author endeavours to conceal, but they stand revealed by the artist throughout the pages of this short masterpiece. This figure, by a few touches, becomes a type, and a spiritual state is disclosed, a psychology laid bare, which is as living and convincing to-day, and is, indeed, of even greater power, than when he, who gave enduring shape to a vision, became master of a literature in which, till then, his name was unknown. This extraordinary success was obtained at enormous cost. With few exceptions, to which reference will be made later on, Chateaubriand sacrificed his literary work to this one creation. His writings, previous to *René*, have been condemned to well-deserved oblivion. Inspired by *René*, *Atala* was written, but *Cymodocée* is weak, and *Eudore* is forgotten. The *Génie du Christianisme* towers above all his works, a literary monument which claimed to be a temple, and aspired to nothing less than the reconciliation of the old world with the new. Now that the enthusiasm which it aroused is over, and the veil of illusion torn asunder, this "first book of the century," and this striking literary production of the Consulate, sub-

mitted to the scalpel of criticism, no severer judgment has ever been pronounced upon it than by Chateaubriand himself in his *René*, ostensibly as a warning, but which is really an integral part of the *Génie du Christianisme*. What followed was the natural result of uniting ephemeral elements with more enduring ones. Chateaubriand was altogether honest when he undertook to become the apologist for religion. To deny this is to misjudge the man's nature and the artist's soul. But although honest, it was neither deep nor serious: it appealed to the imagination and touched the heart, but it wrought no conversion, and did not strike the conscience. The artist was converted, but the man remained what he had been, he remained René. Moods do not constitute religion any more than pictures constitute arguments. The passion was genuine, all the more so because its melancholy appealed to the imagination. Opinions differ as to whether sinful thought was the secret and poisonous source of his inspiration. M. de Lescure says "No," but Count Melchoir de Voguë, a better authority, says "Yes," and writes of the "redoutable équivoque." Be this as it may, a matter of opinion, let the secret of the young man's excited imagination ever remain buried amid the shadows of his château at Combourg. One thing, is, however, certain, and that is, that the dreams of those days brought forth poetical fruit in which, even now, the canker worm dwells. The ancients laid all such errors at the gate of fate, and sacrificed the individual, whether guilty or innocent, to its blind power. The tragic conviction that certain experiences

exclude happiness, fills the heart of Rene: "There are such sad lives," he says to Céluta, "that they seem to be accusing Providence, and almost cure one of the passion for life." "La manie d'être!" Schopenhauer might well have envied this utterance. All modern literature, from *Don Juan* to the *Kreutzer Sonata*, has nothing more disillusioning than this. Yet René makes no renunciation; he does not, as did Werther, lay hands on himself to chastise criminal passions; no avenging lightning strikes him down; but from the depths of the ensnaring immorality his talents draw subtle poison, his genius, the mystic charm which inspired one of the greatest creations of modern art, and which is responsible for its worst errors. René, not wishing to give life to a son, is the father of generations. The incapacity to receive consolation, the defiant pessimism, the rebellion against destiny, the unbounded desires, for which there are only vulgar gratifications, these are the signs by which they are known. Sainte-Beuve's analytical art fails when he declares that the so-called René disease was cured by the grapeshot at the barricades of 1848. So little has this been the case, that the real pathological character of it has only become threateningly developed since that time. Henri Beyle's self-conscious prophecy, made before 1830, "I shall be understood in 1880," has been frequently quoted, and this very self-consciousness may have helped towards its realization. René's pessimism, which remains the dominant feature of this artistic Fin de Siècle, is a stronger, sharper, and more inexorable analysis of the motives of action and the emotions of

the heart. Lamartine's melodious verse, though it fails in power, because of its very charm, is not without this pessimism: "Sommes-nous, ô Hasard, l'œuvre de tes caprices? Ou plutôt, Dieu cruel, fallait-il nos supplices pour ta félicité?" But these shrill cries are only occasionally uttered, for he was a really pious and harmonious soul. But with Alfred de Vigny it is different; in his utter hopelessness, "la désespérance" finds biblical expression for the great enigma of life, for the discord that fills the whole realm of nature and condemns her to destroy her own works. She, the great consoler of the author of *Méditations*, ironically replies to the author of *Chatterton*, thus:

"Je roule avec dédain, sans voir et sans entendre
A côté des fourmis les populations;
Je ne distingue pas leur terrier de leur cendre,
J'ignore en les portant les noms des nations.
On me dit une mère et je suis une tombe,
Mon hiver prend vos morts comme son hécatombe,
Mon printemps ne sent pas vos adorations. . . ."

Alfred de Vigny calls hope "the greatest madness, the source of cowardliness." One comfort which, in his manly resignation to the irrevocable, he does not disdain, is pity for the miseries of others, while condemning his own sorrow to silence:

"Seul le silence est grand: tout le reste est faiblesse."

This sort of pessimism goes beyond that of René in its lonely objectivity, and Alfred de Musset's in its softer sensuousness falls below it. The scepticism of Rolla that:

"Je suis venu trop tard dans un siècle trop vieux."

does not penetrate down into the depths of thought which lend wings to great poems.

It would be necessary to write the literary history of those years in order to enumerate the masters and their disciples who belonged to the second period of romanticism, and who followed the leading of Chateaubriand from 1830 onward. Melancholy temperaments, lacking in strength, buried themselves in the cult of sadness, deriving satisfaction from the contemplation of their own woe. "Weltschmerz" was revived in another shape, "l'inexorable ennui," the suffering and chastisement felt by those who thought themselves superior to others, because they were more cowardly and selfish than average mankind, and consequently were unwilling or unable to bear their share of the work of the world; they, therefore, people the stage and romances with sickly, sentimental figures, though now and then there were creations of incomparable beauty. The rest, chiefly fantastic, passionate writers made capital out of René's other qualities.

Victor Hugo and Dumas created the romantic drama in which murder, adultery, and unnatural vice were the themes, and in which the great tragedian of romanticism might be compared to a lioness let loose, shedding her blood in the last throes of agony. The tribune was silent, a new Cæsar catered for politics; the romanticist went over to the opposition, or was banished; Liberal-Catholicism was disarmed; the official Church, for the time being, was on the side of the Conqueror; and society, set free, submitted to the censor in order to enjoy in peace the revenues jeopardized by the experiments of the Republic of 1848. No one knew what would be the result, and it almost seemed as if

Sainte-Beuve was right, and that the time had come for creators of French romanticism to be relegated to the places of dethroned monarchs. Romanticism had come to an end. A weeping-willow marked Alfred de Musset's grave. The author of *Hernani* used his powerful art in the cause of social and political needs, and the last rays of his genius were devoted to the romantic in the *Légende des Siècles*, and the *Contemplations*. After Lamartine had made history, he wrote of it as poets are wont to describe it. Sainte-Beuve burnt that which he had hitherto worshipped, closed his best books in bitter dissatisfaction, and outlined in his new critical style, the natural history of intellect. In the *Histoire du Romantisme*, Théophile Gautier, one of the most gifted and original of that school, wrote the epitaph of the school of 1830.

The writers who next became prominent, Littré, Taine, and Renan, had nothing in common with it. They came from the hospital, the training college, and the seminary; their teachers—the Tübingen theologians, Hegel, Spinoza, and the great students of natural science. Nature was no longer to be regarded as a dream world, but her innermost secrets were to be solved, experiments to be made, and her laws to be founded on facts. Science became the earnest muse of the new age, and the laboratories were to be responsible for a new understanding of the physical world and of man. . . . In the region of thought, the perspective opened out to scholars by science called forth such enthusiasm as can only be compared with the fire that lights a soul in its belief in Eternal

Life. "It draws near man at last," writes one of the new scientists. "It seizes the mind in a tight grasp . . . and it brings in its train a new art, a new code of morals, new politics, and, above all else, a new religion which it is our work to understand."

Literature has risen to the call and gone forth with this new psychology to find the Promised Land of the future, nor has the journey been in vain. It has been leading the way into unknown, occasionally into remote regions for fifty years, and has carried art whither it had never before penetrated. Idealism in art has disappeared from the canvases of the modern painter, as it has from the modern book. Realism, and its result, Naturalism—come from the heights of civilization, culture, and knowledge—led to haunts which had hitherto been avoided. The gutter became a favourite resort, and filthy and sordid characters found a place in the works of prominent writers. Pity for the miserable and the outcast was often a mere pretence, and generally misplaced, starting from the false premise that dwellers in coal-mines of necessity have black souls, and if void of soul, must have the feelings of the beasts. Poverty was confounded with viciousness, horror replaced by disgust. Pretending to reproduce "the human document" with microscopic faithfulness, a type of monster was created; mankind became so repulsive that exhausted nerves lost their balance, and the tortured reader of *Germinal*, for instance, found, to his horror, his sympathies going out to the poor, old horse, which in this cynical assembly seemed to be the most worthy of pity.

Schopenhauer prided himself on having ejected "the lady" from literature; the authors of *Germinie Lacerteux*, the brothers de Goncourt, prided themselves on being the inventors of the realistic novel. The discoverers of the "psychological romance" have not rehabilitated women. Incomparable as is the handling at times, some delineations, being marvellously truthful, deserve to live; still, the general impression, when not humiliating, is depressing and disheartening. The artifice is so transparent, that we hear in advance those passages about which volumes have been written, and without which, their pages would never have been cut. Only Americans and a few Anglo-Saxons are still young and naïve enough to await a new theology from heroes of romance. The Latin races get theirs from the fountain-head, from Renan, and find it more entertaining. Bourget's *Disciple* is not read for the sake of Adrien Sixte, but on account of Robert Greslou's sensations. It is melancholy that with so much talent, and ability, so many learned disquisitions and artistic theories, the one essential is lacking: namely, healthy power and that real beauty which alone breathes life into a work of art. One of the most eloquent of modern writers, Pierre Loti, recently gave expression to this feeling when in an address at the Academy he said: "The verdict of the future, I do not allude to the distant future, . . . who ventures to think of that? It was just that the works of the ancients should survive the ages, but our modern works will be swept away . . . all of them and quickly. . . ." This does not sound

encouraging and one is tempted to look for the cause.

"C'est à l'âme que la science va se prendre," is one of Taine's axioms. But what has become of the soul? Materialistic teachings have reduced it to a chapter of physiology. Positivist philosophy has not gone quite so far, and treats it as belonging to a new order of phenomenon. But conscience is dethroned. Freedom of will is a thing of the past, and with it, all that makes out of the purely natural, a supernatural order. There has never been a dearth of those who have tried to hide the gaping chasm of destruction under roses, and they assure us that they have never been so happy as since they have heard their irrevocable sentence of death. "I have just been wrestling with the great phantom," writes Beyle-Stendhal, after his first apoplectic seizure. "The transition is unpleasant, but the dread of it is all in consequence of the nonsense put into our heads when we were three years old." "Heureux les corps," says another:

"Ils ont la paix quand ils se couchent
Et le néant quand ils sont morts."

Such consolation deceives no one, least of all, those who utter it. After as before there is "aux obscurs confins du possible un abîme de désespoir," it was the tormenting old voice, the unappeasable weariness of life, the yearning of René, but the lamentation is turned to abuse, and revolt to blasphemy. The following lines the writer of *Poèmes Tragiques* addressed to a dead author:

"Que ton siècle banal t'oublie ou te renomme,
Moi, je t'envie au fond du tombeau calme et noir,
D'être affranchi de vivre et de ne plus savoir
La honte de penser et l'horreur d'être un homme!"

And Sully-Prudhomme speaks in the same tone as Leconte de Lisle:

". . . Arrière les savants, les docteurs, les apôtres.
Je n'interroge plus, je subis désormais. . . .
Faites, faites de moi tout ce que bon vous semble,
Ouvriers inconnus de l'infini malheur,
Je viens de vous maudire, et voyez si je tremble,
Prenez ou me laissez mon souffle et ma chaleur."

And this note is struck in endless variation, until another far-off echo from René is again heard in the new poetry:

"Du plus aveugle instinct je veux me rendre maître,
Hélas! non par vertu, mais par compassion.
Dans l'invincible essaim des condamnés a naître,
Je fais grâce a celui dont je sens l'aiguillon. . . .
Ainsi je garderai ma compagne et ma race,
Soustraites, en moi-même, aux cruautés du sort,
Et, s'il est vain d'aimer pour qui jamais n'embrasse,
Du moins, exempts de deuil, nous n'aurons qu'une mort."

The finishing touch to all this sadness is added by an eminent woman. She, who was anything but a pessimist, turns to nature, and breaks into the following imprecation:

"Sois maudite, ô marâtre! en tes œuvres immenses,
Oui, maudite à ta source et dans tes éléments,
Pour tous tes abandons, tes oublis, tes démences,
Aussi pour tes avortements."

However much opinion differed, the new time bred a pessimism which fell like lead on all who gave way to it. That which they sought they found not. New morals, new politics, and a new religion, lay in the lap of the Sphinx, and art alone claimed to have found a formula which would outlast the common shipwreck. This formula was art for art's sake, *l'art pour l'art*, and

it was built on ruins. Revelations and systems vanished under the probing knife like dreams, and when applied to history their most brilliant visions dissolved, and proved to be only ordinary types viewed in the cool atmosphere of scientific methods. Politics exercised a most depressing effect on the spirit of the times ; whilst evolution and selection taught the survival of the fittest, the doctrine of equality subjected the intelligence of the age to the verdict of the masses, and in place of genius, now discredited, mediocrity reigned — mediocrity, of which it had been confidently predicted that it would be equal to all demands ; but instead of this, it collapsed under the weight of the intellectual burden laid upon it. Art escapes this decay through the cult of form. Ideas and systems are shifting sand. What to-day appears to be proved may to-morrow be swept away ; the perfected expression remains. The manner in which anything is said becomes thus of more importance than the thought which underlies it. The thought may be false, the language by which it is expressed may reach perfection. Nature, in which there is no longer repose, still furnishes pictures. Mankind, since he has been irrevocably banished from the realm of ideals, discloses himself to psychological analysis. Language is at its highest when it succeeds in mirroring, with the greatest perfection, the outer world and the inner man with the most perfect fidelity. Now the cry is: "A quoi bon de la critique? de la musique plutôt! Tournons au rythme, balançons-nous dans les périodes, descendons plus avant dans les caves du cœur." Such a task should have stimulated a prose, which, not unjustly, deems

itself the finest in the world, to sharpen speech to the most subtle refinement; and Chateaubriand appeared as a master of an art which now ranks as the highest. Victor Hugo—"ce génie verbal"—learnt from him the use of the tropes, metaphors, and the colossal antitheses, which fell on opponents like rocks; the graphic description of nature reminds one of Titian in its magnificent vitality. The poetry of the sea was one of Chateaubriand's special gifts. Thus inspired, the graceful pictures of the time took shape, as in *Vie errante*, by Guy de Maupassant, and that pearl of this style, *Pêcheurs d'Islande*, by Pierre Loti, who professes adherence to the tone of the day, "de faire des livres ou rien ne se passe." Thoughtful writers, chiefly psychologists, and fanatics about style, rank with him, as did J. J. Rousseau, who devoted nights of work to the perfection of a single sentence. Gustave Flaubert fairly lived at his writing-table, working day and night for weeks at a single page, not for a few years only, but throughout his whole life, and when death overtook him his head fell forward on a fresh page. Thus ended the tragic duel between a mind obsessed by the desire for absolute perfection, and the rebellious material of words and syllables. "Elle s'appellera Madame Bovary," he cried out in triumph after days of dreamy silence on board a dahabeeyah, on his way from Cairo to Thebes. Thus must this commonplace provincial person be called, who has been immortalized by his pen. He had drawn her as exactly as if he had done a mathematical problem, as true to life as is our neighbour Mrs. X., as frivolous, as unhappy, and as

alarming, so distinctly portrayed that we never can forget her; she haunts one like the evil conscience of our time, and our civilization is responsible for her. "Ce ne sont pas les poètes qui restent, ce sont les écrivains," says Flaubert in a letter. He gives the first place to Chateaubriand of those who have revealed their art to him, for Chateaubriand had every string to his lyre and every colour on his palette. He appreciated the inner relation between a spiritual frame of mind and its expression in words as none other, for no one clothed thought in nobler words. *Atala* is inconceivable apart from the primeval forest and the protective power of this virginal nature. "Pompe nuptiale, digne de nos malheurs et de la grandeur de nos amours; superbes forêts qui agitiez vos lianes et vos dômes comme les rideaux et le ciel de notre couche, pins embrasés, qui formiez les flambeaux de notre hymen, fleuve débordé, montagnes mugissantes, affreuse et sublime nature, n'étiez-vous donc qu'un appareil préparé pour nous tromper, et ne pûtes-vous cacher un moment dans vos mystérieuses horreurs la félicité d'un homme?" If we desire another picture and a more tragic, the stage is ready and the drama written: "Ne croyez pas désormais recevoir impunément les caresses d'un autre homme; ne croyez pas que de faibles embrassements puissent effacer de votre âme ceux de René. Je vous ai tenue sur ma poitrine au milieu du désert, dans les vents de l'orage, lorsqu'après vous avoir portée de l'autre côté d'un torrent, j'aurais voulu vous poignarder pour fixer le bonheur dans votre sein et pour me punir de vous avoir donné ce bonheur. C'est toi, Être suprême, source

d'amour et de beauté, c'est toi seul qui me créas tel que je suis, et toi seul me peux comprendre! Oh que ne me suis-je précipité dans les cataractes au milieu des ondes écumantes! je serais rentré dans le sein de la nature avec toute mon énergie." Goethe's prose novels are at the opposite pole of feeling, and in an entirely different world of thought. But let any one interested in making such an experiment read Werther's farewell letter to Lotte, and then Leopardi's *A se stesso*, and the same beauty of diction will hold him captive.

". . . Al gener nostro il fato
Non donò che il morire. Omai disprezza
Te, la natura, il brutto
Poter che, ascoso, a commun danno impera,
E l'infinita vanità del tutto."

With these examples of grand inspiration Eudorus's entry into Rome, in the *Martyrs*, may be included; the Battle of the Franks, which inspired Augustin Thierry to write his great historical work; the *Episode de Velleda*:—

"Silence! elle paraît au pied du chêne antique,
Le feu de ses regards a dévoré ses pleurs;
Et ses cheveux mêlés à la verveine en fleurs
Ombragent de son front la pâleur prophétique."

Sainte-Beuve says her death was "purely poetical and devoid of romance." After this Chateaubriand bade farewell to the Muse, but only to devote himself to other literary work. His first writings, *Essai sur les Révolutions* and *Natchez*, had many faults, and were accordingly severely criticized. These were followed by the *Itinéraire*, a work almost as faultless as *René*. In it he appeared in a new light. His early style had been

influenced by three writers of the eighteenth century: Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, and by a little masterpiece by the Abbé Prévost, and lastly by the fiery eloquence of J. J. Rousseau. *Les Martyrs* was modelled upon the antique, and he next turned his attention to natural phenomena founded upon bright narrative. His pages on the Parthenon live still, and notwithstanding the splendour of his colouring, he writes impartially. Of Athens he jestingly writes: "Il y avait des commérages vers la maison de Socrate, et l'on tenait des propos du côté des jardins de Phocion." His wanderings ended in a love episode at the Alhambra, which was the real object of his pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre. It was after the Battle of Friedland and during the peace negotiations at Tilsit—he was then in his fortieth year—that the article in the *Mercure* appeared which had been elicited by a literary criticism. It contained the following passage:—"When in the silence of humiliation nothing is to be heard except the chains of the slave and the voice of the betrayer, when every one trembles before the tyrant, finding it as dangerous to enjoy his favour as to fall under his displeasure, then the historian appears as the Avenger of Nations. In vain does Nero trust to his luck, Tacitus is born; unknown he grows up next the ashes of Germanicus, and the fame of the Lord of the World is given into the hand of the neglected child." The allusion was not lost on the Emperor, and the *Mercure* was suppressed. This was not the first time that Chateaubriand withstood the Emperor. On the publication of his *Génie du Christianisme* he received a diplomatic appointment,

which he resigned when the Duc d'Enghien was murdered. His letter to Talleyrand on the subject was moderately expressed, but the act spoke for itself. The Emperor's partiality, however, for Chateaubriand caused him to treat the matter lightly, as he had done on other occasions, for he admired power wherever he found it, and with others he felt "qu'il avait le secret des mots puissants." He wished to conciliate him, and he therefore favoured his election to the Academy in 1811 instead of that of M. J. Chénier; but when, according to custom, the draft of his speech was submitted to the Emperor, the breach between them became complete. It contained a hymn to freedom and empty flattery to "Cæsar on the Capitol," so he was not elected to the Academy, and in his antagonism to Napoleon—one power defying another—Chateaubriand prepared for the end. As the fortunes of war might change, an article appeared on March 30, 1814, entitled, *De Bonaparte et des Bourbons*. It was hurled like a bomb at Napoleon, the invective rising to the wildest statements; declaring that the great Conqueror had degraded the art of war, and that the least competent general could better cover a retreat than he; that he laid claim to greatness, but it was only second-rate power; he challenged him to give an account of his deeds, the dead would rise again. Chateaubriand knew he might venture to say what he liked, for no one would demand the facts. Words strike like arrows, and revenge is the language best understood by Reactionaries. "He served me more than an army of a hundred thousand men," said Louis XVIII. when he returned

in resplendence during Chateaubriand's apotheosis of monarchy.

Napoleon's avowal that he had nothing with which to reproach Chateaubriand is a far weightier statement. In the days of his power he had opposed him. This fiery eloquence was devoted to the service of the extreme Royalists from 1814 to June 6, 1824. It was full of contempt for everything connected with the Revolution; it was provocative, ironical, ill-natured, disapprobative, and almost threatening towards the King, and constantly reminding him to whom he owed the crown, so that His Majesty used to say he "could neither reign with him nor without him." The Restoration governed France constitutionally, and Chateaubriand ruled the Restoration by the pamphlet. The *Réflexions politiques*, published in 1814, were directed against Carnot, stigmatizing any understanding with the *Régicides*. The Duc de Richelieu, the representative of the Peace Policy of 1815, he denounced as a Revolutionist, and his controversy was the cause of the fall of the Minister Dessolles, the most liberal adviser of the Crown. The *Monarchie selon la Charte* developed the constitutional system with rare practical insight, and pledged the Ultras, with admirable skill, to press reform and ministerial responsibility, on the assumption that these weapons would restore the prestige of the Monarchy. As a writer in the *Conservateur*, and as an avenger of the slain, his pamphlet, *Le Duc de Berry*, brought about the fall of the detested Minister, Decazes. But both conqueror and conquered rolled together in the dust, the one by means of the censorship, which had

been re-established, and the other was crushed in the controversy. Then Chateaubriand's friends came into power, and he was sent first to Berlin and next to London, and later to the Congress of Verona, whence he returned with the declaration of war against the Spanish Cortes, in favour of one of the most unworthy kings that ever disgraced a throne. The internal affairs of Spain did not play an important part in what Chateaubriand called *le René de ma politique*. Louis XVIII. and not Ferdinand VII. reaped the fruits of this Trocadero Victory. In the *Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe* we read that "the thought of restoring power and splendour to our arms occupies me constantly." Goethe thought that this object was attained when the armies learnt to be victorious "without Napoleon," and Chateaubriand believed that a new era had dawned for monarchies. A few months later he was dismissed like a servant who had stolen his master's watch. This was M. Villèle's revenge for a policy which he disapproved of, and against a rival he distrusted. Chateaubriand's reply was a declaration of war in the *Journal des Débats*, and he took his romanticism with flying colours into the camp of the Opposition. Though he retained his Royalist sentiments, his policy aimed at the Minister, but mounted higher and struck at the throne. After Villèle's fall Chateaubriand was sent as Ambassador to the Conclave. When Polignac became Minister he was dismissed. He was in Dieppe at the time of the July Revolution. He hastened back to Paris, and there the crowd carried him in triumph through the streets to the House of Peers, where he made his last

speech in favour of the Duc de Bordeaux. He followed his old King into exile, and bending the knee before the Duchesse de Berry, he said: "Madame, votre fils est mon Roi."

Chateaubriand's policy has been widely criticized. He displayed animosity towards his opponents, while he was a trial to his friends; he was slavish towards the throne, but in reality he was only of use to the Opposition. It was Benjamin Constant who educated the younger generation in the theory of the Constitution, and it was pure loyalty which led the Duc de Richelieu to sacrifice his own prepossessions in order to carry on negotiations with success; thus he stood on a far higher plane than Chateaubriand, who was willing to resign any advantage for the sake of indulging his prejudices. And yet there was a certain greatness in his public life; and in a sense he was the last great French Royalist, for he understood, as none other understood, the innermost nature of Royalty. His interpretation of it will best be expressed by paraphrasing a sentence from Montesquieu: "The principle of monarchies is honour." At the beginning of the second Restoration, Chateaubriand saw the King at Saint Denis with his new Ministers, Talleyrand and Fouché, "le vice appuyé sur le crime." On being pressed by the King for his opinion, he said: "Sire, I believe it is all over with Monarchy," to which the King replied: "I am of the same opinion." Fifteen years passed, then the throne of the Legitimists, which the attacks of Chateaubriand and his friends had shattered, fell, a sacrifice to the hallucinations of the

mystic Polignac. And to this King, who had learnt little and forgotten much, succeeded the clever, worldly-wise Bourgeois King, in whom Chateaubriand was never deceived for a moment. An infallible instinct told him that this "best of Republics" had forfeited the right of being a Monarchy, and that kings cannot renounce the past and go unpunished, abandon legends and sacrifice the nimbus surrounding them. Gazing into the future which lay beyond the experiment of 1830, and from its nature must be evanescent, Chateaubriand perceived the solution which must be enduring. Long before de Tocqueville, he had with A. Carrel and Lamennais prophesied the irresistibleness of democracy. But after his voluntary exile the call for him was of no avail :—

> "Va, sers le peuple en butte à leurs bravades,
> Ce peuple humain, des grands talents épris,
> Qui t'emportait vainqueur aux barricades
> Comme un trophée, entre ses bras meurtris."

Worship remained after the altar lay in ruins, and René, as the greatest of the stricken, stood by the banner; in the year 1792, when he returned from America in order to die as a soldier in the army of Condé in the "service of a cause which he did not love"; in 1822, after long experience of the ingratitude of kings, he said to Lord Feilding: "I am a Republican by choice, a Bourbonist from a sense of duty, and a Royalist from reason. . . ." Under all systems of government, and in every position in life, he was isolated, dignified, and disillusioned. It never occurred to him to turn away from his misfortunes, and he was

one of the few Frenchmen for whom money had no attraction.

When this "Monarchy founded on a Charter" had cost him his position, he was dependent on his pen for a livelihood in 1830, as he had been in 1804 and in 1816. The *Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe*, which had been closed since 1812, he now re-opened. They were the reflection of his own striking personality in the history of the period, portraying the development of his genius, with flashlights thrown on the public men of the day.

His poetical imagination lent colour to his dramatic experiences. He describes his childhood's home at St. Malo, the house overlooking the sea, and his parents, who did not agree. He writes of his father as "la terreur de la maison," and of his mother "qui en était le fléau." Then follows a description of Combourg, with its feudal associations, its limited household, and its *René* scenery. In the loneliness of these almost desolate surroundings, the lad, left to his own devices, and wandering about for whole days, developed a passionate sensitiveness combined with the melancholy temperament of his race. Like Lamennais and Renan, Chateaubriand was a genuine Celt, dreamy and passionate, excitable and vehement, never quite like other people, never really gay, and the plaything of an imagination which conjured up an unreal world, bound to be destroyed by the stern facts of life, and whose heart-cravings no earthly manifestations could allay. This period of his youth is again revealed in the *Memoires d'Outre-Tombe*, but a vague yearning

lures him towards the distant future, and, like the navigator and explorer, he longs to become a leader among men. This phase is followed by one of religious fervour, and he wishes to enter the priesthood. This fancy over, his father insists upon his carrying on the traditions of his house and entering the army. When he was twenty he knew next to nothing beyond the classics, nor did his first verses give any indication of special poetical talent. An attempted suicide revealed the anomalous condition of his mind. Thus he arrived at Paris and Versailles, where, unknown and diffident, he was placed under the care of his uncle, the noble Malesherbes, who entered with sympathy into the future explorer's plans, little dreaming that it was the land of poetry he was seeking. The Queen's smile glorified his presentation at Court, and later he declared he recognized it in the grinning skull, when in his official capacity he was present at the exhumation of the body. Mirabeau, whom he saw during the Revolution, made a lasting impression on him. On that occasion, as the story goes, he laid his fat hands on his shoulders, and said: "Young man, you will never forgive my superiority." He certainly listened to him when speaking on the Tribune, and fully appreciated his oratory. He saw the severed heads of Foulon and Berthier, and witnessed the orgies of October 6, and the scenes in the Salon, which filled him with scarcely less indignation. The agony was too recent for the attraction, which had once been so powerful, to be still felt. Even that which survived this corrupt civilization, the consummate worldly wisdom, the intellectual refine-

ment, and courageous resignation to the inevitable, exercised no charm on Chateaubriand. That which influenced the formation of his character was the ever-growing antipathy and loathing which he felt for all this. The struggle against the spirit of the eighteenth century thenceforth became the motive power of his inspiration. Long before these conflicting views developed within him, he revolted against the cynicism, frivolity, and narrow-mindedness of a criticism which could find nothing to admire. It was a short-sightedness that believed in a millennium, while in its trivial vulgarity, knowing nothing of the past, it stifled enthusiasm with its narrow understanding of the art of poetry. He hated women, and later on, in his *Génie du Christianisme*, he stigmatized the idolized Madame d'Houdetot as an atheist, and in his early writings he challenged Madame de Staël, one of the most gifted women, as if she were a personal opponent. A Revolution which destroyed all this was not unwelcome to him, and in his *Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe* he glorifies the work of the Assembly. He owed it to chance that he did not pay for his temerity with his head. He sailed for the United States on April 4, 1791, two days after the death of Mirabeau. At an Indian settlement on the banks of the Mississippi, by the light of a camp fire, he read the news of the flight to Varennes and the King's imprisonment. It was his duty to return, and he reached his native land in January 1792; but a few months later he made his way across the frontier and joined Condé's army. Wounded at the siege of Longwy, without money or arms, he was left, sick

unto death, to die like a beggar on the high road. By a miracle he escaped to London, found a lodging in an attic, where, with every symptom of consumption, and suffering from cold and hunger, he took leave of the world, as he thought, in his *Essai sur les révolutions anciennes et modernes*. Fate willed it otherwise, and the account of his sufferings was God-inspired. That portion of *Les Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe* in which the history of Chateaubriand's youth is told is a masterpiece, and it is one of the greatest literary successes in the world. The *Génie du Christianisme* appeared with a tremendous flourish of trumpets in 1802, during the most brilliant period of the Consulate, simultaneously with the restoration of public worship, the proclamation of the Concordat, and the general reorganization of society. It is not Chateaubriand's best book, but it is the highest test of his power, and the one by which he stands or falls. He was thirty-five at the time of its publication. Had it been a failure his work would have been utterly in vain, but by its success the light of immortality shone upon him.

How it came to be written is well known. His family had been mowed down by the guillotine like a field of ripe corn. His only brother, his sister-in-law, his uncle, Malesherbes, and all his descendants dead, and his mother, sisters, and relations in prison. While his mother lay dying, from the effects of the hardships she had endured, she charged her eldest daughter to convey her blessing to her son, and to implore him to renounce heresy and return to the God of his fathers. It came as a message from another world, but it was

scarcely needed to accomplish his conversion. He already shuddered at the accumulated ruin of unfruitful negation, at the abyss into which theories of progress collapsed like a rotten bridge. With the words "I have wept and believed" a moral crisis ends and a spiritual change is proclaimed, which, commencing during his exile, reached its final stage after his return to Paris. When the mind of his sister Lucile, "one of the greatest geniuses he had ever known," had begun to darken, Chateaubriand awakened in the heart of another one of those deep and tragic affections such as occasionally fall to the lot of a poet. Pauline de Beaumont was the only daughter of Count Montmorin, who had been a playfellow of Louis XVI. and in after life became his Minister. With the exception of her husband, Pauline had lost all her relations on the scaffold, her own efforts to die with them having been frustrated by the warden, who pushed her off the cart on the road near her father's château because she was too ill and weak to bear the long journey. She owed the, to her, questionable gift of life, to the devotion of a poor couple, in whose hut she spent the winter of 1793-1794. She was living in Paris, cared for by friends, when Chateaubriand first met her. Looking into his eyes, which were the colour of the sea, and by the charm of his smile, which for its magic attraction might have been compared with Napoleon's, the love of life was once more awakened in her. Did he really love her? She was convinced of it for the first time in Rome, and on her death-bed, when, "ravie et désespérée," she breathed her last in his arms. She gave him what he

always demanded of woman, devoted friendship and a passionate and sympathetic admiration.

In the solitude of a country house she worked with him at the completion of a book which he had brought with *Atala* and *René* from London. Her taste had had classical culture by her intercourse with Chénier, but her sympathy was of even more help to him than her criticism. When the *Génie du Christianisme* appeared the public agreed with her, and were roused to enthusiasm, as was even Chateaubriand himself. J. J. Rousseau had met with a similar experience forty years previously, when, breaking away from the monotony of the classical school and the portrayal of love scenes between shepherds and shepherdesses, he had declared, in hitherto unknown accents, to the ladies and cavaliers of an unnatural age, the real meaning of love. In a like manner Chateaubriand taught a generation which had buried its past and forgotten to pray and lost sight of its ideals. He did not argue, but he led them into the desecrated temples, let the notes of the organs sound through the deserted aisles, and after fifteen years of darkness set the Easter candles alight, decorated the altars, and strewed flowers on the weather-worn tombs, upon which were engraved some of the greatest names of France; then he led the priests back to the pulpits, opened the long-forgotten books in which were preserved the teachings of Bossuet, Bourdalone, and Massillon, threw the sobbing people on their knees —and yet, he did not convert them. The victory was too sudden, too easily won to penetrate to the depths where the heart is renewed. Chateaubriand had only

touched them. "People," says Pascal, "often confuse their power of imagination with their hearts, and think themselves converted because their minds have been busy with the thought." The Christianity of the *Génie* was no more binding than was the Deism of J. J. Rousseau.

Chateaubriand had a wife living somewhere, and whom he had left a few days after their marriage. The wedding took place in 1792 upon his return from America, and was a marriage of convenience arranged by his family. The money was lost, and the clever, pious, but unattractive young wife, sought consolation in devotion for the shipwreck of her married happiness. Friends thinking it desirable to bring about a reconciliation, Chateaubriand left Madame de Beaumont in 1802 and paid a short visit to his wife in Brittany. Leaving behind him promises, and through his book —through *René*—arousing ardent feelings, only too quickly doomed to disappointment, in the heart of Countess Custine, he started for Jerusalem, where another heart was added to the number of his conquests in the person of the Duchesse de Mouchy. She awaited him at the Alhambra. Like his sister Lucile, she died a lunatic. Then came the woman whom Canova has immortalized :—

> "Sovra candido vel, cinta d' oliva,
> Donna m' apparve. . . ."

Madame Récamier's friendship lent outward dignity to the aged Chateaubriand. Other affairs took place behind the scenes. There are some arch avowals among Sainte-Beuve's papers. "Quand je peignis René,"

Chateaubriand says in *Les Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe*, "j'aurais dû demander à ses plaisirs le secret de ses ennuis." Chateaubriand was never able to eliminate the dross of this human frailty from his work; "he hid his poison under the cloak of religious thought, and poisoned with the Host." This was the severe condemnation pronounced against *René*. The world was easily won by an ideal which was not exalted enough to evoke strife, and which demanded no sacrifice and scarcely any self-denial. Christianity lost by it, and experienced the worst thing that could happen to it, for it became the fashion. The value of Christianity had been recognized by Napoleon as an incomparable implement of power long before Chateaubriand. It gave peace and security of possession to the rising strata of society, while the aristocracy were delighted with the chivalrous glorification of the middle ages, and the new brilliancy cast upon the escutcheons won on the fields of Agincourt and Bouvines. The Church shirked its obligations for reform and its need to face the sins of its past. Political Catholicism was established, and the alliance between the throne and the altar, in 1815, assumed its real importance. Nor had the young democracy any cause for complaint. Chateaubriand was not a Reactionary of the type of Bonald, or an enemy to the Revolution like de Maistre. He hated the eighteenth century and its levelling doctrine of equality, but he also hated despots and inquisitors, and valued freedom as the highest of possessions. The descendant of the Crusaders, with unerring, prophetic instinct, divined the

modern spirit in religion and in art; and after all that has been said about him, a great work still remains to be written which will explain the links between the æsthetic Christianity of Chateaubriand and the unbelieving æstheticism of Renan. They apparently came from different worlds, the scholar who grew gray over the problems of the modern critic, and the nobleman who gilded the Cross. Their homes were not far apart, and Brittany laid in the cradles of both the same gift of enthusiasm; but they speak a similar language, even though their methods are dissimilar, and each in his own way touches by his pathos, because both are inspired. On a closer study of them nothing is more striking than the deep melancholy of René and the optimism of the other, which breaks forth as follows:—"I would that I knew there was a hell, for better that hypothesis than that of nothingness." Both were sceptics and both genuine artists, and each of them tried, but by different ways, to escape from the consequences of his scepticism. Chateaubriand's pronouncement of the Gospel of Beauty came to the daring conclusion that Christianity must be true because it had worked wonders; and as he thus argued he knew nothing about the German genius whose two most distinguished disciples had come to a diametrically different conclusion, nor that Schiller had sung:—

"Damals trat kein grässliches Gerippe
Vor das Bett der Sterbenden. Ein Kuss
Nahm das letzte Leben von der Lippe,
Seine Fackel senkt' ein Genius. . . .

"Alle jene Blüten sind gefallen
Von des Nordens schauerlichem Wehn,
Einen zu bereichern unter allen
Musste diese Götterwelt vergehn. . . ."

He probably never knew that almost simultaneously with the appearance of the *Génie du Christianisme* Goethe, then at the height of his opposition to the usually accepted views of Christianity, had published his "godless treatise" on Winckelmann. The real nature of Christianity was as little influenced by the attack as by the defence; it remained what it was, even if the whole support of Chateaubriand's apologetics had broken down. Its touchstone is truth, and its work has an ethical value. Neither the "Architecture of Louis XIV." nor the "poetical machinery" has anything to do with it, although entire chapters of Chateaubriand's book are filled with them. "Le merveilleux chrétien c'est une âme chrétienne," according to Faguet.

Possibly Renan knew that better than Chateaubriand. In the name of science, which received its impulse from romanticism, he declared revelation to be legends, miracles fanciful creations of the mind, and religions to be the outcome of civilization. The critic in Renan fulfilled his task regardless of consequences, but side by side with the critic was the psychological dreamer, ready to worship what the other had destroyed. In modern art form takes the highest place; for this typically modern artist soul means the most exquisite enjoyment, in the sense in which it has been made sacred by Christianity. He has met with nothing nobler in his intellectual experience. At Assisi he

beheld the place where the Crucifix shed its radiance upon St. Francis, and he also saw the spot where the birds listened with the wolf and the lamb to the Gospel of Poverty. He wandered over the deserted field upon which Port Royal once stood, and wrote about it with a throbbing heart: "Port Royal rises like a triumphal column in the middle of the seventeenth century, like a temple erected to manly courage and a boundless love of truth. . . ." In the sight of Christianity Louis XIV. set up his harem, and so far as French morality was affected by his example, he placed it on the same level as that of the East. Fortunately there were women able to resist him, and the proud words: "The King can create princes of the blood, and can make martyrs," is the Frenchwomen's revenge for the insults they met with at Versailles. In Renan's eyes, Saint-Cyran did as much for humanity as others who were revered as benefactors. He admired profoundly the French Protestants of the time of Henry IV. till the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. His religious studies are a mine of surprises for those who can admire nothing so much as beauty of soul.

With Chateaubriand this does not make the same appeal, yet it amounts to the same thing. Amiel, a man who thought and reflected much, but who utterly lacked creative power, said of Renan: "In this analysis of Christianity it is characteristic that sin plays no part. . . . It would seem to be fitting for religion to be religious. . . . The author lacks moral earnestness, he confounds grandeur with holiness. He speaks with the feeling of an artist on an emotional subject, but his conscience is not concerned with the question."

Renan's reply to these few words, which pierced him to the heart, was many pages of self-defence. Amiel was dead, and could not answer. But a reply was unnecessary, for Renan acknowledges that Amiel was right. "What!"—says he—"Amiel, the disciple of Hegel, of Buddha, to speak of sin, of redemption and conversion, as of things which really exist? He asks repeatedly, how does M. Renan deal with sin? I subdue it. That is the difference between Catholics and Protestants. . . . To smile at the legends of mythological saints, or to retain a sign of those mysteries which had filled so many souls with sorrow and dread, is another matter. How extraordinary it is that those to whom sin is most distant are the ones who torture themselves most about it. . . . I do not understand it."

A few pages further on Renan gives his own definition of conscience, and possible solution of it. "A complete and perhaps a providential darkness hides the ultimate moral aim of the universe. One bets on it, draws a ticket and knows nothing. Our stake, our *real acierto* in the matter, is that the inward inspiration makes us acknowledge duty, and is a sort of oracle, an infallible voice which accords with an objective Reality. We place our trust in this unanswering affirmation and we do well. We are forced to this, even against evidence, but the chances which speak for the very opposite are equally numerous. It may be that those inner voices are the result of honest delusions cultivated by habit, and that this world is only an interesting fairy-tale about which no God troubles himself. We must, therefore, take such precautions as not to suffer under either hypothesis, and believe in the higher

voices only so far as not to be duped in case the second hypothesis prove to be the true one. If we are not to take the world seriously, the dogmatic teachers will have been the frivolous ones, and the worldlings, so much reproached by theologians, will have proved themselves the wise ones."

This is the theme upon which Renan writes endless variations. It never had anything to do with religion, and appeared at a time of optimistic-æsthetic philosophic thought, and to-day it savours of offensive frivolity. Renan knew that the world had broken loose from this train of thought, for he bewails: "The reconstruction of Christianity on a basis of pessimism is one of the most noticeable intellectual symptoms of the day." If this is right, Chateaubriand was far nearer the modern spirit than Renan, and less distant from Christianity. For the first step towards it is that very pessimism which believes neither in the goodness of the human heart nor in the value of life. The next step, the subjugation of self by love, and of sin by grace, Renan never attempted. He contented himself with a description of the *Beauties of the Christian Religion*, the only real and original title for his book. The *Génie du Christianisme* remains to be written. The two great forces of the world, holiness and genius, have been occupied for nineteen hundred years in the accumulation of the material for this great monument.

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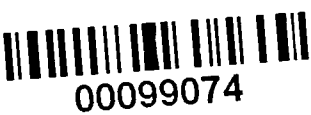
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